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Number 8

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1925

THE GOLDEN BOOK* MAGAZINE

OF FICTION AND TRUE STORIES THAT WILL LIVE

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Some Persons of Importance

THE POACHERS' NIGHT PILOT

> "*From there you buck yourself off backward, 'Not too fast,' until ye get y'r wonderful bearin's by Isaac McLellan's dog barkin', an' have to fire the Mauser pistol every seven minutes to keep him barkin', which we did, and took our bearin's off that dog alone for the next half mile round the Marcil mussel-bed an' never started a rivet. Talk about y'r submarine bells! An' then, when we'd got the whole country-side pretty freely stirred up, Charley knew the note an' period of every dog, like whistlin' buoys, an' picked out two on adjacent farms an' used 'em for range-lights all down the Grist Mill Channel. He said he was trustin' to McCord's dog barkin' on the roof of the root cellar, an' if he dragged his moorin's an' got down in the back field, we was lost.*"—W. ALBERT HICKMAN.

THOUGH I've never had the privilege of meeting Mr. W. Albert Hickman; and though *Canadian Men and Women of the Time* labels him as "litterateur"; I'm quite sure he is prouder of being the creator of the Sea-sled than even of those entrancing tales which no reader could forget whose memory went back fifteen or twenty years.

And there might be some excuse for this.

To be sure, four great standard encyclopedias, and the most complete dictionary in general use, seem not to have discovered, ten or twelve years after the fact, that there is such a thing as a sea-sled. Or if they have, they do not consider it worth mentioning. Of course, it was merely the first radical, revolutionary change in boat-building during the tens of thousands of years since man first began to build boats; and, of course, reference-books in English—but that is too warm a subject for the heated term. Besides, we purpose to present you shortly with the ideas of some eminent gentlemen, distinguished in their several professions, on "Books as Tools." *And* every public gets the reference books, and most other things, which it demands,(—that is, which really represent its general level of intelligence and culture).

Anyhow—from the day in 1907 when Mr. Hickman and his house-painter friend built the first *Viper* (which developed fourteen miles an hour with a 7-horse-power engine), these earliest successful hydroplanes, and their successors with the inverted-V bottoms, have been the sensations of the world of folk who love travel on the water; the sea-sled has been adopted by the U. S. Navy; and there are few regions along the Atlantic Coast where you may not now see in summer one of these queer water-skimmers beating everything in sight—through the adoption of an entirely new principle, which gives dryness and safety at very high speeds, and seaworthiness which must be experienced to be credited.

"That is something," as Hans Andersen remarked.

But it's also something to have written the eight on ten stories which earnest search has turned up with Mr. Hickman's signature. (So far as I can discover, everything by him is "out of print" in the United States.)

For it would be hard to name a contemporary writer who gives one a more full-blooded sense of the joy of living, who has so sure a touch, so satisfying a perspective while introducing his readers to the romance and the humor of actual everyday life. Whether it's a love-story of the official circle in Toronto, or a rollicking tale of wild salmon-poaching forays along the coast—he not only holds one absorbed by story and characters, but one finishes with the excited conviction that the world is "very full of a number of things" which make living in it a most entertaining adventure.

Mr. Hickman was born at Pictou, Nova Scotia, in 1875. His first book was a novel,

(*Continued on page 6*)

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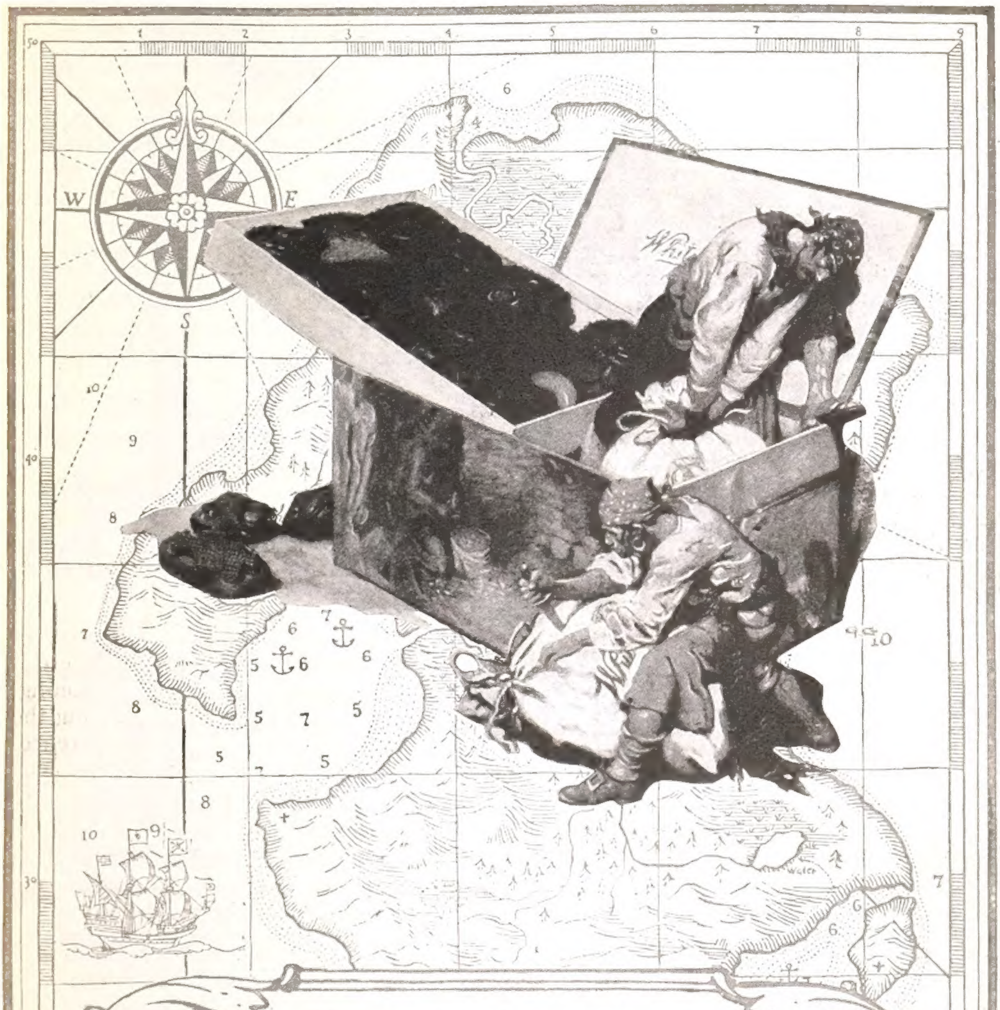

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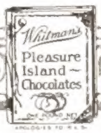


(*Continued from page 4*)

"The Sacrifice of the Shannon," in 1904; and apparently he has published nothing for the last ten years. There are many, many "successful" fiction-writers whom we could better spare from active production.

◆

One of the most notable of the Great Unread books is surely Robert Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." I've never met anybody who had the hardihood to state he had really read it all through; and while I did one memorable winter peruse from beginning to end some twelve thousand large pages of a literal translation of "The Mahabharatta," those thousands of Latin quotations, which poor melancholy Burton embodied in his sixteen-year labor, make the "Anatomy" a nut-cake with too many fragments of shells.

But there are surely pickings for anybody. The book was first published in 1621, obtained a vast celebrity, and "made an estate" for the bookseller. At the end of half a century it was quite forgotten, except by writers who found "Democritus Junior" had done their hard digging for them. Oddly enough, it was the "exposure" by Dr. Ferriar of Sterne's free use of its ideas and quotations in "Tristram Shandy" that brought the work back into public attention; and ever since it has been accepted, and viewed with respect—and left to gather dust on many library shelves.

The poem in this issue prefaced the first edition, and concentrated the whole idea of the book into a dialogue between pleasure and pain—"pain" meaning that obsessing melancholy for which the luckless author vainly strove to find the cause.

Thomas Warton, in his great critical edition of Milton's poems, in 1785, first pointed out that the latter poet drew not only the idea for his "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" from these forgotten verses of Burton's, but used actual rhymes and expressions. Nothing against those immortal productions in that fact: but an additional cause of interest in the Dialogue, surely.

◆

If you would see some of those things which lie "on the further side of silence" put into words, read Sir Hugh Clifford's story in the following pages. He tells the inevitably sad history of that fascinating little Breeze of the Forest, the Breeze that could not be caged in a house, but must break its lover's straining heart by being inexorably the thing he loved at first sight. There are no attempts at "fine writing," at tiresome iterations to produce mystic effects, at involved symbolism; the tale flows away like a limpid brook; yet there are elusive, half-seen jungle-truths of nature and man peering out from the overhanging leaves, from between the boulders of the stream. You remember solitary days in the deep woods, you get a fresh insight into those searching Greek tales of dryads and nymphs. To say very much more than one says—that is one of the master secrets of writing that stimulates. It is so definite an ideal of some Chinese and most Japanese poets, that they have only scorn for clumsy Western attempts to say everything.

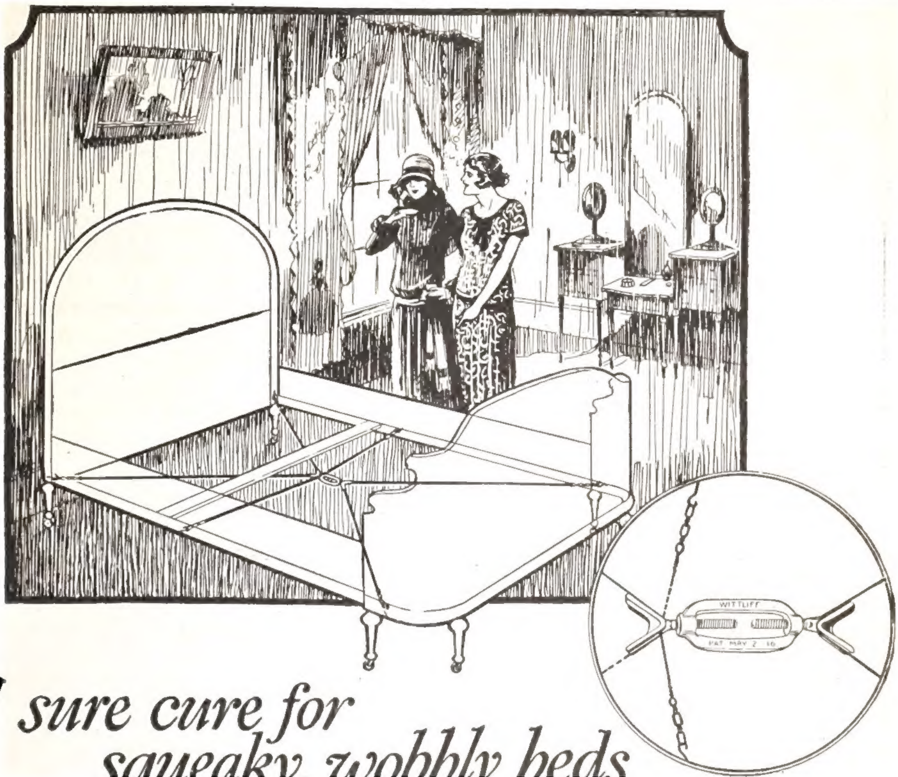
◆

More requests, from readers of literary discrimination, have come for republication of Anatole France's "The Procurator of Judæa" than for any other title. So we are printing it in this issue—with the usual prayer an editor breathes when he risks the publication of irony, even so masterful a wielding of this mental rapier as M. Thibaut exhibits in this transfixing tale.

There has been a great revival of Herman Melville (1819-1891) in late years; and as is usual in such cases, some quite extravagant estimates of his work have come from enthusiastic "discoverers." As Ernest Rhys justly remarked, "Moby Dick" marks the end of his effective balanced use of his art; the books which followed are almost unreadable.

Not but that there is plenty to say about "Moby Dick," or "Typee" or "Oomoo." I do not see how any sensitive reader could fail to fall under the spell of the mysterious White Whale, even if Captain Ahab at times does remind one of King Lear's least convincing tearings of passion to tatters; Melville was telling about tense episodes in which he had taken part, and he carries his reader through every thrill he had himself experienced.

(*Continued on page 8*)



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(*Continued from page 6*)

Incidentally, apropos of the contemporary craze for ship-pictures and figureheads, and especially for anything connected with whaling—this most famous volume of Melville's ends with nearly ninety short "Extracts," "supplied by a Sub-sub-Librarian," ranging from Genesis to Obed Macy, which are so precisely in line with the grouped quotations that have been a feature in THE GOLDEN BOOK—that we shall publish them in a future number, as high points of man's ideas about, and experiences with, Leviathan.

◆

Stephen French Whitman was born in Philadelphia (1880), and graduated at Princeton. After two years on the New York *Evening Sun*, he concentrated on fiction, and he has issued several books: "Predestined," "The Happy Ship," "The Isle of Life," "Children of Hope," and "Sacrifice." Mr. Whitman does not publish a great deal, but a quite unusual percentage of his tales seem to leave a dent in the memory. And if any solemn literary pundit tells you such a story as "One of Those Nice Little Evenings" is "light and unimportant"—well, estimate the sheer pleasure derived from reading it; and then ask this superior critic to tell you of some other passages in literature where irresponsible gaiety more successfully held the stage. The list would not be long—with some passages from du Maurier's "Trilby" well to the front.

◆

"The Thrice Promised Bride" is an interesting example of a contemporary Chinese drama, by a man thoroughly conversant with the traditional customs, and literary methods of his own country, but having absorbed a Western point of view.

Mr. Cheng-Chin Hsiung came to America in 1918, took an A.B. at Wisconsin and an M.A. at Cornell, and then spent some time at the University of North Carolina for advanced work in English. He has based his play on an ancient naif Chinese folk-tale, yet the treatment is such that no modern can miss the humor or the deft skill of his presentation.

◆

Perceval Gibbon's name always brings to my mind an unforgettable tale (I think it was one of the Vrouw Grobelaar series) of an army of baboons invading a South African settlement. A nightmare story, that! I rather think I shall try it on you before very long.

Meanwhile, "The Second-Class Passenger" is an excellent sample of the author's powerful style, and his perspective on East and West, as well as on those dramatic differences of character between the safe-and-sheltered and those who live on the fringes of adventure. In his own career as merchant seaman, roving journalist and war correspondent, Mr. Gibbon has looked at life from some novel and startling angles; and he has the faculty of convincing one of reality no matter how suprising his scene or people.

◆

Henry W. Nevinson is the famous English newspaper correspondent, an older brother, I believe, of C. R. W. Nevinson, who did those memorable lithographs of scenes in the Great War. He has published nearly a score of books in the last thirty years. The little essay printed here, "The Catfish," is one of those perfect things which leave one with a sense of complete satisfaction. A good many of the "catfish" who were keeping us from unhealthy over-contentment when this paper was written have passed on to other scenes; but the breed never dies out. The philosophy is, of course, identical with David Harum's immortal dictum: "A certain number of fleas is *good* for a dog."

◆

The editor hardly expected to be able to find any ebullition of Cotton Mather's (1663-1728) which would seem appealing to such a large group as the friends of this magazine have suddenly become. He had scholarship, and he had vigor, that extraordinary old preacher of Boston's North Church; but Ik Marvel hit him off with his usual felicity when he described the Reverend Doctor as prancing about, clad in tatters of learning, as a

(*Continued on page 10*)

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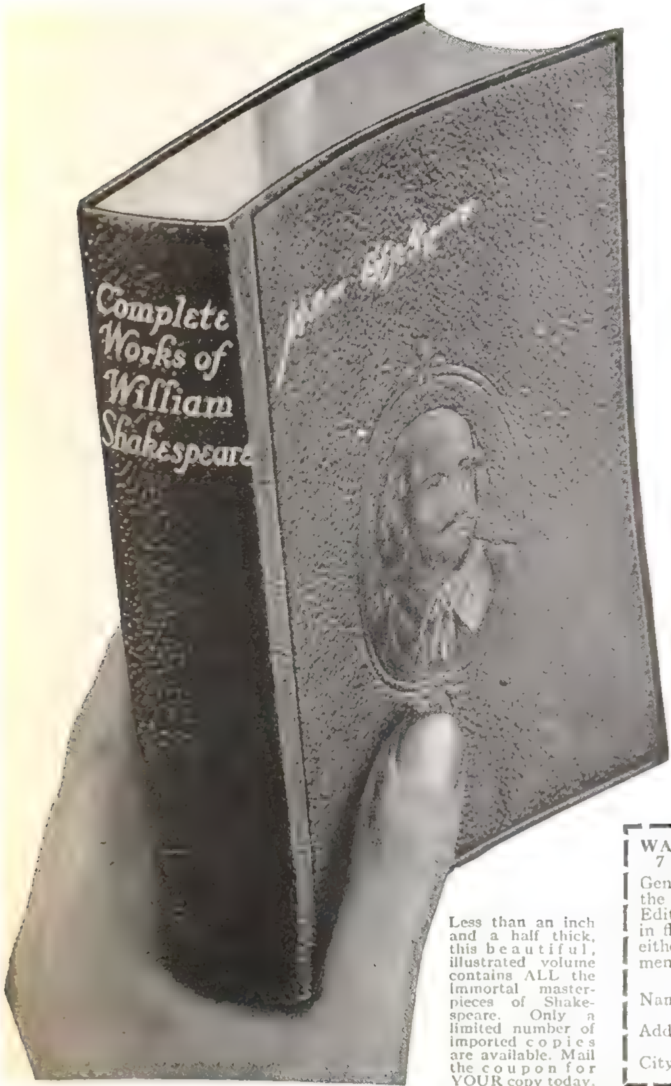

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(*Continued from page 8*)

South Sea Islander dances in shreds of finery from a shipwrecked crew. There is matter in "The Memorable Providences Relating to Witchcraft and Possessions," in "Wonders of the Invisible World," in the "Curiosa Americana" which brought him the honor of the first American membership in the Royal Society of London, even in his prodigious "Magnalia Christi Americana"; but it demands pick-and-shovel work to get at it.

However, his account of the most notable treasure hunt I know, that which made a ship's carpenter Governor Sir William Phips, is the nearest we have to a contemporary record; and while it has the characteristic flavor of this high priest of learning and strict religion, the facts of the romantic adventure he chronicles are too dramatic to be obscured.

* * *

Ch'en Tzŭ-ang was born in 656 and died at the age of 42. It may be worth remembering that this was seven centuries before Chaucer, and that the only contemporary literary expression in England would be the works of Aldhelm and the Venerable Bede, in Latin.

Professor Giles, (a pioneer in opening Western minds to the treasures of Chinese literature) gives a glimpse of the author:

> After a youth spent in hunting and gambling, he became an intimate adviser of the famous Empress Wu, who appeared in the Council Chamber wearing a false beard and subsequently took the title of "God Almighty." Arrested on a trumped-up charge, he died in prison.

* * *

Captain Achmed Abdullah, whose stories have made him widely known, has rendered with rare skill a series of poems from the Afghan, Persian, Turkoman, Bokharan, Balochi, Tartar and other Central Asian tongues. Many of these pulsing outbursts of feeling are true additions to the world's store, and we shall publish a number here.

Tcherkess Khan was an Afghan Turkoman who went north, in the middle of the last century, and served as a captain under Yakoob Khan when the latter, "using the title of 'Attalyk Ghazee' or 'Defender of the Faith,' conquered Chinese Turkestan, and dreamed great dreams of a huge Turkoman empire reaching from Pekin to Moscow, from the Crimea to Tibet."

H. W. L.

* * *

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Earth's noblest thing, *wrote Lowell.* A necessary evil, a natural temptation, a desirable calamity, a domestic peril, a deadly fascination, and a painted ill, *wrote St. Chrysostom a thousand years ago.*

Saints or Sinners

When the Emperor Theophilus jestingly said to one of the beauties of his court, *Woman is the source of evil in the world!* she quickly replied, *Woman is also the cause of much good!* Both were right; Joan of Arc and other saintly and noble women come to mind at once as typical of "earth's noblest thing," who have been the cause of much good. In contrast we have "the deadly fascination and the painted ill" of the daughters of Aphrodite, such as the capricious Venus Victrix whose remarkable beauty enslaved a ruler of proud Castile and whose power over him was so great that sycophant courtiers who attended this favorite at her bath drank of its waters in token of adulation. The stories of these two women, remarkable as they are, are no more unusual than those of other saints and sinners who have uplifted or degraded men throughout the ages since the day of Eve. These stories are told in a series of copyrighted volumes by ten talented contemporary authors in

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Woman dominates to-day. Her pre-eminence is undisputed. She is the *motif* of most discussions. A glance at our newspapers, magazines, and novels will show how great is the place she occupies in the thoughts of all, and how powerful is her influence for good or evil in every relationship of life. Yet this great subject has never been adequately treated. Of course we know a little about Cleopatra, Joan of Arc, Messalina, Theodora, Helen of Troy, Poppæa, Elizabeth of England, Catherine of Russia, and a few other prominent women. But little is known about these well-known characters and nothing at all about thousands of other equally important women who in the past and in all parts of the world have influenced the course of life, and these are only names and not women of flesh and blood, for few have any idea of what manner of women they really were, what they did, or what they stood for.

Many pages are necessary to make Cleopatra live before our eyes, to tell the many strange and interesting things about her. And there have been thousands of other women whose stories are just as interesting. The authors have not hesitated to tell the whole truth. If while concealing nothing, they show us the faults of woman, it is only to accentuate the virtues—if they tell us how a Russian countess in winter had water slowly poured over nude young girls in order to provide new statues for her gardens, they also tell us how Joan of Arc inspired the people of France. Love, marriage, and divorce are of course the subjects of many interesting chapters. We read about the singular customs of courtship, marriage, and divorce all over the world. We have interesting accounts of woman in the days of chivalry and romance; among the Moors, Turks, Arabs, Hindoos, Chinese, and Japanese; and of woman in the church, in politics, in war, in industry; or famous as patriots and humanitarians.

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THE FINANCIAL DIRECTORY

THE GOLDEN BOOK reserves the following pages for announcements of reputable banking houses, trust companies, savings banks, brokers, and other financial institutions. Inquiry is made concerning the institutions advertising under this heading and none is accepted that is found to be of questionable character. When writing to these institutions please mention THE GOLDEN BOOK.

Bonds vs. Stocks

By the Investment Editor

Early in the present century Mr. Byron Holt, a student of investment conditions, came out in favor of investments in equities, or stocks, as against bonds. His advocacy of the weaker vessel in the investment field caused considerable stir in financial quarters and much discussion in the papers. Subsequent events proved that he was right for railroad bonds bearing as low as 3½ per cent. interest declined from above 100 to prices around 60 in the next fifteen to eighteen years while many stocks grew steadily in value.

The basis for Mr. Holt's conclusion at that time was the increased gold production throughout the world. He saw in that a decline in the purchasing power of gold, and in fact it was not long before people began complaining of the increased cost of living and investors demanded a higher return on their savings to meet these higher costs. This movement continued until 1920, although gold production reached a high point in 1915 and has fallen off since. The war came in time to accelerate it, and bonds, feeling the effect of this, did not reach their low levels until 1920.

With the war over and its after effects wearing off, with gold production no longer growing as it did after the discovery of the South African and Alaskan fields, one might naturally expect a movement of prices in the opposite direction that would make fixed interest bearing securities such as bonds grow in value. In fact, since 1920 there has been one of the most rapid gains in bond prices that has ever taken place. But whether this movement will continue over a series of years comparable to the long decline that took place earlier in the century is an open question.

Some people will remember that James J. Hill credited that earlier decline not so much to the high cost of living as to the cost of high living. The truth of that remark may be better appreciated in the years to come. Silk shirts for laborers may have gone out of style with the war, but silk stockings show no signs of going out of style and silk underwear and more expensive materials generally for women's wear are growing in fashion. The working girl who now spends a dollar for a pair of stockings, who might have bought two pairs of cotton hose for that price, finds that her money goes only half as far as it used to, and her case is but a simple example of how the cost of higher living affects practically everybody in the country. It is this that is going to keep the cost of living from falling to its former levels, is going to keep wages, and under normal conditions, profits of corporations up, and may cause investors to demand a higher return on their money, which means lower bond prices.

Another student of investment conditions—Mr. Edgar L. Smith—supposing that the time had arrived for making long-term investments in bonds with a view to profiting by a growth in their value, made comparisons between investments in bonds and in common stocks covering several different periods of the past. His first tests covered the period from 1901 to 1922. Six tests were made for that period, using different lists of stocks for each one. The stocks were selected by arbitrary methods which eliminated any possibility that knowledge of subsequent events should influence the choice. In only one of these cases did the list of stocks sell for less at the end of 1922 than at the beginning of 1901. That was in the case of the common stocks of the ten railroads having the largest amount of stock outstanding and paying common dividends in 1900. It is interesting to note that the common stocks of the ten largest railroads which were not paying dividends in 1900 more than doubled in market value during this same period although one of the roads passed into the hands of receivers and its stock, bought at $33, was sold at $4 a share.

In all these cases the income from dividends on the stocks, particularly in the case of the industrial and public utility issues, was much greater than the interest on bonds, and a net advantage was shown in every case for the common stocks over the bonds, and this without taking into account the depreciation in bond values. This was rather surprising, but nevertheless Mr. Smith assumed that if he should go back to

(Continued on page 14)

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BONDS SHOULD BE KNOWN BY THE COMPANY THEY KEEP

(Continued from page 12)

the period following the Civil War, when the purchasing power of the dollar was growing instead of declining, and bonds were advancing in market value, he might find a different story.

He made four tests for the twenty-year period from 1866 to 1885. For the first of these he arbitrarily selected the common stocks of the ten largest companies in various fields traded on the Boston Stock Market. These he compared with the ten first mortgage railroad bonds selling to give the lowest yield in 1866, or the most conservative bonds that could have been chosen. In this case the bonds advanced from a cost price of $10,030 in 1866 to $12,395 in 1885 while the stocks advanced from $10,013 to only $10,939. But a higher return from the stocks more than offset this difference and the net advantage in favor of the stocks for the period was nearly $3,000. A second comparison of this same stock list with ten bonds of the largest issues and longest maturities but showing high yields resulted in an advantage of only $1,500 for the stocks.

The only test made by Mr. Smith which showed an advantage for bonds over common stocks was in the case of ten stocks of the next smaller companies for this same period. One of these stopped paying dividends after seven years and another became a most irregular dividend payer. In this case the ten most conservative bonds showed a net advantage of $1,012 for the period and the ten high yield bonds an advantage of $2,117.

These tests made by Mr. Smith have caused a considerable stir in the investment field as did the contention of Mr. Holt years ago. There is only space here to remark that those who decide to make their long term investments in common stocks should not fail to select a well diversified list and thus reduce the average risk which is considerably higher in stocks than in carefully selected bonds.

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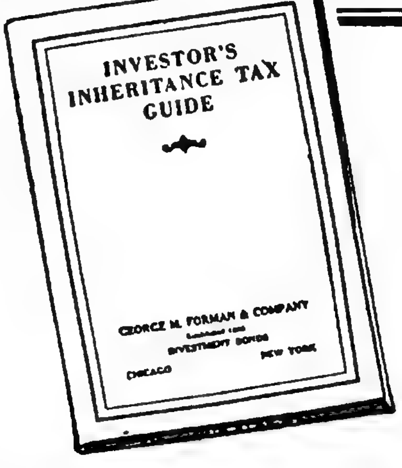

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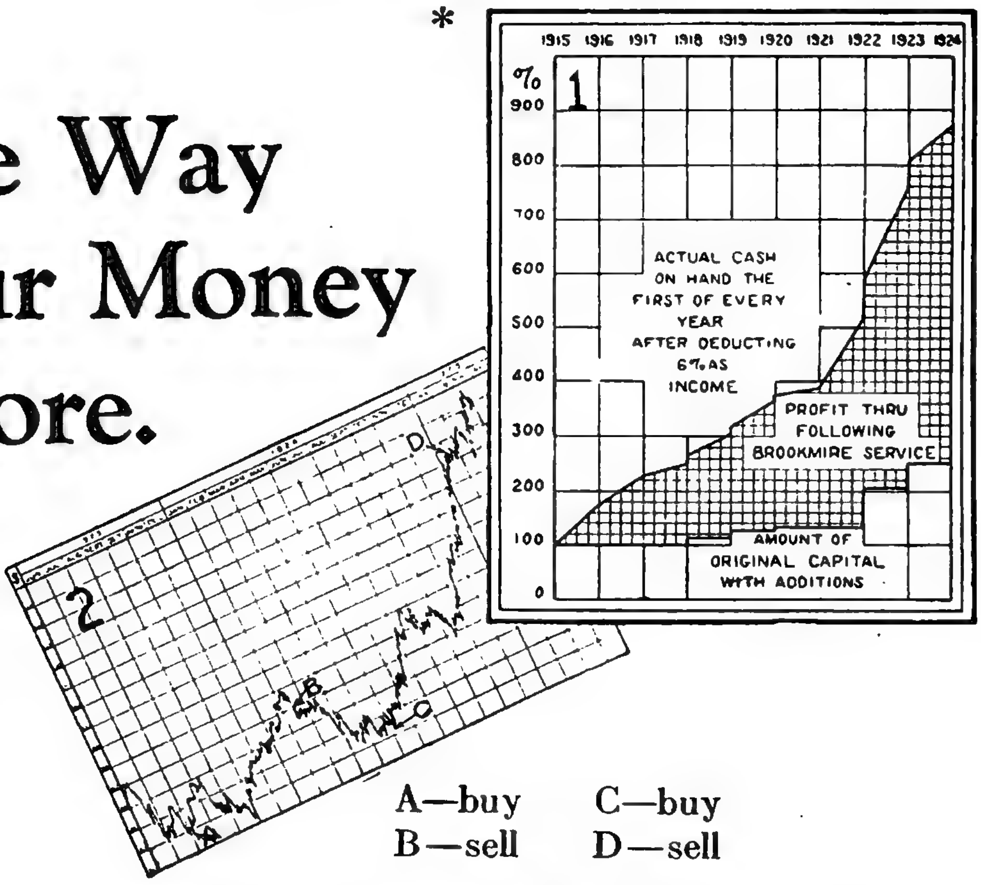

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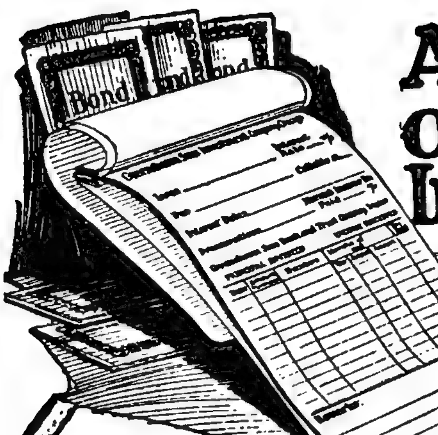

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1. Adair 6½% First Mortgage Guaranteed Bonds—Adair Realty & Trust Co.
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3. Arnold 6½% Certificates—Arnold & Co.
4. Successful Investment by The Brookmire Method—Brookmire Economic Service.
5. Building an Estate—Caldwell & Co.
6. The Way to Wealth—William R. Compton Company.
7. Fidelity First Mortgage Participation Certificates—Fidelity Mortgage Co.
8. How to Select Safe Bonds—George M. Forman & Co.
9. Investors' Guide—Greenebaum Sons Investment Co.
10. Miller First Mortgage Bonds—G. L. Miller & Co.
11. 8% Florida Real Estate First Mortgage Bonds—Securities Sales Co. of Florida.
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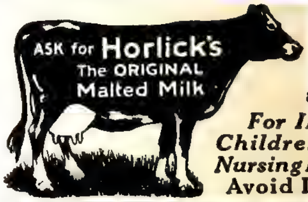

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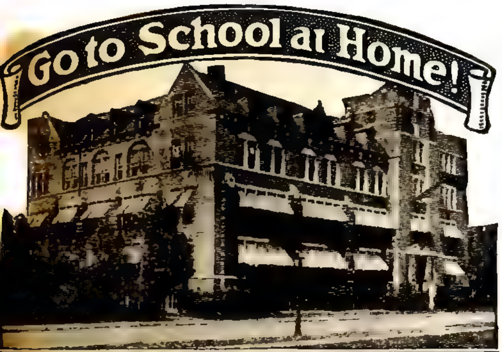

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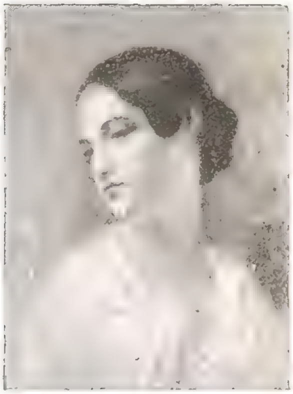

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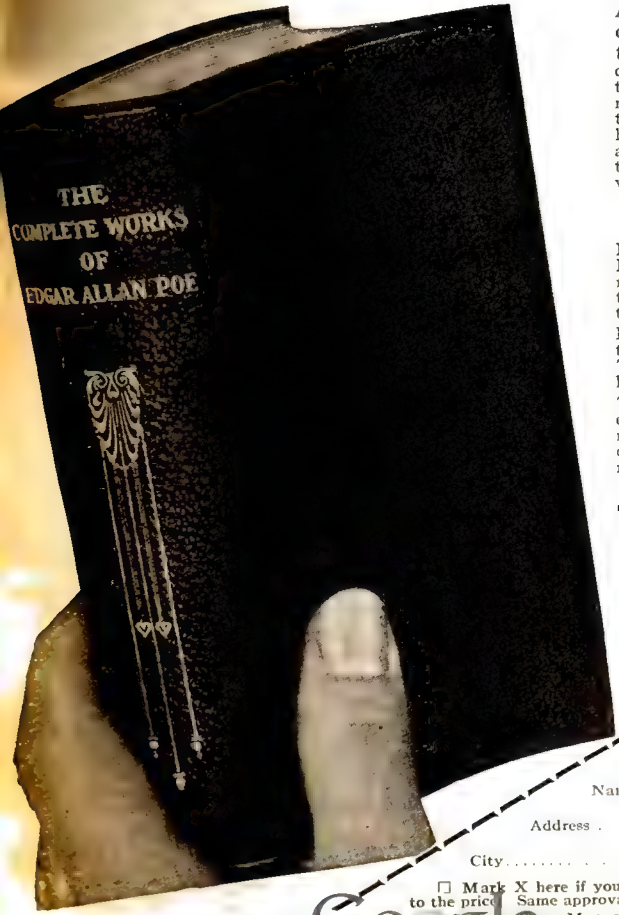

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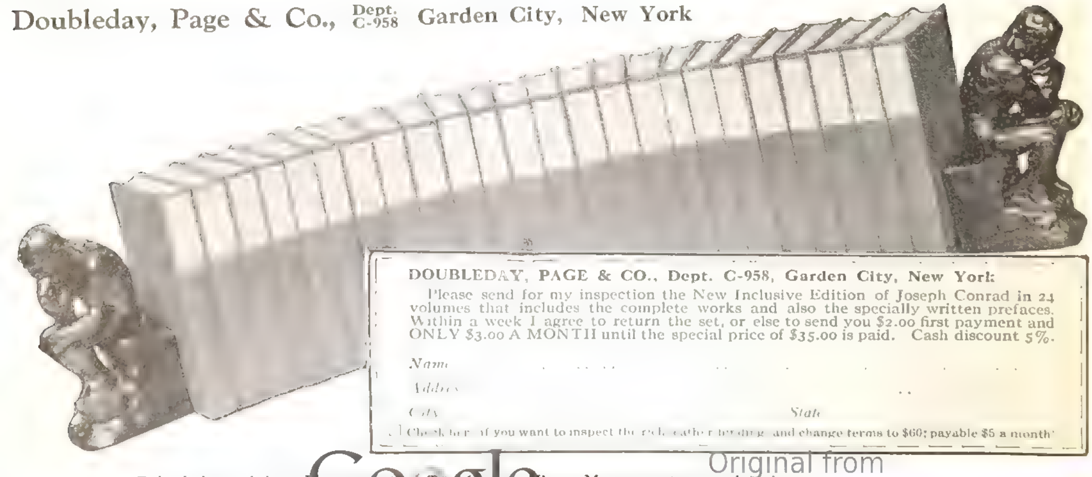

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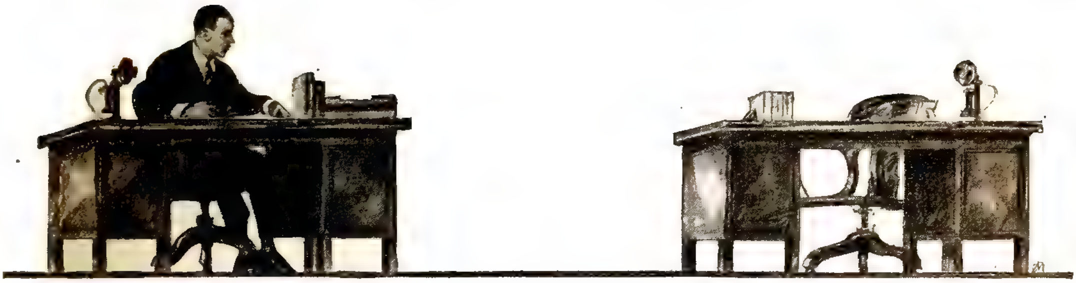

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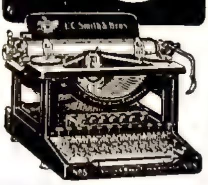

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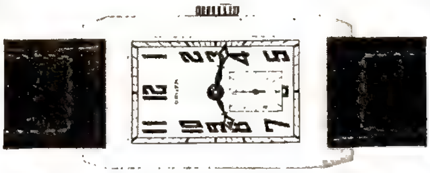
When you wear no vest
what do you do with your watch?



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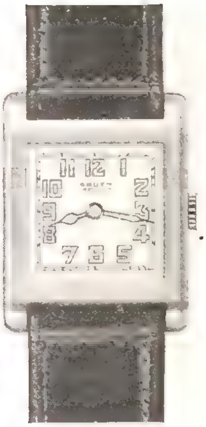

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Phrases That Excited Americans

"The Free and Independent States of America" (Thomas Paine, 1776)	The concluding words of "Common Sense"—which Washington declared "worked a powerful change in the minds of many men." The open movement for independence really dated from this pamphlet by the son of an English Quaker staymaker, two years in America, who had himself been corset maker, sailor, exciseman, tobacconist, and usher in a school at £25 a year.
"These are the Times that Try Men's Souls" (Thomas Paine, 1777)	In the dark days of 1777 this opening of "The Crisis" became a battle-cry. It was read to the army, and distributed all over the colonies. In England it was ordered to be burnt by the hangman.
"No Entangling Alliances" (George Washington, 1791)	"Nothing is more essential than that permanent inveterate antipathies against particular nations, and passionate attachments for others, should be excluded; and that in place of them just and amicable feelings towards all should be cultivated. . . . It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world."
"Don't Give Up the Ship" (James Lawrence, June 1, 1813)	Captain James Lawrence, fatally wounded in the battle between his *Chesapeake* and the British *Shannon*, gave this last command as he was carried from the deck.
"Our Country, Right or Wrong!" (Stephen Decatur, 1816)	Replying to a toast at a dinner in Norfolk, Decatur exclaimed: "My Country—may she ever be right, but, right or wrong, my Country!"
"Remember the Alamo!" (General Sam Houston, April 20, 1836)	When the Mexican general, Santa Anna, massacred the 177 Americans (including Davy Crockett) in the old fort of the Alamo, March 5, 1836, he forged a battle-cry which soon rang in his ears.
"Tippecanoe, and Tyler too!"	The campaign slogan of the Whigs in their successful "Log Cabin and Cider Press" campaign of 1840, when they elected William Henry Harrison, who had defeated Tecumseh's braves at Tippecanoe, September 26, 1811.
"Fifty-four Forty or Fight!"	The cry of those in 1844 who demanded for the United States an Oregon stretching from California to Russian Alaska. It elected Polk; but he had also stood on the demand for annexation of Texas, which meant war with Mexico. Even the jingoes hesitated about taking on Great Britain at the same time—so the 49th parallel was accepted as the Oregon boundary.

The Booklover's Calendar.

The blessed Virgin Marie's feast, hath here his place and time,
Wherein, departing from the earth, she did the heaven clime.
GOOGE.

ROMAN: formerly Sextilis, the sixth month. Julius Cæsar added one day, and Augustus, to whom it had been fortunate, gave it another and his own name. Festivals: Summer Feast; the Aventine Diana; Vinalia (first grapes of new crop); Consualia, commemorating Rape of the Sabine Women; Volcanalia (offerings of fish to the god of destructive fire).

GREEK: Metageitnion. Nine-day festival of Apollo, when musicians from all over Greece competed; even with invasion threatened, this contest was completed before the army took the field.

CHINESE AND ASTROLOGICAL: the sun enters Virgo—which corresponds, oddly enough, to the Serpent (on 20th; Seventh Moon) Processions in honor of Five Rulers—Earth, Wood, Metal, Fire and Water.

AMERICAN INDIAN: Red Moon. Corn Dance at end of month. Among the Zuñi it is Sturgeon Moon.

PERSIAN: Shahrívar.

FRENCH REVOLUTION: Thermidor, till the 17th; Fructidor began on 18th.

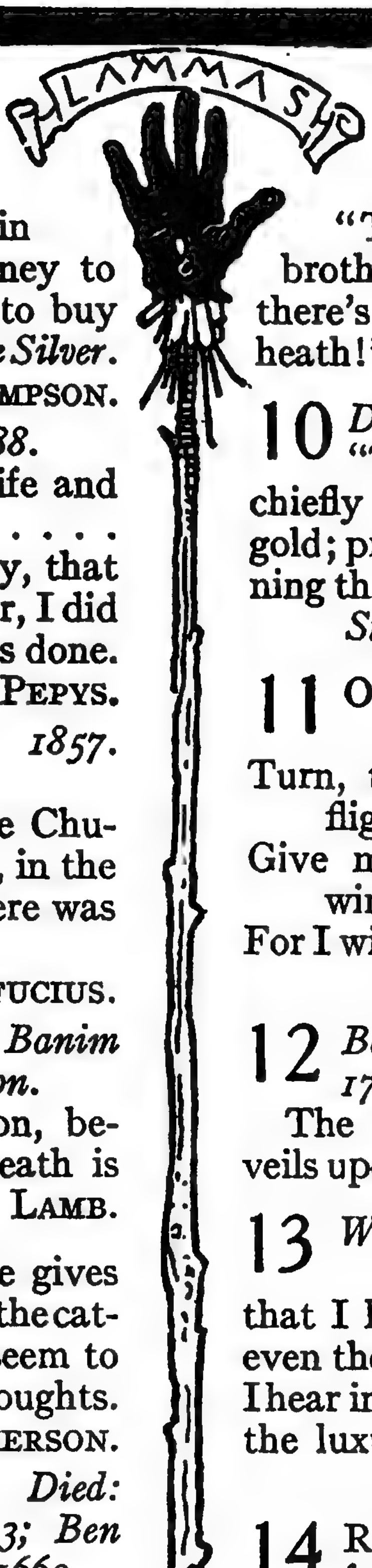
HEBREW: Elul, begins 12th.

MOHAMMEDAN: Safar begins on 21st; the "empty" month when the Arabs went on raids.

JAPANESE: Fumizuki, the rice-blooming month. On first Saturday the Kawabiraki, or Summer Fête, with fireworks displays.

HINDU: Sāwan, then Bhādrapad; Festival of Solono, the day on which to please the gods. Elephant-headed Ganesha's day comes on 19th.

August.



1 *Lammas (Gule of August): offerings of new wheat bread.*

It was once customary in England . . . to give money to servants on Lammas-day to buy gloves; hence the term *Glove Silver*.

HAMPSON.

2 *Gainsborough died, 1788.*

At noon (1st) my wife and I dined at Sir W. Pen's . . . . . on a damned venison pasty, that stunk like a devil. However, I did not know it till dinner was done.

PEPYS.

3 *Died: Eugene Sue, 1857. Columbus sailed, 1492.*

In the 7th year of Duke Chuang (B. C. 685) in summer, in the 4th moon, at midnight, there was a shower of stars like rain.

CONFUCIUS.

4 *Shelley born, 1792. Banim died, 1842. Full Moon.*

In a genial August noon, beneath a sweltering sky, death is almost problematic. LAMB.

5 Everything that has life gives signs of satisfaction, and the cattle that lie on the ground seem to have great and tranquil thoughts.

EMERSON.

6 *Fénelon born, 1651. Died: Ann Shakespeare, 1623; Ben Jonson, 1637; Velasquez, 1660.*

The pensive air was transparently pure and soft, with a woman's look, and the robust and manlike sea heaved with long strong, lingering swells, as Samson's chest in his sleep. MELVILLE.

7 *Leonidas fell at Thermopylæ, 480 B. C.*

Happiness is not a matter of events; it depends on the tides of the mind. MEYNELL.

8 To cure Baldness: Rub the part morning and evening with onions, till it is red, and rub it afterwards with honey.

Family Adviser, 1747.

9 *Born: Walton, 1593; Dryden 1631. Vestris died, 1856.*

"There's day and night, brother, both sweet things; there's likewise the wind on the heath!" BORROW.

10 *Didsbury Wakes, Lancashire,* "The enjoyments consist chiefly of ass-races, for purses of gold; prison-bar playing, and grinning through collars for ale. . . ."

Stockport Advertiser, 1825.

11 O Swallow, Swallow, flying through the air,
Turn, turn, I prithee, from thy flight above.
Give me one feather from thy wing so fair,
For I will write a letter to my love.

OLD ITALIAN SONG.

12 *Born: Bewick, 1753; Southey, 1774.*

The moonlight lay in silver veils upon the earth. SUDERMANN.

13 *Wotton born, 1666.*

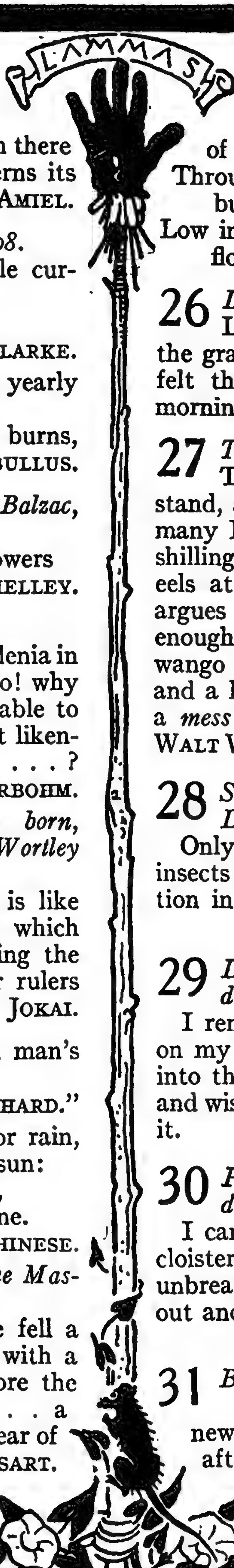
I can't help confessing that I like the descant buzz and even the biting of the mosquitoes; I hear in it the oppressive summer, the luxurious, sleepless nights.

AKSAKOV.

14 Riding through Oakham, famous for the tenure of the barons (Ferrers) who held it by taking off a shoe from every nobleman's horse that passed with its lord through the street, unless redeemed with a certain piece of money. EVELYN.

15 *Assumption of Virgin. Born: Scott, 1771; de Quincey, 1785. Joe Miller died, 1738.*

Earth turned in her sleep with pain,
Sultrily suspired for proof;
In at heaven and out again,
Lightning!—where it broke the roof,
Bloodlike, some few drops of rain. BROWNING.



16 *St. Roch's Day. Dr. Thomas Fuller died, 1661.*

The most beautiful poem there is, is life—life which discerns its own story in the making. Amiel.

17 *John Gower died, 1408.*

Night drew her sable curtain down
And pinned it with a star.
M'Donald Clarke.

18 Blest be the country, yearly there the plain
Yields, when the dog-star burns, the golden grain. Tibullus.

19 *Died: Pascal, 1662; Balzac, 1850. New Moon.*

A light of laughing flowers
Along the grass is spread. Shelley.

20 *Herrick born, 1591.*

The moon, like a gardenia in night's buttonhole—but no! why should a writer never be able to mention the moon without likening her to something else . . . . ?
Max Beerbohm.

21 *Admirable Crichton born, 1561. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu died, 1762.*

The comet in the sky is like an illuminated pen with which an invisible hand is writing the fate of empires and their rulers amid the stars. Jokai.

22 Why does the blind man's wife paint herself?
"Poor Richard."

23 The farmer prays for rain,
The washerman for sun:
If prayers were not in vain,
The world would be undone.
Chinese.

24 *St. Bartholomew's: the Massacre, 1572.*

The same season there fell a great rain and a 'clipse with a terrible thunder, and before the rain there came flying . . . a vast number of crows for fear of the tempest coming. Froissart.

25 *Died: Chatterton, 1770; Hume, 1776.*

And lo, as on the approach of morn,
Through the dense mists Mars burns red,
Low in the West, o'er the ocean floor.
Dante.

26 *Lope de Vega died, 1635.*

Listening to the sighing of the grass, I felt immortality as I felt the beauty of the summer morning. Jefferies.

27 *Thomson died, 1746.*

The *Tribune* cannot understand, and asks us to tell it, how many L. I. eels it can get for a shilling. Everybody that knows eels at all (which not to know argues one a noodle) is well enough aware that from Shewango neck to Hog Inlet, twelve and a half cents is equivalent to a *mess* of that savory edible.
Walt Whitman (Editorial, 1846).

28 *St. Augustine died, 430; Leigh Hunt, 1859.*

Only the irrepressible world of insects vociferated without cessation in the sleepless silence.
Polonski.

29 *Locke born, 1632. Hoyle died, 1769.*

I remember when a boy lying on my back in the grass, gazing into the summer blue above me, and wishing that I could melt into it. Lafcadio Hearn.

30 *Palcy born, 1743. Cleopatra died, 30 B. C.*

I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary.
Milton.

31 *Bunyan died, 1688.*

A filmy wonder: Aurora, new out of her bed, wistful after her dreams. Hewlett.

The Golden Book Magazine

Volume II AUGUST, 1925 Number 8

The New Power

By W. ALBERT HICKMAN

W. Albert Hickman.

THIS was in the times recently gone past, when the marine two-cycle, internal-combustion motor was not trustworthy.

The wave of the new power was sweeping outward over the whole continent of North America: down the Mississippi, with the shoal-draft fleet, to Memphis and on to New Orleans; down the east coast by the inside course and the open sea to the Florida Keys and into Florida bayous until it broke in foam and spray and artificial thunder at Lake Worth; up from San Francisco and Seattle, where, never being able to forget Deception Pass and Cape Flattery in a westerly gale, they built their engines heavy, through the Strait of Georgia, till it set the silence throbbing in the mountain-ringed fjords of British Columbia, and heard, a lonely sound, its own echoes from North Pacific bergs grounded on reefs in the Bering Strait; eastward and westward through the lakes and by a hundred thousand rivers, till it followed, town by town, down the St. Lawrence and into the open gulf, where it was met by itself—that had come round the other way, town by town up the Atlantic, and went on through the fog beyond, to Labrador and Hudson's Bay, where there were no towns, only men that travel by water, and not very many of these.

This being the North American continent, each man who designed an engine thought that his thought had never been thought by any man before; and in North America every new thought or thing is given to the public, whether it has any worth in the sight of heaven or not. Now, a great gasoline engine, like a great prayer, must either be crystallized out of many conventions, each of which has been formed by being broken several times—as they build ships in England—or else it must be made by a genius. This latter is the poorer way, but necessary when things are new and there are no conventions to go by. And as this sort of man believes in no conventions that he does not invent himself, and as the call was very great, and as geniuses are very few, most of the engines were very wonderful and very pathetic, and the enduring public were the sufferers, as ever.

Here follows one of the least of the instances. On the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and because it is at the mouth of the River Fore (which you will not be able to find on the map), is a town named Foremouth. Twelve miles up the Fore is another town which works particularly in iron and steel and

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coal, named Granton Place, though the people of Foremouth, who do not work particularly in anything, call it Smutville. For reasons no greater than this, in the manner of neighboring towns, Foremouth and Granton Place are not friends.

The inhabitants of both towns are mainly of Scotch descent, but Foremouth had at least one man who was true Scotch, and showed no sign of descent of any sort. He was an M. R. C. S. and an L. R. C. P., and after that he was a doctor of medicine of the University of Edinburgh, and his name was Campbell. He was a man of independent character of the Scotch type, only somewhat accentuated, if possible. He had taken his Edinburgh degree with great honor to himself and his native town and with an assured and lucrative practice at home, had immediately come to Canada, where he was advised to go West. He came East. The Doctor's appearance was distinguished by a trimmed beard and powerful spectacles, and being unmarried, he lived and differed with an aunt, Miss Jane Campbell. He was a man with a quiet and awful pertinacity, and he never permitted his practice to interfere with any duty or diversion he felt he owed the public. So, if anybody had ever thought about it, the meeting between him and the mysterious two-cycle engine of even that late day was an event to be looked forward to with great joy.

The wave approached by way of Granton Place. Small, unclean boats breeding blue smoke and odors and curious sounds came out of the mouth of the Fore and disported themselves in Foremouth Harbor, where they went or refused to go, as occasion suggested. Besides, in the way of cheap two-cycle engines, they made startling noises of two sorts which Foremouth learned were called respectively explosions in the crank-base and explosions in the exhaust. During these activities Foremouth made no sign, but moved about in sail-boats and two steam-launches, and judged that the noises, though terrifying, were harmless, as, in every case while they were proceeding, the person who sat over the engine, in the midst of the thunder and the smoke, looked toward the far horizon or evinced an interest in other boats.

Then a ninety-foot twin-screw cruiser called the *Pilgrim* came to live in Foremouth. Her engine-room held two fifty-horse-power four-cycle engines that moved her with the silence and regularity of the tides. Foremouth was impressed. And then immediately came an agent from Ontario, introducing a double-opposed four-cycle obsession of the sort that has its exhaust-valve spring held up by a washer, and the washer by a split pin stuck through a hole in the valve stem. Its reputation had been founded on its irreproachable performances when mounted on the blocks at an exhibition. He explained the finest engine on earth to a patient and receptive audience. Like the gentleman with the extract of soap-tree bark and the vampire bat, he "had also" a nickel-plated two-cycle devil that an ineradicable habit of kicking back had distinguished as "the arm-breaker" over half the continent. He selected Walter Deane, Foremouth's second blacksmith, as the man best fitted by nature to deal with the latter, and sold him one. Then, with Mr. Deane's permission, he set up a specimen of each kind in the shop as an exhibit for the now thoroughly aroused public, and left them to argue for themselves. They did.

Mr. Deane was a powerful man of six feet two, and after firmly bolting down his own engine to a box that had formerly contained horseshoes, he essayed to start it. While he was connecting up its circulation to a tub of fresh water, a piece of very flexible lead pipe to an improvised gasoline tank that sat on a high stool, and a spark-coil to the cells of a dry battery, the audience was gradually assembling and finding comfortable seats on the benches and around the forge. It included a hereditary engineer and the Doctor, very quiet and unobtrusive, whose presence was noted softly as a pregnant and significant event.

In the meantime, Mr. Deane, as the Foremouth representative of the firm producing the finest gasoline engine in the country, explained obscure theoretical points to any questioner. He explained the make-and-break spark-coil and tested it. His arm jerked upward. The coil was patently in excellent condition. Some one choked. Mr. Deane regarded him with a fixed smile. He turned on the gasoline, and approached the engine with a crank.

"Now we'll start her," he said, speaking lightly, as of an inconsiderable thing. He heaved once. There was an ear-splitting report, a flash of bluish-yellow gasoline spread on the air. One small boy slid quietly from a window: everybody else assisted in the search for the crank. They found it under the bellows.

Mr. Deane took it gingerly, while he

examined his left hand with some care. He approached the engine more tentatively.

"We got an explosion, anyway," he remarked.

"Ye did," said some one on a bench, intending only to be encouraging. Mr. Deane regarded him at some length, when some one else choked slightly again, and he shifted his gaze to this last offender.

"What are you cackling at?" he said. The cackler furnishing no reply, he fitted the crank again and heaved, but without result. After three minutes, with an old capstan for extra weight on the box, and two men to hold it, another man offered to try. He sweat freely for two minutes, to the accompaniment of obscure sounds from the interior of the machine and a faint smell of gasoline. There was no other effect. The crowd had gathered closer when Mr. Deane took the crank again. "Stand clear!" he said, and threw his weight on it.

The nickel-plated devil went. The sputter of its exhaust roared in their faces, and the box on which it stood danced with the vibration. For one critical instant it ingeniously balanced itself on one corner; then it fell over. The nebula that represented the fly-wheel, revolving a full fifteen hundred times a minute, struck the floor, and engine and box together leaped straight at Mr. Walter Deane's throat. Mr. Deane turned and fled, and the crowd dissolved away as the mist at sunrise, while the engine and box, like a motor wheelbarrow, pranced across the shop, followed precipitately by a flock of batteries, spark-coil, and gasoline tank, until it came to rest against the wall. There it continued to go for several seconds, then miraculously stopped.

Mr. Deane, who found himself in the open air with the others, went back into the great smell of gasoline, and, after righting the overturned tank, approached the recumbent engine. There came a voice from among the heads at the door:

"Don't go too near her, Wattie. She'll get up and knock yer block off!"

"Aw, shut up!" he rejoined; then he considered the wreck. "Nothing but the igniter-rod bent. That's lucky." The crowd ventured back. They connected her up again, and weighted down the box with castings. Mr. Deane took the crank with more confidence. Six seconds later, as a gunner would put it, his trajectory cut the surface of the water—in the tub that blacksmiths use to cool things in. Mr. Deane arrived approximately in a sitting posture, and his displacement was sufficient to remove a great deal of water from the tub, and distribute it among the nearest of the spectators. Mr. Deane rose with some struggle, but the majority of the spectators failed to rise at all, and lay about on the benches and on the floor in the position of men being strangled. Mr. Deane stood in a pool of black water, and for a full minute his language was positively frightful. Then, with a hand held tenderly on his hip, he regarded the writhing figures.

"Think ye're funny, don't ye!" he said fiercely. One man rolled over on his back, drew up his knees, and pounded his boots alternately on the floor. This was the only response. Later they recovered sufficiently to get up. They were offered the crank; there were no takers. Mr. Deane felt called upon to go home and change. This ended the experiments for the day. That evening the story, with elaborate details, could be heard on any corner of the front street, and when Mr. Deane came downtown after supper, the entire populace seemed to wish to know whether he had "got her started." His answer was invariably to the effect that he had not had time to adjust her yet, but that he would not be so busy to-morrow.

Foremouth, all innocent and uninformed, stood blind, never knowing that a sign had been given her. It was the beginning of the marvelous explanatory fluency that develops in the owner of the cheap two-cycle engine. It was the sign of the beginning of the trouble. The psychology of it is this: it is not that the owner in his secret heart admires the engine—he has seen the heavy four-cycle running quietly all the long season through—but the obstreperous little devil is his, to protect and justify against a gibing and jeering public; so he learns to lie incontinently, and, in the regrettable end, to believe the lies himself. Mr. Deane, at one time later in the season, so far forgot himself as to be frank about it. It was at the end of a race in which Providence had directed that his engine should go without interruption, and longer than it had ever gone before. He won. He addressed the engine tensely and just above his breath, but was overheard.

"You ——," he said, "if you'd 'a' stopped, I'd 'a' taken ye round a bend in the river, and kicked the cylinders off ye!" The concentrated sweat of all that season's cranking was collected there; but it is to be noticed that he said he would take her around a bend in the river.

Mr. Deane's engine was apparently

tamed by kindness, or at least by a child. It was on the following day, when he was out of the shop for a few minutes. Three youths had been investigating, and one experimentally rocked the fly-wheel. There was a sound of cannonading from within, and the three appeared, fleeing for the dock as for their lives. Mr. Deane entered. The engine was running in the midst of a quivering thunder-cloud, and appeared to be more or less amenable to control by small levers that showed faintly in the heart of the disturbance. She was permitted to run, and the crowd of the day before gathered again and marveled. From that moment onward the box on which that engine sat bore the marks of human blood, ever increasing in number. The season was properly opened.

The *Pilgrim* had arrived in the autumn. All this was in the winter time and the very early spring. Then came an aberrant specimen, the before-mentioned hereditary engineer, a convert from steam. He studied Mr. Deane's engine and disliked the design, so he studied the designs in a yachting periodical. He realized the mechanical hopelessness of most of them, and he finally sent for one weighing forty pounds, for which were claimed the most astounding capabilities, and for which he paid ninety-seven cents a pound. When it arrived, he retired to a machine shop with it, took out its vitals, and profoundly altered them. He remodeled a rowboat, put the engine in, and dropped the boat in the harbor among the ice cakes in April, the first of the Foremouth motor-boats. For two months that engine went, forward or backward, fair weather or foul, with never a skip, until all Foremouth wondered. Then her owner, being a hereditary engineer, knew that her poor, foolish little pump was played out, and that the time of her general dissolution was at hand, and sold her to a man who, on account of her reputation, insisted on paying two and a half times what she had cost.

This incident is unimportant in itself, but it served to bring the Doctor to a decision, and this is not unimportant. Nothing is unimportant that breeds admiration or merriment.

The Doctor explained that he purposed building a small but seaworthy boat, in which, if he wished, he could take a run over to Prince Edward Island. "Or Newfoun'-lan'," suggested a bystander. He said no; that was too far, amid murmurs of dissent. He fixed upon the dory type as suitable, and a boat-builder began making models with a jack-knife. As she grew, she developed a turtle-back over her bow that formed a tunnel into which two men might crawl, and at the forward end of which lived the gasoline tank. This her owner dignified as a "hunting cabin." He took public advice as to what type of engine he should get—the public were consulting experts by this time—and, disregarding it, imported an unknown, and, in the light of later events, apparently an unknowable, machine. She gave great trouble from the first instant, and so formed a suitable objective on which a Scotch character could react.

The day of the Doctor's launch elicited the most enthusiastic interest from the public. The Doctor's launches always did. Several times during her construction the dory had been altered, until, at the end, the last trace of resemblance to the original design had faded away, and she was as much of an anomaly as had been any of the Doctor's sail-boats. To enhance her already notable sea-keeping qualities, the Doctor had had both her bow and stern raised, until the earlier arrivals noted her resemblance to a Malay flying proa, and said so. The remark met with instant approval, and the *Flying Proa* she became. This was a convenience, as she was never formally named.

The first arrival was Jumps (as nearly as it could be gathered phonetically), a ubiquitous dog that partook of the characteristics of a dachshund and an Irish water spaniel, except that he was black. The only effective description of him had been given by Henry Simpson, Mr. Deane's chief rival in the blacksmithing business, who had said that he looked like a cross between an astrakhan cap and a length of stove-pipe. The second arrival was George, the owner of Jumps, a small boy of mechanical tendencies, and, later, second engineer of the *Flying Proa*. Then they came by twos and threes, and included Mr. Deane, Henry Simpson, the engineer of the *Pilgrim*, whose name was Dennison, a plumber with two assistants—to connect up the quarter-inch gasoline pipe—and the Doctor's aunt, who was a lady of retiring but firm disposition, and who disapproved of the whole business. With possibly one or two exceptions, everybody at one time or another walked on Jumps, whose yells brought other dogs.

The actual launching process inadvertently included George, who, at the last moment, became involved in the *Flying Proa's* coiled new painter, and followed her, feet first, down the ways and out to sea, taking the painter with him; so that the *Proa* had to be salved and towed in with a flat, the Doctor meanwhile addressing George from the roof of the hunting cabin. Great enthusiasm. The *Flying Proa* was brought alongside the wharf, and while the plumbers connected the gasoline pipe, the engineer of the *Pilgrim* was commissioned to do the wiring. The Doctor, standing precariously on the extreme bow with a five-gallon gasoline can in one hand and a funnel in the other, prepared to fill the tank, and dilated on the advantages of the jump-spark system of ignition. He had a jerky manner, and spoke in interrupted cascades. Mr. Deane differed at once, and argued with deliberation in favor of the make-and-break. The crowd drew up in appreciation.

Now, when George came aboard he left the forward deck very wet. Also, like all real marine engines, the *Pilgrim's* engines had make-and-break ignition. It may have been professional feeling or it may only have been that the engineer of the *Pilgrim* was a humorist; there may have been collusion inside the hunting cabin. In any case, after the discussion had got to the point where the Doctor had told Mr. Deane that it was only his ignorance that made him talk like that, he bent down to put the funnel in the tank, straightened up with a horrible sound, half-groan, half-yell, struggled at an impossible angle for a visible instant, to the accompaniment of a shriek from Miss Jane, and went overboard, taking the can of gasoline with him. Evident joy on the part of George and more enthusiasm of the crowd, who insisted on rescuing the can of gasoline first. Henry Simpson, smoking, spoke to his nearest neighbor.

"Everything's goin' off beautiful so far."

"Beautiful!" was the reply; "and there's likely more to come."

"Or go," added Mr. Simpson. He spoke with insight.

The three plumbers and Mr. Dennison backed, red-faced, out of the hunting cabin (it was suffocating), and evinced their surprise at the disturbance. They were in time to hoist the Doctor aboard.

"I got a shock," he coughed, running salt water.

"So did we," said Mr. Dennison.

"I mean 'n electric shock."

"An electric shock?" repeated Mr. Dennison, looking at the plumbers as a man seeking justification. "Couldn't be. Isn't possible."

"Couldn't be," repeated the second assistant. However, they promised to look for a leak. The Doctor's attention was called away by Miss Campbell insisting that he go home and change, but the Doctor advanced the salt-water theory. She said further that if he didn't go, she would. He said she might. She did.

It had been suggested several times that he set up his engine and test it before putting it in the boat. He explained that the engine was adjusted and tested before leaving the factory.

It was sunset when everything was prepared. The onlookers had found comfortable seats, and cheerfully stayed away from supper, trusting in further developments. An old gentleman named Didder had retired to a broken place in the wharf, had taken off his boots and socks, and was improving the occasion by soaking his feet in the sea. Aboard the *Flying Proa* there were Jumps and George, the Doctor and Mr. Dennison, Mr. Deane, the plumber, and the two assistants. An expectant silence settled down when the Doctor rocked the fly-wheel, according to instructions. There was no result. The crank was applied. There was no result. It was discovered that the engine was getting no gasoline, and the pipe was forthwith disconnected at the tank. The union was stopped with shellac. The engineer of the *Pilgrim* suggested waiting until daylight. The Doctor said no. The master plumber went down, bearing an acetylene bicycle lamp, and the assistants followed, bearing two pieces of iron wire, and looking covertly toward the door. The Doctor went also, and they probed that union. The engineer of the *Pilgrim* unostentatiously went ashore, and retired a short distance up the wharf, taking with him the *Pilgrim's* owner and a girl, who had joined the throng in the twilight.

"I don't think it'll be very bad," he said, "but he's hunting for gasoline, and it's likely he'll find it in less than a minute." Together they watched the faint white light that showed through the two small ports in the *Flying Proa's* hunting cabin. Then silently it changed to a brilliant yellow.

"They've got it," murmured Mr. Dennison. How four men passed out through that door in the time was amazing. They came forth locked together as though welded into a mass by the heat of the explosion—and there was no explosion. In the cockpit they broke apart, and as yellow fire puffed out of the cabin, the two assistants went overboard without a whimper.

The master plumber climbed ashore, and was promptly knocked down by Mr. Didder, who had broke cover and was pattering up the wharf like a barefooted boy, leaving his boots and socks to the mercy of the rising tide. The master plumber rose to explain that a little gasoline came through and caught fire, but that he had shut it off. The Doctor stayed aboard with George and threw in water until the fire was under control, when George entered alone and pounded it out.

The plumber's assistants crawled up the wharf without help, Henry Simpson asking them if they expected to be out long, and the rest putting the traditional questions as to the state of the water, until they became irritable and went home.

Mr. Deane found himself at the back of the crowd without any distinct recollection of the details of his translation. The crowd itself was in ecstasy, the only fear being that the Doctor would feel that he had accomplished enough for one day; but the Doctor seldom disappointed. The fact that concerned him was that the plumbers with the iron wire had struck gasoline. All was accomplished. He was ready to start. During the fire, Jumps had remained unperturbed on the forward deck. George had also qualified as a hero; the rest went ashore. It was entirely meet that he should start with such a crew.

"Well, I think we are ready for our trial trip," he announced, addressing no one. The crowd hung in expectant festoons. The acetylene bicycle lamp had been salved. Its light was turned on the engine, which sat smiling in the cockpit, and a boy was instructed to cast off the lines. Some one hanging over the coping spoke:

"If ye're round the Ma'dalens, an' there's any fog, don't forget the gun on the Bird Rocks." This remark was disregarded. George held the lantern, and the Doctor knelt. Under the influence of his cranking, the *Flying Proa* moved slowly out past the end of the wharf, and, amid a breathless silence, drifted up harbor into the dark with the rising tide. For four hours the light moved slowly about within a few hundred yards of the wharf, and in all that time there came not one indication of life from the engine. Sometimes, borne over the still water, drifted in the sound of voices in conversation, and once, for a period of almost a minute, George's voice arose in blasphemy. The remnant of the crowd, who had not succeeded in finding a method of getting afloat, and straining to hear, deduced that the electrical apparatus was still intact. There were also sounds as of hammering, and at last, after midnight, when the carbide had burned out in the lamp, the Doctor accepted a tow from a rowboat, and came ashore. Evidently touched by the pertinacity of the remnant of the spectators, who still held on, he explained that he was "getting too much gas."

"Can't ye shut it off?" asked some one.

"Of course I can."

"Then why didn' ye?"

The Doctor threw a pitying glance at the questioner and strode up the wharf, while George was received into the bosom of the bystanders and plied for details. The recital went on amid whoops of merriment for half an hour, then drew to a drowsy close. "I got mad and tired of crankin' at last, an' told him his engine was no good. That made him wild, an' he says: 'Ye dern little whelp, haven't ye got sense enough to keep yer feet off o' them wires!' An' just then the light went out. I guess that's what saved me."

At seven o'clock the next morning the Doctor was down with a bag of surgical instruments, notably bone forceps and probes. Everybody available made a point of superintending. When he removed his coat, a voice suggested that he had better not give her chloroform, as she seemed to have a weak heart. The Doctor's reply was brief and discourteous. George, being of a forgiving disposition, turned up, and assisted through the whole of that glaring day.

The Doctor's engineering methods were unique. For the most part he disregarded monkey-wrenches and spanners as requiring too much fitting, and handled nuts and cap-screws with gas-pliers, or, in stubborn cases, a stillson. Mistrusting the construction of his spark-plug, he tore it to pieces, and inserted one or two iron washers where he thought they would be useful. After this the plug miraculously refused to spark, and had to be permitted to return to its original condition. It suffered in the struggle, and from the outside was unrecognizable. The vaporizer, after a stubborn fight, gave up its internals, which were filed and replaced, but to no effect. A second sun went down on the *Flying Proa* at rest.

For four days after this the whole business life of the lower street was demoralized. No man might make an appointment with any assurance of being able to keep it without being summoned to the wharf to see the Doctor start. A dozen times the word went around, and a dozen times it was a false alarm. On the fifth morning everybody came down to find the *Flying Proa* at sea. She was lying three or four hundred yards from the shore, apparently at anchor. Whether she went out under her own power

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or whether she was rowed out before dawn (with a view to becoming inaccessible), was never known. George and Jumps and the Doctor were equally uncommunicative. The many who used to spend their time fishing mackerel, when there were any mackerel to fish, took bottled drinks with them, rowed out, and tied up alongside. They towed the *Proa* ashore at sunset, the Doctor explaining that there was a short circuit between the primary and secondary in his spark-coil.

There was no end in sight, and the strain was making the town nervous and irritable, and the back of the Doctor's neck was so badly sunburned that he had to keep a heavily powdered cloth on it, when one afternoon the hereditary engineer went aboard and studied things from the top of the hunting cabin. He asked if he might try her, and the Doctor ungraciously said something to the effect that he might do whatever he saw fit. The engineer reached into one or two inaccessible places, then turned the fly-wheel. The engine broke into song, there was a roar of troubled water under the *Flying Proa's* stern, and leaving the frayed end of her painter hanging from a mooring-ring in the wharf, she careered out on the bosom of the harbor. The engine gradually slowed until the *Proa* moved at a good five miles an hour, and ran steady so until she was half a mile out in the stream; then it came to rest.

"Trapped, by thunder!" said some one in the crowd, referring to the hereditary engineer. They could see them cranking, and at dusk they towed them ashore. After this the *Flying Proa* went at widely separated intervals, but never at more than five miles an hour. Ordinarily she drifted up with one tide and down with the next, taking advantage of favorable slants of wind for side runs, and often wayfarers would stop in the streets of Foremouth, where one could get a glimpse of the water, and watch a curious boat lying far out in the path of the sun, with a man's shoulders heaving up and down in her cockpit.

If public interest slackened at all, it was fully renewed on the day Miss Jane took her first trip. She brought several ladies for moral support. They knew nothing of gasoline boats and distrusted them as fully as did Miss Campbell, but feeling their responsibility, they kept a firm upper lip. To those on the wharf it was patent that Miss Campbell was in a highly nervous condition when she stepped, or rather fell, into her seat in the stern. Being stout, she visibly altered the trim of the *Flying Proa*, and this she noted with apprehension. For her special benefit the Doctor had erected over the cockpit a green canopy top of his own design, and apparently of his own construction. In general principle it was a great umbrella, with the exception that, instead of being round, it was square, and with only four ribs, one to each corner. It was supported on a six-foot mast, lashed to a thwart, and the corners were guyed down with four ornate green cords. Of this invention, from the first moment, Miss Jane conceived an inordinate terror. The fact that it would not have made a good sail for the *Proa* in a typhoon made no difference. However, it served one purpose: it kept her attention away from the engine. Besides, the *Proa's* engine from the first was never violent, but always mild and desultory, and, if less desultory, became milder as time went on.

On the day in question, through some trifling accident, it started without difficulty. The *Flying Proa* came around the end of the wharf with the Doctor, George, Jumps, Miss Jane, three other ladies, the engine, the mast and four guys of the canopy top, and one unclassified small boy, all in the cockpit. They had proceeded perhaps seventy-five yards, and on the wharf Henry Simpson had just remarked, referring to the exhaust, that it sounded as if some one aboard had asthma, when the coughing ceased and the *Proa* stopped. The Doctor bent down to make some adjustments, and must have fouled some of the rigging of the canopy top, for that protection instantly collapsed. The mast remained, and the top came down, as does an umbrella, and infolded the cockpit and its contents. From the sounds that proceeded from beneath, it was apparent that Jumps had been stepped on again; then there was a disturbance of the tent, the *Proa* rocked violently, and scream after scream came muffled upon the air. A moment later the canopy top began to unfold itself, raising its wings aloft until it barely disclosed the *Proa's* crew, when it instantly collapsed again, Miss Jane ducking as it came. This time there was severe silence beneath, and, after some seconds of this, while the canopy remained motionless, it gave further evidences of recovery, and finally spread itself out like a full-blown rose. Herewith Miss Jane could be heard arguing that either that top or she would go ashore. The Doctor expostulated, explaining that it could not happen again, but to no avail. When he finally gave in, neither George nor he could start the engine, and when, at the end of half an hour, it went, the *Flying Proa* had drifted far up the harbor.

In the meantime the canopy had behaved admirably, and had afforded so much shelter from the sun that Miss Jane said they might try to get along with it. But the Doctor said no: if it was a real danger, it must go ashore. They would take it back to the wharf. The day was calm, and the tide was rising. The wind was light, off shore. The engine stopped thirty-two times by count, and George and the Doctor ran sweat. Five times the *Flying Proa* was within a stone's throw of the wharf, and five times she drifted away. At slack water, about two o'clock, she made an extra struggle to reach it, and at one critical moment attained to within fifty yards. Then the tide turned, and she was swept down harbor at something between one and two knots. All the afternoon she fought up-stream, refusing all assistance. Her engine stopped less frequently than before because it was less frequently started. Toward six o'clock the *Proa* was visibly losing ground, and there was every evidence that George and the Doctor were gradually growing weaker, and at seventeen minutes after seven, having lost a third of a mile in twenty minutes, they accepted a tow from the hereditary engineer, and returned to the wharf. As they came alongside they formed a striking picture. The Doctor rose as an old man, and painfully coiled a heaving-line; Jumps lay in profound slumber on the extreme forward deck; George sat huddled up on a seat, as one from whom the spirit has utterly departed; Miss Campbell, gripping the cockpit coaming with both hands, sat stiff and purple with suppressed feeling; and the guests talked together of the charm of the sunset. When they had tied up, Miss Campbell climbed ashore without the assistance of the Doctor, and accompanied the ladies up the wharf; George recovered sufficiently to curse all gasoline engines; and the Doctor explained that his mixture was still a little uncertain.

However, from this time forward the *Flying Proa* seemed to improve as to steady running. The Doctor was at once encouraged to wish to navigate the byways and estuaries that made inland from Foremouth Harbor. Now, these inlets were infested with eel-grass that wound up on an ordinary propeller, and strangled it into submission in a dozen yards. With a view to circumventing this new devil, he imported a propeller of remarkable design, known as a "weedless wheel." One of the experts wished to know whether that was "its natural shape, or whether it had been run over by a train?" It was guaranteed to ignore all types of marine vegetable growth. This it unquestionably did; but it had one defect. The experts were down in a body to see it tested, and after studying the behavior of the *Flying Proa* while under its influence, they rechristened it the speedless wheel.

Even the Doctor came to realize the limitations of the new propeller outside its own sphere, and, as a consequence, he took to carrying a small, striped bathing-suit in the hunting cabin. Then, on the least provocation on the part of the navigable waters, he would approach the nearest shore, retire to the cabin, don the bathing-suit, go overboard with a stillson and change propellers. The *Maple Leaf*, which ran between Foremouth and Granton Place, would frequently report the *Proa* with her stern aground and her owner working up to his middle in water.

The unchecked growth of this habit in the Doctor led to one of the most impressive scenes in which the *Flying Proa* ever took part. Miss Jane had gradually accustomed herself to long voyages, and on this occasion made up her mind to accompany the Doctor to Granton Place. They started early, and as things were going badly about noon, the Doctor decided to change propellers. He backed the boat into a convenient bank until her shoe touched, got into the bathing-suit, took the stillson and the weedless wheel, and went overboard. The propeller was held on by one set-screw, which, at the moment, happened to be underneath and not accessible. To get at it, the Doctor seized the blades of the propeller and heaved it over. Inadvertently, as was frequent, he had left the switch closed; the gasoline he left on normally. There came a sound like something clearing its throat, the propeller jerked out of his hand, there was a roar of water in his face, and the *Flying Proa* departed with Miss Jane. The Doctor rushed after her, but to no effect; she was a shade the faster. When the water was up to his chin, he stopped.

"Reverse the engine!" he roared. "Shove over that lever by the fly-wheel!" Miss Jane held the engine in great dread, but she approached it, and grasped the spark-plug. She let go with a shriek of astonishment.

"Shove over the lever!" roared the

Doctor, waving a hand in demonstration. Miss Jane retired to the bow.

"I can't! I can't!" she wailed. "It won't go!" At this moment it pleased the fates that around a turn in the river should come the *Maple Leaf*, bearing an assemblage of Foremouth and Granton Place passengers. These were instantly petrified with amazement, but the *Maple Leaf's* captain, struggling to take in the situation, stopped when he got opposite the Doctor and asked if he might be of assistance. The Doctor made no response, but shouted at Miss Jane, now bound toward a reef on an uninhabited island, to steer. Miss Jane had never steered, though she had frequently watched the operation. She took the wheel.

"Steer for the *Maple Leaf*, and throw them a line!" The idea of "throwing them a line" bred in the lady a condition of speechless indignation. She looked once at the Doctor's head, then turned her attention to steering. It was more difficult than it had appeared to the onlooker. After completing two half-circles she discovered the universally acknowledged fact that the boat goes as you turn the top of the wheel. She approached the *Maple Leaf* in broad, threatening arcs, and the Doctor foresaw the impending collision.

"Never mind the *Maple Leaf*," he roared. "Better not go there. Steer for me, auntie, and bring her in here." Miss Jane spun the wheel, the captain of the *Maple Leaf* rang two bells and the jingle, the *Maple Leaf* thunderously went astern, and the *Flying Proa* slid past her bow and bore down on the Doctor. The Doctor moved back a step until he could raise one arm from the water and wave it at a soft spot on the shore behind him.

"Go in there!" he yelled. Whether the prospect of running aground overcame her is not known, but, as she approached the shore, Miss Jane's steering became more erratic. The *Flying Proa* wavered between a selection of several spots on the shore, both above and below the Doctor, while that gentleman followed her every movement with anxiety. Then, as with a suddenly fixed purpose, she headed for the Doctor himself.

"Hi! Don't come so near!" he said nervously. Miss Jane became nervous, and ferociously spun the wheel in both directions, with magnificent effect. The *Proa's* high bow rode straight at the Doctor's head. The Doctor gazed for one frozen, incredible instant, then broke and fled for the shore, lashing the water like a wounded crocodile, with Miss Jane pressing him hard. A man up to his neck in the sea moves at a disadvantage.

"Seventeen to five she catches him!" said a spectator on the *Maple Leaf*. She did. The *Flying Proa's* forefoot slid up his spinal column and rode over his right shoulder, spurning him to port as she passed. The Doctor disappeared from view, and the *Proa* grated shore.

"Rammed, by ginger blue!" said the captain of the *Maple Leaf*, effusively. "The old woman got even with him for a lot of things that time." In something less than five seconds the Doctor stood up in the *Proa's* wake. He appeared as a human effigy done roughly in red mud. Miss Campbell was weeping hysterically in the cockpit. The *Maple Leaf's* passengers were dancing with sheer enthusiasm. The captain, a man of great control, repressed a tendency to sob, and leaned out the pilot-house window.

"Will I wait, Doctor?" The Doctor collected his breath for one second, then said tensely, "You can go to——!" The captain permitted himself to smile, and proceeded to Granton Place.

A Greek Apologist

If anyone blame me because, a skilled servant of Love, I go to the chase, my eyes armed with bird-lime to catch ladies, let him know that Zeus and Hades and the Lord of the Sea were slaves of violent desire. If the gods are such and they bid men follow their example, what wrong do I do in learning their deeds? Anon.

A Dialogue Between Pleasure and Pain

By ROBERT BURTON

[It will be no detraction from the power of Milton's original genius and invention to remark, that he seems to have borrowed the subject of "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," together with some particular thoughts, expressions and rhymes, from a forgotten poem prefixed to the first edition of Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" entitled "The Author's Abstract of Melancholy, or, A Dialogue between Pleasure and Pain." **WARTON.**]

WHEN I go musing all alone
Thinking of divers things fore-known.
When I build castles in the air,
Void of sorrow and void of fear,
Pleasing myself with phantasms sweet, →
Methinks the time runs very fleet.
All my joys to this are folly,
Naught so sweet as melancholy.

II. When I lie waking all alone,
Recounting what I have ill done,
My thoughts on me then tyrannise,
Fear and sorrow me surprise,
Whether I tarry still or go,
Methinks the time moves very slow.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
Naught so mad as melancholy.

III. When to myself I act and smile,
With pleasing thoughts the time beguile,
By a brook side or wood so green,
Unheard, unsought for, or unseen,
A thousand pleasures do me bless, →
And crown my soul with happiness.
All my joys besides are folly,
None so sweet as melancholy.

IV. When I lie, sit, or walk alone,
I sigh, I grieve, making great mone,
In a dark grove, or irksome den,
With discontents and Furies then,
A thousand miseries at once
Mine heavy heart and soul ensconce,
All my griefs to this are jolly,
None so sour as melancholy.

V. Methinks I hear, methinks I see,
Sweet music, wondrous melody,
Towns, palaces, and cities fine;
Here now, then there; the world is mine,
Rare beauties, gallant ladies shine, →
Whate'er is lovely or divine.
All other joys to this are folly,
None so sweet as melancholy.

VI. Methinks I hear, methinks I see
Ghosts, goblins, fiends; my phantasy
Presents a thousand ugly shapes,
Headless bears, black men, and apes,
Doleful outcries, and fearful sights,
My sad and dismal soul affrights.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
None so damn'd as melancholy.

VII. Methinks I court, methinks I kiss,
Methinks I now embrace my mistress.
O blessèd days, O sweet content,
In Paradise my time is spent.
Such thoughts may still my fancy move, →
So may I ever be in love.
All my joys to this are folly,
Naught so sweet as melancholy.

VIII. When I recount love's many frights,
My sighs and tears, my waking nights,
My jealous fits; O mine hard fate
I now repent, but 'tis too late.
No torment is so bad as love,
So bitter to my soul can prove.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
Naught so harsh as melancholy.

IX. Friends and companions get you gone,
'Tis my desire to be alone;
Ne'er well but when my thoughts and I
Do domineer in privacy.
No Gem, no treasure like to this, →
'Tis my delight, my crown, my bliss.
All my joys to this are folly,
Naught so sweet as melancholy.

X. 'Tis my sole plague to be alone,
I am a beast, a monster grown,
I will no light nor company,
I find it now my misery.
The scene is turn'd, my joys are gone,
Fear, discontent, and sorrow come.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
Naught so fierce as melancholy.

XI. I'll not change life with any king,
I ravisht am; can the world bring
More joy, than still to laugh and smile,
In pleasant toys time to beguile?
Do not, O do not trouble me, →
So sweet content I feel and see.
All my joys to this are folly,
None so divine as melancholy.

XII. I'll change my state with any wretch,
Thou canst from gaol or dunghill fetch;
My pain's past cure, another hell,
I may not in this torment dwell!
Now desperate I hate my life,
Lend me a halter or a knife;
All my griefs to this are jolly,
Naught so damn'd as melancholy.

The Further Side of Silence

By SIR HUGH CLIFFORD

I

SOME years before the impassive British Government came to disturb the peace of primitive nature and to put an end to the strife of primitive man, Kria, son of Mat, a young Malay from one of the western states, sneaked up into the Tĕlom and established himself as a trader on its banks well within the fringe of the Sâkai country.

Aided by a few Sâkai—feeble and timid jungle-folk, the aboriginal possessors of the Peninsula—but mainly with his own hands, he built himself a house with walls of thick, brown bark, raised to a height of some six feet above the ground on stout, rough-hewn uprights, and securely thatched with bĕrtam palm leaves. It was a rude enough affair, as Malay houses go, but compared with the primitive and lopsided architecture of the Sâkai it was palatial. The fact that this stranger had planned and built such a mansion impressed the fact of his innate racial superiority upon the jungle-dwellers once and for all. Here, they saw, was Genius, no less, though their language (which among other things has only three numerals and as many names for colors) contained no word even remotely conveying any such idea. The mere fact that their poor vocabulary was straightway beggared by the effort to express their admiration, left them mentally gasping; wherefore Kria, son of Mat, a very ordinary young Malay, endowed, as it chanced, with few of the forceful qualities of his race, found himself of a sudden an object of almost superstitious hero-worship.

Kria presently made the discovery anent solitude which is attributed to Adam. He was a Malay and a Muhammadan, to whom the naked, pantheistical Sâkai is a dog of indescribable uncleanliness. Thirty miles down river there was a Malay village where many maidens of his own breed were to be had, almost for the asking, from their grateful parents by a man so well-to-do as Kria had now become; but these ladies were hard-bit, ill-favored young women, prematurely gnarled by labor in the rice-fields and tanned to the color of the bottom of a cooking-pot by exposure to sun and weather. Ordinarily, however, the aggressive plainness of these damsels might not have affected the issue; but it chanced that the particular devil whose province it is to look after *mésalliances* was as busy here in this hidden nook of the forest as ever he is in Mayfair. It was surely by his contrivance that Kria, Malay and Muhammadan that he was, fixed his heart upon a Sâkai girl—herself the daughter of Sâkai, nude, barbarous, and disreputable—and the blame may with greater certainty be allotted to him, because Kria's first meeting with her was in no sense of his seeking.

He had come up the Tĕlom one day from his new house in a dugout imported from down-country, whose finish converted it, in the eyes of his neighbors, into a floating miracle. Kria sat lordly in the stern, steering the little craft with a heavy wooden paddle, while two sweating and straining Sâkai punted her forward against the rush of the current. He wore the loose blouse, serviceable short pants, huddled, many-colored waistcloth, and the variegated cotton headkerchief which constitute the costume of the average up-country Malay; but judged by debased, local standards, Solomon in all his glory could hardly be held to owe a heavier debt of gratitude to his tailor. The two men who worked his boat, for example, wore nothing save a dirty strip of bark cloth twisted carelessly about their loins, more, it would appear, for the advantage of having about the person something into which to stick a woodknife, or a tobacco-bamboo, than to subserve any end connected with propriety. Their bodies were scaly with leprous-looking skin disease and the shaggy shocks of their hair stood out around their heads in regrettable halos. They were smeared with the gray dust of wood ashes, for it is the manner of these hill-folk to go to bed in their fireplaces, whereof the smoke, as their own proverb has it, is their coverlet. This, on their lips, is not a complaint, but a boast. Standards of comfort differ widely, and the Sâkai, simple soul, is genuinely impressed by the extraordinary convenience of thus being able to keep warm o' nights.

Suddenly, as the canoe crept round a bend in the bank, something plunged headlong out of the shadows and dived into the forest on the left. It leaped with a speed so startling, and was swallowed up so instantly, that it was gone before Kria had time even to reach for his musket; but the Sâkai boatmen, who, like the rest of their people, had the gift of sight through the back of their heads, at once set up a succession of queer animal calls and cries which spluttered off presently into the hiccoughing monosyllables which serve these folk as speech. A moment later a clear, bell-like call thrilled from out the forest, so close at hand that the surprize of it made Kria jump and nearly drop his paddle; and then came a ripple of words, like little drops of crystal, which made even the rude Sâkai tongue a thing of music, freshness, and youth. Next the shrubs on the bank were parted by human hands, and Pi-Noi—Breeze of the Forest—emerging suddenly, stepped straightway into Kria's life and into the innermost heart of him.

She was a Sâkai girl of about fifteen years of age, naked save for a girdle of dried, black water weed, a string of red berries round her neck, and a scarlet blossom stuck in her hair. She stood there, poised lightly upon her feet, in the agile pose which enables the jungle-folk instantly to convert absolute immobility into a wondrous activity. Her figure, just budding into womanhood, was perfect in every line, from the slender neck to the rounded hips, the cleanly shaped limbs and the small, delicate feet, the whole displayed with a divine unconsciousness which is above mere modesty.

Her skin, smooth as velvet and with much the same downy softness of surface, was an even yellow-brown, without fleck or blemish, and upon it diamond points of water glistened in the sunlight. Her black and glossy hair was twisted carelessly into a magnificent knot at the nape of her neck, little rounded curls straying here and there to soften cheek and forehead. Her face an oval of great purity, glowed with youth and life. Her lips had something of the pretty pout of childhood. Her chin was firmly modeled; her nose was straight, with nostrils rather wide, quivering, and sensitive; her little ears nestled beneath the glory of her hair.

But it was the eyes of this child which chiefly seized and held the attention. Marvelously large and round, they were black as night, with irises set in whites that had a faint blue tinge, and with well-defined, black eyebrows arching above them. Their expression was one rarely seen in the human face, though it may be noted now and again in the eyes of wild creatures which have learned to know and partially to trust mankind. It was at once shy and bold, inviting and defiant; friendly, too, within limits; but, above all, watchful and on the alert for flight or for defense at the least hint of danger. Her gaze was bent upon Kria, and it seemed to him the most alluring thing that he had ever seen. As he looked, he caught his breath with an audible gasp of astonishment and delight.

Love at first sight is a disease very prevalent in Asia, for with the Oriental the lust of the eye is ever the mightiest of forces, and the sorry pretense that the mind rules the passions is not recognized by him as a tenet subscription to which is demanded by self-respect. The Malays name it "*the* madness," and by this Kria now was smitten, suddenly and without warning, as men sometimes are stricken down by the stroke of a vertical sun. Pi-Noi might be a daughter of the despised jungle-folk, an infidel, an eater of unclean things, a creature of the forest almost as wild as the beasts with which she shared a common home; but to Kria she was what the first woman was to the first man. She was more. Standing thus upon the river's brink, with her feet in the crystal ripples, with the tangle of vegetation making for her lithe figure a wondrous background, with the sunlight playing in and out of the swaying, green canopy above her head and dappling her clear skin with shifting splashes of brightness and shadow, she symbolized for him the eternal triumph of her sex—the tyrannous, unsought power of woman.

Pi-Noi, after looking curiously at the Malay, spoke to her countrymen in their own language, and Kria, who had acquired a working knowledge of the primitive jungle jargon, answered her himself:

"We are going up-stream to Chĕba' Pĕr-lau-i. The boat is large and your little body will not sink it. We will bear you with us. Come!"

She looked at him quizzically, and her face was softened by a little ripple of laughter. It was the first time that she had heard her native tongue spoken with a foreign accent, and the oddity of the thing amused her. Then she stepped lightly into the canoe and squatted in the bow.

The boat resumed its journey up-river, warring with the current; was tugged and hauled over fallen trees and round threatening ridges of rock; was towed up difficult places by long lines of rattan; was maneuvered inch by inch up rapids, where the waters roared furiously; or glided in obedience to the punters along the smooth, sun-dappled reaches; and all that dreamy afternoon Pi-Noi sat in the bow, her back turned to Kria, her face averted. She was almost motionless, yet to the Malay, whose eyes pursued her, she conveyed an extraordinary impression of being at once absorbed and keenly alert. Nothing that was happening, or that had happened recently in the jungle all about her, was hidden from Pi-Noi, though she seemed barely to move her head, and once she lifted her voice in a thrilling imitation of a bird's call and was answered at once from both sides of the stream. Though she sat consentingly in Kria's boat, he was subtly conscious that she was, in some strange fashion, an integral part of the forest that surrounded them; that she was a stranger to the life of mankind, as he understood it—the life of folk of his own race—who, at best, are only trespassers upon Nature's vast domain. He held his breath fearfully, possessed by the idea that at any moment this girl might vanish whence she had come, and thereafter be lost to him forever. He felt her to be as free as the jungle breeze, whose name she bore, and as little to be held a prisoner by the hand of man. This added at once a dread and a new attraction to her physical beauty. Kria forgot the inherited contempt of the Malay for the Sâkai, the disgust of the Muhammadan for the devourer of unclean things, the conviction of his people that union with a jungle-dweller is an unspeakable abomination. He only remembered that he was a man, hot with love; that she was a woman, elusive and desirable.

II

KRIA's brief wooing was purely a commercial transaction, in which Pi-Noi herself was the last person any one dreamed of consulting. The naked jungle-folk who were her papa and mamma developed unsuspected business aptitude at this juncture of their affairs, the number of knife-blades, cooking-pots, rolls of red twill, flints and steels, and the like, which they demanded, maintaining a nice proportion to Kria's growing passion for the girl. As this became hotter day by day, there was little haggling on his part, and presently an amazing sum (from first to last it cannot have fallen far short of fifteen shillings sterling) was paid to Pi-Noi's parents, to their great honor, glory, and satisfaction, and during an unforgetable forenoon the Sâkai of all ages and both sexes gorged themselves to repletion at Kria's expense. Then Pi-Noi was placed upon an ant heap, and a shaggy pack of hiccoughing male relatives girt the place about in attitudes of defense. It was now Kria's task to touch the girl's hand in spite of the resistance of her defenders. This is all that survives among the hill-people of the old-time custom of marriage by capture; and when the bridegroom is one of their own folk it still happens sometimes that he carries a sore and bleeding head and a badly bruised body to his marriage bed. The bride, at such times, darts hither and thither within the ring of her kinsmen, with real or simulated desire to evade her conqueror, till the latter has the luck to touch her hand or to bring her to the ground by a well-aimed blow from his club.

Kria, however, had an unusually easy time of it, for the Sâkai hold all Malays in awe, and Pi-Noi was hampered by the unaccustomed silk garments with which her husband's generosity had clothed her. Very soon, therefore, Kria, his eyes blazing, gave a great cry as he won a grip upon her wrist, and at once Pi-Noi, in obedience to established custom, submitted herself to his control. Hand in hand, the man and wife sped across the clearing in the direction of the river, with a string of hooting, gesticulating, shock-headed, naked savages trailing out behind them. Below the high bank Kria's canoe was moored, and leaping into her, they pushed out into midstream. Then the current caught them; the dugout became suddenly a thing instinct with life; a bend hid the Sâkai camp from view; and, amid the immense, hushed stillness of the forest afternoon, these two set out upon the oldest and newest of all pilgrimages.

With the strong current aiding them, they had only a journey of a few hours to make, a time short enough for any lovers' transit, though Kria was busy steering the boat, and Pi-Noi sat in the bows helping to direct its course by an occasional timely punt. He had won his heart's desire, and the home to which he was bearing his love lay close at hand; yet even during this honeymoon journeying down the clear, rapid-beset river and through the heart of that magnificent wilderness of woodland, Kria had leisure in which to experience the assaults of a mysterious and perplexing jealousy. He was as utterly alone with the girl as if they two were the first or the last of their kind to wander across the face of the earth; yet he had an uneasy consciousness that Pi-Noi had companions, invisible and inaudible to him, in whose presence he knew himself to be *de trop*. In spite of her silence and immobility, he knew instinctively that always she was holding intimate commune with animate nature in a language which had its beginning upon the further side of silence. It was not only a tongue which he could not *hear*. It seemed to cleave an abyss between them; to wrench her from his grasp ere ever he had securely won her; to lift her out of his life; to leave him yearning after her with piteous, imploring face upturned and impotent, outstretched arms.

Suddenly the thought of this girl's elusiveness shook him with a panic that checked his heartbeats. She was journeying with him now of her own free will, but what if her will should veer? What if the lures of the jungle should prove too strong for such spells as his poor love and longing could lend him wit to work? What if that cruel wilderness whence she had come should yawn and once more engulf her? As Kria steered the boat with mechanical skill, and, watching the girl with hungry eyes, knew himself to be by her totally forgotten, he experienced with new force and reason the dread which alloys the delight of many a lover even in the supreme moment of possession—the haunting terror of loss. Kria went in fear, not only of Time and Death, those two grim highwaymen who lie in wait for love; there was also the Forest. Every last, least twig of it, every creature that moved unseen beneath its shade, was his enemy, and it was through long files of such foemen that he bore the bride they threatened to ravish from him. And thus—the girl abstracted and aloof, the man a prey to besetting, though as yet vaguely formulated, fears—Kria and Pi-Noi wended their way down-stream, through the wonder of the tropical afternoon, to begin in their new home the difficult experiment of married life.

III

PI-NOI was very much a child, and, childlike, she found delight in new toys. The palatial house which now was hers; the wealth of cooking-pots; the beautiful Malay silks which Kria had given to her; the abundance of good food, and Kria's extravagant kindness, were all new and very pleasant things. She was playing at being a Malay housewife with all the elaborate make-believe which is a special faculty of the child mind. She would load her small body with gay clothes, clamp ornaments of gold about her wrists, stick long silver pins in her glossy hair, and strut about, laughing rapturously at this new, fantastic game. But throughout she was only mimicking Malayan ways for her own distraction and amusement; she was not seriously attempting to adapt herself to her husband's conception of femininity. She would often cross-question Kria as to the practises of his women-folk, and would immediately imitate their shining example with a humorous completeness. This pleased him, for he interpreted all this irresponsible child's play as the pathetic efforts of a woman to fulfil the expectations of the man she loves.

The illusion was short-lived. Very soon Pi-Noi, the novelty of her new grandeur wearing thin, began to be irked by the tyranny of Malayan garments. All her life she had gone nude, with limbs fetterless as the wings of a bird. For a space the love of personal adornment, which is implanted in the heart of even the most primitive of feminine creatures, did battle with bodily discomfort; but the hour came when ease defeated vanity. Kria, returning home from a short trip up-stream, found his wife, who did not expect him, clothed only in her waterweed girdle, lying prone in the sun-baked dust before their dwelling, crooning a strange ditty to herself, and kicking two rebellious bare legs joyously in the air.

He was horribly shocked and outraged; for though a naked Sâkai girl was one of the commonest sights in the valley, this girl was his wife, and he had been hugging to his heart the belief that she was rapidly developing into a decorous Malayan lady. Also his eye, which had become accustomed to see her clad with the elaborate modesty of his own womenkind, saw in her pristine nudity an amazing impropriety. Feeling wrathful and disgraced, he rushed at her and tried to seize her, but she leaped to her feet in the twinkling of an eye and eluded him with forest-bred ease. He brought up short, panting hard, after an inglorious chase; and much petting, coaxing, and pleading were needed before he could lure her back into the house and persuade her to don even one short Malayan waist skirt. He had to fight his every instinct, for he longed to take a stick to her, being imbued with the Malay man's unshakable belief in the ability of the rod to inspire in a wife a proper sense of subordination; but he did not dare. Malayan women accept such happenings with the meekness which experience reserves for the inevitable; but in the forest Pi-Noi had a protector—a protector who never left her.

The compromise of the short waist skirt duly effected, things again went on smoothly for a space. Kria suspected that Pi-Noi broke the inadequate compact unblushingly whenever he was absent; but he loved the girl more madly every day, and was not looking for trouble, if it might by any means be shirked.

Some ten days later another incident occurred to break upon his peace. Pi-Noi, in common with all the people of her race and other nocturnal animals, was a restless bedfellow, waking at frequent intervals through the night, and being given at such times to prowling about the house in search of scraps of food to eat and tobacco to smoke. Kria detested this peculiarity, since it emphasized the difference of race and of degrees of civilization which yawned between him and his wife, but he ignored it until one evening, when he had waked to find her gone, and had wide-eyed awaited her return for something over an hour. Then he went in search of her.

He hunted through the hut in vain, passed to the door, and finding it open, climbed down the stair-ladder into the moonlight night. A big fire had been lighted that evening, to the windward of the house, in order that the smoke might drive away the sandflies, and in the warm, raked-out wood ashes Kria found his wife. She was sleeping "as the devils sleep," with her little, perfectly formed body, draped only by the offending girdle, stretched at ease upon its breast, and with her face nestling cozily upon her folded arms. All about her the soft gray ashes were heaped, and her skin was seen, even in the moonlight, to be plastered thickly with great smears of the stuff. To Kria, a Malay of the Malays, whose only conception of comfort, propriety, and civilization was that prevailing among his people, this discarding of his roof tree, this turning of the back upon decency and cleanliness and convention, was an incomprehensible madness, but also an act of unspeakable perversity and naughtiness. White with anger, he looked at the sleeping girl, and even as he looked, warned by the marvelous jungle-instinct, she awoke with a leap that bore her a dozen feet away from him. One glance she cast at his set face, then plunged headlong into covert.

Wrath died down within him on the instant, and was replaced by a great fear. Frantically he ran to the spot where she had vanished, calling upon her by name. In vain search he wandered to the edge of the clearing, and so out into the forest, pleading with her to return, vowing that he would not harm a hair of her head, cajoling, entreating, beseeching, and now and again breaking forth into uncontrollable rage and threat. All night he sought for her. The cold gray dawn, creeping up through banks of mist, to look chillingly upon a dew-drenched world, found him, with blank despair in his heart, with soaked clothes and sodden flesh tattered by the jungle thorns, making his way back to his empty house with the plodding pain of a man in a nightmare. A last hope was kindled as he drew near—the hope that Pi-Noi might have crept homeward while he wandered through the night looking for her—but it flickered up for an instant only to die, as the fire had died above the gray ashes which still bore the imprint of her little body.

Kria, sitting lonely in his hut, looked

forth upon a barren world, and saw how desolate is life when love has fled.

IV

As soon as Kria had pulled himself together sufficiently to enable him to think out a course of action, he set off for the Sâkai camp, whence he had taken his wife; but her people had, or professed to have, no news of her. She had always been *lîar*, they averred—more *lîar* even than the rest of her people. (*Lîar* means "wild," as animals which defy capture are wild.)

"The portals of the jungle are open to her," said her father indifferently. He was squatting on the ground, holding between his crooked knees a big, conical, basket-work fish-trap which he was fashioning. He spoke thickly through half a dozen lengths of rattan which he held in his mouth, the ends hanging down on either side like a monstrous and disreputable mustache, and he did not so much as raise his eyes to look at his son-in-law. "She will come to no harm," he grunted. "Perhaps presently she will return."

But Kria did not want his wife "presently" or "perhaps"; he wanted her now, at once, without a moment's delay. He explained this to the assembled Sâkai with considerable vehemence.

"That which is in the jungle is in the jungle," they said oracularly. Folk who are *lîar*, they explained, are very difficult to catch, resent capture, and if brought back before their wanderlust is an expended passion, are very apt to run away again. Then the laborious business of tracking and catching them has to be undertaken anew, to the immense fatigue and annoyance of every one concerned. It is better, they urged, to let such people grow weary of the jungle at their leisure; then, in the fulness of time, they will return of their own free will.

The limitations of their intellects and vocabularies made it impossible for the Sâkai to express themselves quite as clearly as this, but the above represents the gist of their dispassionate opinions. They took several torturing hours and innumerable monosyllables to explain them to Kria, who gnashed and raved in his impatience.

"Pi-Noi is so excessively *lîar*," said that young woman's mamma, speaking with a sort of dreamy indifference while, with noisy nails, she tore at her scaly hide. "She is so incurably *lîar* that it would be better, *Inchê*, to abandon her to the jungle and to take one of her sisters to wife in her stead. Jag-ok^N here," she added, indicating with outthrust chin a splay-faced little girl, who, in awful fashion, was cleaning fish with her fingers, "Jag-ok^N is hardly to be called *lîar* at all. Besides, she hates being beaten, and if you use a rod to her, she would make, I am convinced, a very obedient and amenable wife. We will let you have Jag-ok^N very cheap—say half the price you paid for Pi-Noi, her sister."

But Kria did not want Jag-ok^N, who was ill-favored and covered from tip to toe with skin diseases, at any price at all. He wanted her sister, who was still to him the only woman in the world. The slack indifference of the Sâkai maddened him, and in the end he threatened to trounce his father-in-law soundly if that worthy elder did not forthwith aid him in tracking the recalcitrant Pi-Noi.

In an instant Â-Gap, the Rhinoceros, as Pi-Noi's papa was named, was standing before Kria, shaking as a leaf is shaken, for the Sâkai's inherited fear of the Malay is an emotion which has for its justification a sound historical basis. Immediately the whole camp was in a turmoil; the danger call was sounding, and those of the Sâkai to whom escape was open were melting into the forest as swiftly and noiselessly as flitting shadows. Â-Gap and two younger men, however, squealing dismally, were clutched by their frowsy elf-locks, hustled on board Kria's canoe, and soon were paddling rapidly down-stream in the direction of his house. The hour of their arrival was too late for anything further to be done that day, so Kria spent a miserable night, and awoke next morning to find that the three Sâkai had disappeared. They had cut a hole in the bamboo floor, and had dropped noiselessly through it on to the earth beneath, what time Kria had been tossing upon the mat which he had placed athwart the doorway. They had arrived at two conclusions: firstly, that Kria was mad, which made him a highly undesirable companion; and, secondly, that if he caught Pi-Noi he would very certainly kill her. They were convinced of his insanity because he was making such an absurd fuss about the recovery of a particular girl, when all the time, as everybody knew, there were hundreds and hundreds of others, just as good, to be had for the asking. Their reasonable fears for Pi-Noi's safety were based upon the argument that a person who would beat a man would certainly kill a woman. On the whole, they concluded, it would be at once more wholesome and more pleasant to go away now, and to avoid Kria for the future.

Kria, unaided, tried some very amateurish tracking on his own account, his great love setting at naught the Malay's instinctive horror of entering the jungle unaccompanied. He succeeded only in getting hopelessly bushed, and at last won his way back to his house, almost by a miracle. He was worn out with anxiety and fatigue, footsore, heartsore, weary soul and body, and nearly starved to death. The Sâkai seemed to have vanished from the forest for twenty miles around; his trading was at a standstill; he was humiliated to the dust; and his utter impotence was like a load of galling fetters clamped about his soul. Yet all the while his love of Pi-Noi and his hungry longing for her were only intensified by her absence and her heartlessness. He missed her—was haunted by the sound of her voice—was tortured by elusive wraiths of her which emerged suddenly to mock him from the forest's pitiless depths.

V

The moon had been near the full on the night when the wanderlust, as the Sâkai called it, had come to Pi-Noi. A little crescent was hanging just above the forest in the wake of the sunset before Kria received any hint of her continued existence. Returning one evening to his house from a visit to his fish-weir, he found on the threshold a small heap of jungle-offerings—wild *dûri-an* and other fruit, the edible shoot of the *tbul* palm, and a collection of similar miscellaneous trash. At this sight the blood flew to Kria's face, then stormed back into a heart that pumped and leaped. These things shouted their meaning in his ears.

Trembling with joyful agitation, Kria passed to the inner room of the house, and examined Pi-Noi's store of clothes. Not only a silk waistcloth, but a long blouse, such as Malayan women wear as an upper garment, were missing. Evidently Pi-Noi was bent upon doing the thing handsomely now that she had decided upon submission, and to that end was pandering with a generous completeness to his absurd prejudices on the subject of wearing apparel. Also she must be close at hand, for it was unlikely that she would stray far into the jungle clad in those delicate silks.

Pi-Noi's surrender was an instant victory for her. No sooner had Kria made his discovery than, with a wildly beating heart, he was standing in the doorway, calling softly, in a voice that shook and failed him, using a pet name known only to Pi-Noi and to himself. All his rage, all his humiliations, all his sufferings were forgotten. He only knew that Pi-Noi had come back to him, and that all at once he was thankful and tearful and glad.

"Chêp!" (Little Bird!) he cried. "Chêp! Are you there, Fruit of my Heart? Come to me, Little One! Come, O come!"

From somewhere in the brushwood near at hand came the sound of musical laughter—the laughter of a woman who knows her power, and finds in its tyrannous exercise a triumph and delight.

"Is there space in the house for me?" she inquired demurely, tilting her head and gazing at him in mockery, while again a ripple of light laughter broke from her lips. "Or shall I go to my other house . . . the forest?"

Kria, his withers wrung by the conviction of her elusiveness and his own impotence, tortured, too, by a fear lest even now some capricious perversity might induce her again to desert him, could only stammer out wild protestations of love and welcome. The girl was thoroughly aware that she was complete mistress of the situation, and even Kria was tempted to believe that he, not she, was the wrongdoer. In moments of rage, during her absence, he had often promised himself that, if he ever laid hands upon her again, he would give her the very soundest whipping that the forest had ever seen administered to an erring wife; but now these vows were forgotten. All he desired was to have her back, on any terms, at any price, at no matter what sacrifice, of pride, of honor, of self-respect. Even in that instant of passion and emotion he saw, though dimly, that this woman was killing his soul.

Reassured at last to the amiability of Kria's intentions, Pi-Noi drew near him after the manner of other wild forest creatures, her every muscle braced for flight; and then she was in his arms, and he had borne her up the stair-ladder with infinite tenderness, crooning and weeping over her with broken words of love.

VI

Thus began the years of Kria's slavery—only three little years of life, as men count time, but an eternity; no less, if judged by the number and violence of the emotions packed within them. While they lasted, periods of almost delirious delight alternated with seasons of acute mental suffering and moral struggle. Sometimes for six weeks or more at a time Pi-Noi would live contentedly under his roof, and he would strive to trick himself into the belief that the wanderlust was dead in her. Then, upon a certain day, his watchful eyes would note a subtle change. She would be lost to him, sitting in the doorway of the hut with parted lips, while into her eyes there crept a dreamy, far-away mystery. The depths of her absorption would be so profound that she would take no heed of words addressed to her; and Kria would know, in his miserable heart, that she was listening to the voices which begin upon the further side of silence, and was holding inaudible commune with the forest world. He would guard her then stealthily, sleeplessly, so that his business was neglected, and his body was parched with the fever bred of anxiety and want of rest; but sooner or later nature would overcome him, and he would awake with a shock from the sleep of exhaustion to see Pi-Noi's scattered garments heaped about the floor, and to find that the girl herself had once more eluded his vigilance.

Then would pass weeks of misery, of fierce jealousy, of rage, of longing, of fear, for he was racked always by the dread lest this time she should not come back. But through all he loved her, hating and crying shame upon himself because of his love; and so often as she returned to him, so often was her sinning ignored. He dared not punish her with word or blow. The forest was her ally and his bitter enemy. It afforded her a refuge too accessible, secure and final.

It was during one of these periods of anguish that Kria received the first visit that had been paid to him by men of his own breed since his arrival in the valley. After days of watchfulness Pi-Noi had eluded him that morning, a little before the dawn, and when Kria had awaked from slumberings which had been a mere ravel of nightmares, it had been to the knowledge that the grim forest had swallowed her, and that yet another season of misery, of torturing imaginings, and of suspense lay before him. A couple of hours later his unexpected visitors arrived.

The party consisted of three Malays—Kûlop Rîau, a native of Pêrak, who in those days was reputed to be the most noted master of jungle-lore in the Peninsula, and two young men from the Jĕlai Valley in Pahang. They had come to search for gutta in the forests of the Tĕlom, and for loot in the Sâkai camps.

With the frankness which distinguishes Malays, and a lonely man's cravings for sympathy, Kria forthwith related to these strangers the story of his married life and all the ignominy which was his, at the same time asking their advice as to the action which he might most fittingly take. Kûlop Rîau was cynical.

"She is only a Sâkai," he said. "Why do you not kill her and thereafter seek a wife among the maidens of the Jĕlai Valley? That were more proper than to suffer yourself to be thus villainously entreated by this jungle wench."

Kria hung his head. He could not bring himself to reveal the shameful secret of his love; but Kûlop Rîau, whose experiences were not confined to the forest, looked at him and understood.

"These jungle hussies," he declared with the dogmatic assertion proper to an expert, "these jungle hussies are often deeply skilled in witchcraft, and it is plainly to be discerned that this wench has cast a glamour over you. Brother, I apprehend that it would be wise to slay her, for your soul's sake, as speedily as may be, else surely you will be a thrall to her magic in life, and in death you will most unquestionably go to stoke the fires of the Terrible Place. Therefore, it were wise and wholesome and not unpleasant to kill her with as much speed, thoroughness, and circumspection as may be possible."

But Kria, who loved the girl, not only in spite of her heartlessness, but *because* she so tortured him, would have naught of counsels such as this. If Pi-Noi had abided with him after the constant fashion of other wives, it is possible that his passion would have spent itself, and their union would have become a mere embodiment of the commonplace. Despite her beauty and grace, he might easily have grown weary of this woman of a lesser breed if he had ever possessed her utterly, but the very insecurity of his tenure of her lent to her an added and irresistible fascination.

Something of this, vaguely, and gropingly, was forced upon the understanding of old Kûlop Rîau, who was thereby completely convinced of the accuracy of his original diagnosis. That the witch should be a Sâkai, an eater of unclean things, foredoomed in common with all her race to burn eternally in Hell by the wise decree of

Allah, the Merciful, the Compassionate, and that her victim should be a Malay and True Believer, shocked his every racial and religious prejudice. Though, on his own account, he had constant dealings with jungle demons—the which is an abomination—he suddenly recalled the fact that he was a Muhammadan, and as such recognized that Kria's position was at once humiliating and highly improper.

"In any event, it were well to know how she passes the days during which the jungle claims her," he said. "It seems to me that this hussy has kept you too long in ignorance of the naughtiness of her heart, the degradation and ignominy of her behavior, and the extraordinary vileness and impropriety of her carriage."

"I would very willingly learn why she thus leaves me and what she does at such seasons," said poor Kria. "But the forests are vast, and she vanishes into their depths even as a stone sinks through still waters and is lost to sight. She is one of the wild things of the jungle, and if she has a mind to keep her secret, who shall wrest it from her?"

"It is very plainly to be seen, brother, that you are village-bred," said Kûlop Rîau with immense contempt. "The portals of the jungle are not flung wide for you. The Specter Huntsman and the Forest Fiends do not count you among the tale of their children. If this were not so . . . But the thing is too simple to demand explanation!"

"But you . . .!" cried Kria breathlessly. "You, could you track her?" Could you answer for me all these intolerable questions?"

"That could I, and with ease, were I minded to take so much trouble," said Kûlop scornfully. "But I have come hither to transact business of mine own. However, such is the love I bear you, little brother" (the two had met for the first time that day), "that I might turn me aside from mine own affairs to do you this service—at a price."

The concluding words awoke Kria's keen commercial instincts, and a very pretty piece of haggling forthwith ensued. But even here Pi-Noi shackled him. He loved her, and his necessity was old Kûlop's opportunity, as that astute worthy very perfectly perceived; wherefore the price, paid in rubber, which Kria drew with many sighs from his hoarded store, proved in the end to be frankly extortionate. He longed to lay at rest, once for all, the cruel ghosts of the imagination which had haunted him, but now that the chance of discovery had come to him, he was oppressed by terror at the thought of what it might reveal.

Time was precious if Pi-Noi's trail was to be struck while it was still fresh, and a short hour sufficed for preparations. Then the party, Kûlop Rîau leading, with his long muzzle-loader on his shoulder, Kria following, and the two Jĕlai youngsters bringing up the rear, left the clearing and entered the forest. Old Kûlop had made a cast round the clearing while the others were busy packing the rice and the cooking-pots, and he had hit off the line which Pi-Noi had taken at the first attempt. A trail once struck by a man of Kûlop's skill and knowledge of forest-lore, few accidents less efficient than an earthquake or a cyclone would suffice to check or stay him.

VII

Pi-Noi's spoor proved at the first singularly clear. She had so long been convinced of her complete immunity from pursuit that she had become careless, and had made use of none of the precautions for the confusion of her trail such as are supplied by the baffling woodcraft of her people. This was as well, and saved the trackers much time; for the very existence of the Sâkai, it must be remembered, has depended for hundreds of years upon their ability to evade Malay slave-hunters.

At a distance of some eight miles from her starting-point (it took Kûlop Rîau and his party nearly five hours to reach it) she had stopped in a little open glade of the forest to dance ecstatically with her slender, bare feet upon the rich, cool grasses beside a stream, which tumbled downward, with a mighty chattering in the direction of the Tĕlom. Here she had bathed luxuriously in the running water, had stretched herself to enjoy a sun-bath upon a flat rock in midstream, and thence had pounced upon and captured with her hands a huge, fruit-eating *krai* fish. She had carried the creature ashore, had cleaned it and scraped off its scales, and pulled some rattan from the jungle, and had fashioned therefrom a knapsack into which she had stowed the fish. Thereafter she had climbed a *hibiscus* to rob it of its blossoms for her hair, had danced again in sheer joy of being alive, and then had continued her wanderings.

The tracks, as old Kûlop Rîau pointed them out to Kria, one by one, told the story of this little halting with such distinctness of detail that Pi-Noi's husband could picture to himself every act and motion of his wayward wife; could almost visualize her, alone and wild with joy, in that hidden nook of the jungle; and found himself understanding for the first time something of the exaltation and exhilaration of spirit that had been hers as she entered once more into her birthright of forest freedom.

At this point Kûlop Rîau found it difficult to pick up the trail afresh. He took wide casts up and down stream, examining both banks closely, but for nearly an hour he was at fault. He quested like a hound, his shoulders hunched, his head low-stooping from his thick neck, his eyes intent, fixed for the most part on the ground, but throwing now and again quick glances to the right or left. All the while he maintained with himself a monotonous, unintelligible, mumbled monologue. Kria, following him closely and straining his ears to listen, could catch here and there a familiar word, but the speech as a whole was an archaic jargon from which no single strand of connected thought was to be unraveled, and the old tracker was seemingly deaf to all the eager questions addressed to him.

The Jĕlai lads, shuddering a little, whispered to Kria that the Jungle Demons had entered into and possessed the body of the old tracker, and one of them fell to repeating the names of Allah and his Prophet fearfully, under his breath. It was a nerve-sawing experience to find one's self thus cast away in the trackless forest with this inspired demoniac for one's sole guide and leader; but Kria was not greatly impressed. He knew Pi-Noi.

At last, about a mile up-stream, Kûlop Rîau suddenly became rigid as a pointer, and stood glaring at a spot on the left bank where a hanging leaf oozed sap from a bruised twig. He broke forth into a low rumble of unintelligible gibberish, and drew himself with many grunts out of the bed of the stream. No other sign of Pi-Noi's passage was visible to his companions, but Kûlop Rîau, though he still muttered ceaselessly, trudged forward now with confidence. A quarter of a mile farther on he drew Kria's attention, by a gesture, to a tiny mucous smear on the bark of a tree. The fish, bulging through the meshes of the knapsack, had left that mark. The trail was Pi-Noi's.

The afternoon was now far advanced, and when next he struck a stream, Kûlop called a halt and bade his companions cook the evening meal. He himself crossed the rivulet and entered the forest beyond, returning later with word that the trail was easier over yonder, and that he had learned its general trend.

The meal was eaten almost in silence, for Kûlop Rîau, when possessed by his Jungle Spirits, was an awe-inspiring companion. Kria and the Jĕlai lads, too, were fagged and weary, but since the moon was near the full, their leader would not suffer them to rest. Pi-Noi had gained a long start of them, which they must try to recover.

Kria, worn out body and soul, was racked by an agony of baffled curiosity as he stumbled on and on, and watched the old tracker bristling, with many growls and grumblings, over each fresh secret that the spoor revealed to him. It was evident that he was reading, in the invisible signs which he alone had the power to interpret, some story that excited him strangely, but he did not heed and seemed not even to hear the eager questions with which Kria plied him.

About midnight he called a halt.

"There is still plenty of light," Kria protested.

"Here we will camp," Kûlop Rîau reiterated with a snarl.

"But—" Kria began, when the other cut him short.

"When you are in childbed, do as the midwife bids you," he said; and ten minutes later the old man was fast asleep, though even in his slumber he still muttered restlessly.

The dawn broke wan and cheerless, the feeble daylight thrusting sad and irresolute fingers through the network of boughs and leaves overhead. A dank, chill, woebegone depression hung over the wilderness. The riot and the glory of the night were ended; the long ordeal of the hot and breathless day was about to begin. The forest was settling itself with scant content to its uneasy slumbering.

After the manner of all jungle-people, Kûlop Rîau awoke with the dawn, and an hour later the morning rice had been cooked and eaten. The old tracker prepared himself a quid of betel nut with great deliberation, and sat chewing it mechanically, his body swinging slowly to and fro, his eyes nearly closed, his lips busy, though none save vague sounds came from them. Kria, watching him with growing irritation, for a while was fearful to disturb him; but at last, unable longer to endure the delay and suspense, he burst out with an eager question.

"When do we take up the trail anew?" he asked.

Kûlop Rîau, coming up to the surface slowly from the depths of his abstraction, gazed at Kria for a space through unseeing eyes, while the question that had been spoken filtered through the clouds obscuring his brain. Then he jerked out an answer of five words:

"When you are in childbed!" and closed his mouth with a snap, not even troubling himself to complete the proverb.

Once more Kria knew himself to be impotent. Here again he had no course open to him but to sit and wait.

The long, still, stifling day wore toward evening, minute by minute and hour by hour, while the four men lay under the shelter of a rough lean-to of thatch, inactive but restless, and Kria thought bitterly of the amount and value of the rubber which he in his folly and trustfulness had handed over to Kûlop Rîau in advance. Late in the afternoon that worthy spoke to his companions for the first time for many hours, bidding them prepare food, and a little before the sunset, after the meal had been dispatched, he rose to his feet, hiccoughed loudly, stretched himself elaborately, and made ready to resume his march. In an instant Kria was by his side, with an expression of joyful relief, but Kûlop told him curtly to bide where he was.

"This time," he said, "I go forward alone. One may not scout in this forest with three pairs of feet crashing through the underwood at one's heels like a troop of wild kine. Stay here till I return."

Without another word, he lounged off, with his long musket over his shoulder, and was soon lost to view. He went, as the Sâkai themselves go, flitting through the trees as noiselessly as a bat.

"Did I not say truly that he is possessed by the Demons of the Forest?" said one of the Jĕlai youths. "*Ya Allah!* Fancy going into this wilderness alone for choice, and with the darkness about to fall!"

Thereafter followed for Kria a miserable night, for while the Jĕlai lads slept beside him, he lay awake, a prey to a thousand torturing thoughts and memories, and oppressed by a load of vague forebodings.

VIII

Kria awoke in broad daylight to find old Kûlop Rîau, his dew-drenched clothes soiled with the earth of the jungle, bending over him with a light of wild excitement and exultation blazing in his eyes.

"Come, brother," he said. "I have found the wench. Come!"

Without another word, he turned away into the forest, Kria following him as best he might, binding about his waist as he ran the belt from which hung his heavy wood-knife.

Kûlop strode along at a great pace for a matter of two or three miles, now and again directing Kria's attention to some trifling mark on earth or trunk or shrub which told of the passing of Pi-Noi.

"See here, brother," he said, indicating a place where the grass had much the appearance of a large hare's form. "There was one awaiting her. He sat there for a long time, listening for her coming, and there was much joy in that meeting. Behold here, and here, and here, how they danced together, as young fawns caper and leap—the hussy, your wife, and this youth of her own people. Like goes to like, brother, and a wild woman seeks ever a wild man, in no wise respecting the laws of wedlock. This wench has betrayed you. See, here they cooked food, yams of his gathering and the fish that she had brought, and he fashioned a nose-flute to make beast noises with, and thereafter there was more dancing, ere they bathed together in the stream, the shameless ones! and moved forward again, heading always for the Great Salt Lick!"

Kria, rent by devils of jealousy and rage, his face drawn and ghastly, his hands opening and clenching convulsively, said never a word; but his eyes took in each detail of the story recorded by the clear imprints upon grass and earth, and the yielding mud at the river's brink. Mechanically he followed Kûlop Rîau when the latter once more dived into the underwood.

"From this point," the old man was saying, "I abided no longer by the trail. They were making for the Great Salt Lick, and thither went I by a circuitous path of mine own contrivance. This time we go by a shorter route. Come."

Five miles farther on the forest thinned out suddenly and gave place to an irregular space, roughly circular in shape, the surface of which resembled a plowed field. Though the red soil was rich, barely so much as a tuft of grass grew upon it—a strange sight in a land where green things sprout into lusty life almost as you watch them; for this was one of the natural saline deposits not infrequently found in Malayan jungles.

Hither flock all the beasts of the forest, from the elephant, the rhinoceros, and the tiger to the red dogs, the tiny mouse-deer no larger than a rabbit, and even the stoats and weasels, to lick the salt and to knead and trample the earth with countless pads and claws and hoofs.

Kria looked out upon the place, and as he looked his heart stood still, while for a moment all things were blotted out in a blinding, swirling mist of blood-stained darkness. He reeled against a trunk, and stood there sobbing and shaking ere he could muster force to look again.

At the foot of a big tree some twenty yards away the body of Pi-Noi, its aspect strangely delicate and childlike, lay coiled up in death. There was a little blue hole below her left breast where the cruel bullet had entered, and the wild swine and the hungry red dogs had already been busy.

Kria, reeling like a drunken man, staggered across the open space toward the dead body of his wife. Kûlop Rîau stood looking on with the air of a craftsman surveying his masterpieces.

Dazed and broken-hearted, Kria stood for a space gazing down upon his wife's peaceful face. It seemed to him as though she slept, as he so often had seen her sleeping in that house to which her fitful presence had brought such an intoxication of delight; and suddenly all anger was dead within him, and there surged up in its place all manner of tender and endearing memories of this dead girl who had been to him at once his torture and his joy.

With a face livid and working, he turned savagely upon Kûlop Rîau.

"And the man," he cried. "What of the man?"

"He lies yonder," said Kûlop Rîau, with the triumphant air of an artist whose work can defy criticism, and he pointed with his chin, Malayan fashion, in the direction of a clump of bush near the edge of the salt lick. "I shot him as he fled. See, they were camped for the night in the man-nest which they had built for themselves in the tree fork up there, animals and strangers to modesty that they were!" He expectorated emphatically in token of his unutterable disgust.

Kria strode to the spot, gazed for an instant, and then gave a great cry of pain and rage and misery.

"The man is her brother," he yelled. "And you—you have killed her who was guiltless of all sin!"

"Is that so?" said Kûlop calmly. "Then very certainly, it was so decreed by Fate, the inscrutable, and by Allah, the Merciful, the Compassionate! Also you are well rid of this jungle hussy who, in the end, would, beyond all doubt, have dragged your soul to. . . . Have done! Let be! Are you mad? Arrrrgh. . . ."

But Kûlop Rîau spoke no other word in life.

When the Jĕlai lads tracked and found them, both men were dead and stiff. Kûlop still grasped the woodknife which he had plunged again and again into Kria's body; but the latter's fingers were locked in the old tracker's throat in a grip which, even in death, no force could relax. None the less, though they could not separate them, they buried them both—since they were Muhammadans, and, as such, claimed that service at the hands of their fellows. But Pi-Noi's little body they left to the beasts of the forest which in life had been her playmates.

Business Men

By CH'EN TZŬ-ANG (7th Century)

Translated by Arthur Waley

BUSINESS men boast of their skill and cunning;
But in philosophy they are like little children.
Bragging to each other of successful depredations,
They neglect to consider the ultimate fate of the body.
What should they know of the Master of Dark Truth
Who saw the wide world in a jade cup,
By illumined conception got clear of Heaven and Earth:
On the Chariot of Mutation entered the Gate of Immutability?

Swordplay

D'Artagnan Recovers—and Loses—His Tranquillity

The moment that D'Artagnan saw that his wish was accomplished, and that his man would not escape him, he recovered his usual tranquillity. He turned up his cuffs neatly, and rubbed the sole of his right boot on the floor, but did not fail, however, to remark that Mordaunt was looking about him in a singular manner.

"Are you ready, sir?" he said at last.

"I was waiting for you, sir," said Mordaunt. . . .

"Well, then," said the Gascon, "take care of yourself, for I am not a bad hand at the rapier."

"Nor I either."

"So much the better. . . . Defend yourself."

. . . The space was cleared, the two lamps placed on Cromwell's desk, in order that the combatants might have as much light as possible; and the swords crossed.

D'Artagnan was too good a swordsman to trifle with his opponent. He made a rapid and brilliant feint, which Mordaunt parried.

"Aha!" he cried, with a smile of satisfaction.

And without losing a minute . . . he thrust right in, and forced Mordaunt to parry a counter-quart so fine that the point of the weapon might have turned within a wedding ring.

. . . Mordaunt rapidly sprang back a step.

"Ah, you lose ground, you are turning? Well, as you please. I even gain something by it, for I no longer see that wicked smile of yours. . . ." . . . Mordaunt did not reply but, continuing to turn round, he succeeded in changing places with D'Artagnan.

"Come, come," said D'Artagnan, "we must finish with this," and in his turn he pressed Mordaunt hard, who continued to lose ground but evidently on purpose, and without letting his sword leave the line for a moment. However, as they were fighting in a room, and had not space to go on like that forever, Mordaunt's foot at last touched the wall, against which he rested his left hand.

"Ah, this time you can not lose ground, my fine friend," exclaimed D'Artagnan. "Gentlemen, did you ever see a scorpion pinned to a wall? No. Well, then, you shall see it now."

In a second D'Artagnan had made three terrible thrusts at Mordaunt, all of which touched but only pricked him. . . . At last D'Artagnan, having got up too close, stepped back to prepare a fourth thrust, but the moment when, after a fine, quick feint, he was attacking as sharply as lightning, the wall seemed to give way, Mordaunt disappeared through the opening, and D'Artagnan's sword, caught between the panels, shivered like glass. D'Artagnan sprang back; the wall had closed again.

Mordaunt, in fact, while defending himself, had maneuvered so as to reach the secret door by which Cromwell had left, had felt for the handle with his left hand, turned it, and disappeared. Alexandre Dumas.

The Hired Bravo

"Jacquemin Lampourde has never been afraid of anybody in his life," the fighting man replied, drawing himself up haughtily, "and no adversary has ever seen his back. Those who know me will tell your lordship that easy victories have no charm for me. I love danger and court it. I take positive delight in it. I attacked the Baron de Sigognac '*secundem artem*,' and with one of my very best swords—made by Alonzo de Sahagun, of Toledo."

"Well, and what happened then?" said the young duke eagerly. "It would seem that you could not have been victorious, since you wish to refund this money, which was to pay you for dispatching him."

"First let me inform your highness that in the course of my duels and combats, of one sort and another, I have left no less than thirty-seven men stretched dead upon the ground—and that without counting in all those I have wounded mortally or crippled for life. But this Baron de Sigognac intrenched himself within a circle of flashing steel as impenetrable as the walls of a granite fortress. I called into requisition all the resources of my art against him, and tried in every possible way to surprize him off his guard, but he was ready for everything—as quick as a flash, as firm as a rock—he parried every thrust triumphantly, magnificently, with the most consummate science, and a grace and ease I have never seen equaled. He kept me busy defending myself, too, all the time, and more than once had nearly done for me. His audacity was astonishing, his *sang-froid* superb, and his perfect mastery over his sword and his temper sublime—he was not a man but a god. I could have fallen down and worshiped him.

"At the risk of being spitted on his sword, I prolonged the fight as much as I dared, so as to enjoy his marvelous, glorious, unparalleled method to the utmost.

"However, there had to be an end of it, and I thought I was sure of dispatching him at last by means of a secret I possess—an infallible and very difficult thrust, taught and bequeathed to me by the great Girolamo of Naples, my beloved master—no man living has a knowledge of it but myself—there is no one else capable of executing it to perfection, and upon that depends its success.

"Well, my lord duke, Girolamo himself could not have done it better than I did to-night. I was thunderstruck when my opponent did not go down before it as if he had been shot. I expected to see him lying dead at my feet. But not at all, by Jove! That devil of a Captain Fracasse parried my blow with dazzling swiftness, and with such force that my blade was broken short off, and I left completely at his mercy, with nothing but the stump in my hand.

"See here, my lord duke! Just look what he did to my precious, priceless Sahagun."

And Jacquemin Lampourde, with a piteous air, drew out and exhibited the sorry remains of his trusty sword—almost weeping over it—and calling the duke's attention to the perfectly straight and even break. THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

THE FOUL STROKE

"The light is in my eyes," said the Master.

"I will give you every advantage," replied Mr. Henry, shifting his ground, "for I think you are about to die." He spoke rather sadly than otherwise, yet there was a ring in his voice.

"Henry Durie," said the Master, "two words before I begin. You are a fencer, you can hold a foil; you little know what a change it makes to hold a sword! And by that I know you are to fall. But see how strong is my situation! If you fall, I shift out of this country to where my money is before me. If I fall, where are you? My father, your wife who is in love with me—as you very well know—your child even who prefers me to yourself:—how will these avenge me! Had you thought of that, dear Henry?" He looked at his brother with a smile; then made a fencing-room salute.

Never a word said Mr. Henry, but saluted too, and the swords rang together.

I am no judge of the play, my head besides was gone with cold and fear and horror; but it seems that Mr. Henry took and kept the upper hand from the engagement, crowding in upon his foe with a contained and glowing fury. Nearer and nearer he crept upon the man till, of a sudden, the Master leaped back with a little sobbing oath; and I believe the movement brought the light once more against his eyes. To it they went again, on the fresh ground; but now methought closer, Mr. Henry pressing more outrageously, the Master beyond doubt with shaken confidence. For it is beyond doubt he now recognized himself for lost, and had some taste of the cold agony of fear; or he had never attempted the foul stroke. I can not say I followed it, my untrained eye was never quick enough to seize details, but it appears he caught his brother's blade with his left hand, a practise not permitted. Certainly Mr. Henry only saved himself by leaping on one side; as certainly the Master, lunging in the air, stumbled on his knee, and before he could move, the sword was through his body.

I cried out with a stifled scream, and ran in; but the body was already fallen to the ground, where it writhed a moment like a trodden worm, and then lay motionless.

"Look at his left hand," said Mr. Henry.

"It is all bloody," said I.
"On the inside?" said he.
"It is cut on the inside," said I.
"I thought so," said he, and turned his back. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE BAGMAN'S UNCLE

"Quit the room, or you are a dead man," said the ill-looking fellow with the large sword, drawing it at the same time and flourishing it in the air.

"Down with him!" said the gentleman in sky-blue, drawing his sword also, and falling back two or three yards. "Down with him!" The lady gave a loud scream.

Now, my uncle was always remarkable for great boldness and great presence of mind. All the time that he had appeared so indifferent to what was going on, he had been looking slyly about for some missile or weapon of defense, and at the very instant when the swords were drawn, he espied standing in the chimney corner an old basket-hilted rapier in a rusty scabbard. At one bound, my uncle caught it in his hand, drew it, flourished it gallantly above his head, called aloud to the lady to keep out of the way, hurled the chair at the man in sky-blue, and the scabbard at the man in plum-color, and taking advantage of the confusion, fell upon them both, pell-mell.

Gentlemen, there is an old story—none the worse for being true—regarding a fine young Irish gentleman, who being asked if he could play the fiddle, replied he had no doubt he could, but he couldn't exactly say for certain, because he had never tried. This is not inapplicable to my uncle and his fencing. He had never had a sword in his hand before, except once when he played Richard the Third at a private theater, upon which occasion it was arranged with Richmond that he was to be run through from behind without showing fight at all; but here he was, cutting and slashing with two experienced swordsmen, thrusting, and guarding, and poking, and slicing, and acquitting himself in the most manful and dexterous manner possible, although up to that time he had never been aware that he had the least notion of the science. It only shows how true the old saying is, that a man never knows what he can do, till he tries, gentlemen.

The noise of the combat was terrific, each of the three combatants swearing like troopers, and their swords clashing with as much noise as if all the knives and steels in Newport market were rattling together at the same time. When it was at its very height, the lady, to encourage my uncle probably, withdrew her hood entirely from her face, and disclosed a countenance of such dazzling beauty, that he would have fought against fifty men to win one smile from it and die. He had done wonders before, but now he began to powder away like a raving mad giant.

At this very moment, the gentleman in sky-blue turning round, and seeing the young lady with her face uncovered, vented an exclamation of rage and jealousy; and turning his weapon against her beautiful bosom, pointed a thrust at her heart which caused my uncle to utter a cry of apprehension that made the building ring. The lady stepped lightly aside, and snatching the young man's sword from his hand before he had recovered his balance, drove him to the wall, and running it through him and the paneling up to the very hilt, pinned him there hard and fast. It was a splendid example. My uncle with a loud shout of triumph and a strength that was irresistible, made his adversary retreat in the same direction, and plunging the old rapier into the very center of a large red flower in the pattern of his waistcoat, nailed him beside his friend; there they both stood, gentlemen, jerking their arms and legs about in agony, like the toy-shop figures that are moved by a piece of pack-thread. My uncle always said afterwards, that this was one of the surest means he knew of, for disposing of any enemy; but it was liable to one objection on the ground of expense, inasmuch as it involved the loss of a sword for every man disabled.

"The mail, the mail!" cried the lady, running up to my uncle and throwing her beautiful arms round his neck; "we may yet escape."

"*May!*" cried my uncle; "why, my dear, there's nobody else to kill, is there?" My uncle was rather disappointed, gentlemen, for he thought a little quiet bit of love-making would be agreeable after the slaughtering, if it were only to change the subject.

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE GREAT TODESCAN'S SECRET THRUST

Here was he challenging to the death the world's greatest swordsman. . . . But even at the first meeting of blades the misgiving vanished. . . .

Dick swiftly fell into the well-known expectant guard. Even as he did so, there was a jerk . . . in the steel that pressed his own; and Dick Wyatt was . . . fighting for his life, the Genevan cobblestones under his feet . . . ! He gripped the ground in his soft shoes . . . he set his teeth. Never, for the smallest breathing space, did the Provost's terrible long blade release his own. He felt it gliding, seeking to bind, fiercely caressing; felt the deadly spring behind a tiger's crouch; felt the invincible unknown thrust against his first weakening. And that weakening was coming apace! It was all he could do to hold his opposition. As a kind of spell cast by the fingers of steel, by the superhuman flexibility of his opponent's wrist, a palsy seemed to be creeping up his own outstretched arm. One twitch of relaxation, he knew, and he was sped!

. . . Why wait in anguish to parry a coming secret thrust, when he could still himself strike? Up he sprang, brain and eye, wrist and nimble feet, in magnificent concert. To his dying day, Dick swore that, for the instant, he saw in the dark, even to the dreadful grin on the face opposite to him. His ear, strained to the same marvel of keenness, caught the sound of a catching breath—not his own. Exultant he thrust; out went Saviola's favorite *botta lunga sopramano* with point reverse!

It was on the very dart of Todescan's stroke, which was even then leaping out like a bolt from ambush. Todescan's own pass—the fierce jerky binding, the incredible turn of the wrist inwards, the infallible estocade that was to have driven the point irredeemably under the armpit, and let free the overweening soul that dared oppose him in earnest, Todescan's own great thrust— Yes, but one splinter of a second too late! There was a sinister grating of steel upon steel, and the edge of the menacing blade glided, harmless, by Wyatt's side. But the Englishman's rapier, driven straight, heart-high, went home. Todescan, caught on the start of his own lunge, actually ran upon the point.

At any other moment, the horrible ease with which his steel traversed living flesh would have sickened Dick Wyatt. But there was nothing now but fierce leaping triumph in his blood— The great gaunt figure had stopped dead-short! A broken curse, a groan ending in a long sigh; and the Provost of Genoa fell at the feet of the bewildered London apprentice, whose bright blade was now black to within a foot of the hilt.

AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE.

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA

We were sword to sword. By blessed chance neither he nor Bersonin had been wearing their revolvers. I found them afterward, ready loaded, on the mantelpiece of the outer room; it was hard by the door, ready to their hands, but my sudden rush in had cut off access to them. Yes, we were man to man: and we began to fight, silently, sternly, and hard. Yet I remember little of it, save that the man was my match with the sword—and more, for he knew more tricks than I; and that he forced me back against the bars that guarded the entrance to "Jacob's ladder." And I saw a smile on his face, and he wounded me in the left arm.

No glory do I take for that contest. I believe that the man would have mastered me and slain me, and then done his butcher's work, for he was the most skilful swordsman I have ever met; but even as he pressed me hard the half-mad, wasted, wan creature in the corner leaped high in lunatic mirth, shrieking:

"It's Cousin Rudolf! Cousin Rudolf! I'll help you, Cousin Rudolf!" and catching up a chair in his hands (he could but just lift it from the ground and hold it uselessly before him), he came toward us. Hope came to me.

"Come on!" I cried. "Come on! Drive it against his legs."

Detchard replied with a savage thrust. He all but had me.

"Come on! Come on, man!" I cried. "Come and share the fun!"

And the king laughed gleefully, and came on, pushing his chair before him.

With an oath Detchard skipped back, and before I knew what he was doing had turned his sword against the king. He made one fierce lunge at the king, and the king, with a piteous cry, dropped where he stood. The stout ruffian turned to face me again. But his own hand had prepared his destruction; for in turning he trod in the pool of blood that flowed from the dead physician. He slipped; he fell. Like a dart I was upon him. I caught him by the throat, and before he could recover himself I drove my blade through his neck, and with a stifled curse he fell across the body of his victim. ANTHONY HOPE.

"AM I KIRBY?"

"If I fight you three, one by one, and win, am I Kirby?"

"There is really no good reason why we should gratify your whim," said Paradise, still amused. "But it will serve to pass the time. We will fight you, one by one."

"And if I win?"

He laughed. "Then, on the honor of a gentleman, you are Kirby and our captain. If you lose, we will leave you where you stand for the gulls to bury."

"A bargain," I said, and drew my sword.

"I first!" roared Red Gil. "God's wounds! there will need no second!"

As he spoke he swung his cutlass and made an arc of blue flame. The weapon became in his hands a flail, terrible to look upon, making lightnings and whistling in the air, but in reality not so deadly as it seemed. The fury of his onslaught would have beaten down the guard of any mere swordsman, but that I was not. . . . I was ever master of my sword, and it did the thing I would have it do. . . . I fought well—how well the lapsing of oaths and laughter into breathless silence bore witness.

The ruffian against whom I was pitted began to draw his breath in gasps. He was a scoundrel not fit to die, less fit to live, unworthy of a gentleman's steel. I presently ran him through with as little compunction and as great a desire to be quit of a dirty job as if he had been a mad dog. He fell, and a little later, while I was engaged with the Spaniard, his soul went to that hell which had long gaped for it.

. . . The Spaniard was a more formidable antagonist. The best blade of Lima was by no means to be despised; but Lima is a small place, and its blades can be numbered. The sword that for three years had been counted the best in all the Lowland Countries was its better. But I fought fasting and for the second time that morning, so maybe the odds were not so great. I wounded him slightly, and presently succeeded in disarming him. "Am I Kirby?" I demanded, with my point at his breast.

"Kirby, of course, señor," he answered with a sour smile, his eyes upon the gleaming blade.

I lowered my point and we bowed to each other, after which he sat down upon the sand and applied himself to stanching the bleeding from his wound.

. . . The man in black and silver rose and removed his doublet, folding it very carefully, inside out, that the sand might not injure the velvet, then drew his rapier, looked at it lovingly, made it bend until point and hilt well-nigh met, and faced me with a bow.

"You have fought twice, and must be weary," he said. "Will you not take breath before you engage, or will your long rest afterwards suffice you?"

"I will rest aboard my ship," I made reply. "And as I am in a hurry to be gone we won't delay."

Our blades had no sooner crossed than I knew that in this last encounter I should need every whit of my skill, all my wit, audacity, and strength. I had met my equal, and he came to it fresh and I jaded. I clenched my teeth and prayed with all my heart . . . and I fought as I had never fought before. The sound of the surf became a roar in my ears, the sunshine an intolerable blaze of light; the blue above and around seemed suddenly beneath my feet as well. We were fighting high in the air, and had fought thus for ages. I knew that he made no thrust I did not parry, no feint I could not interpret. I knew that my eye was more quick to see, my brain to conceive, and my hand to execute than ever before . . . I heard him swear under his breath, and in the face I had set before me the eyes brightened. . . . He swore again, and my heart laughed within me. The sea now roared less loudly, and I felt the good earth beneath my feet. Slowly but surely I wore him out. His breath came short, the sweat stood upon his forehead, and still I deferred my attack. He made the thrust of a boy of fifteen, and I smiled as I put it by.

"Why don't you end it?" he breathed. "Finish and be d—d to you!"

For answer I sent his sword flying over the nearest hillock of sand. "Am I Kirby?" I said. He fell back against the heaped up sand and leaned there, panting, with his hand to his side. "Kirby or devil," he replied. "Have it your own way." MARY JOHNSTON.

The Procurator of Judæa

By ANATOLE FRANCE

Anatole France

LÆLIUS LAMIA, born in Italy of illustrious parents, had not yet discarded the *toga prætexta* when he set out for the schools of Athens to study philosophy. Subsequently he took up his residence at Rome, and in his house on the Esquiline, amid a circle of youthful wastrels, abandoned himself to licentious courses. But being accused of engaging in criminal relations with Lepida, the wife of Sulpicius Quirinus, a man of consular rank, and being found guilty, he was exiled by Tiberius Cæsar. At that time he was just entering his twenty-fourth year. During the eighteen years that his exile lasted he traversed Syria, Palestine, Cappadocia, and Armenia, and made prolonged visits to Antioch, Cæsarea, and Jerusalem. When, after the death of Tiberius, Caius was raised to the purple, Lamia obtained permission to return to Rome. He even regained a portion of his possessions. Adversity had taught him wisdom.

He avoided all intercourse with the wives and daughters of Roman citizens, made no efforts towards obtaining office, held aloof from public honors, and lived a secluded life in his house on the Esquiline. Occupying himself with the task of recording all the remarkable things he had seen during his distant travels, he turned, as he said, the vicissitudes of his years of expiation into a diversion for his hours of rest. In the midst of these calm employments, alternating with assiduous study of the works of Epicurus, he recognized with a mixture of surprise and vexation that age was stealing upon him. In his sixty-second year, being afflicted with an illness which proved in no slight degree troublesome, he decided to have recourse to the waters at Baiæ. The coast at that point, once frequented by the halcyon, was at this date the resort of the wealthy Roman, greedy of pleasure. For a week Lamia lived alone, without a friend in the brilliant crowd. Then one day, after dinner, an inclination to which he yielded urged him to ascend the incline, which, covered with vines that resembled bacchantes, looked out upon the waves.

Having reached the summit he seated himself by the side of a path beneath a terebinth, and let his glances wander over the lovely landscape. To his left, livid and bare, the Phlegræan plain stretched out towards the ruins of Cumæ. On his right, Cape Misenum plunged its abrupt spur beneath the Tyrrhenian Sea. Beneath his feet luxurious Baiæ, following the graceful outline of the coast, displayed its gardens, its villas thronged with statues, its porticos, its marble terraces along the shores of the blue ocean where the dolphins sported. Before him, on the other side of the bay, on the Campanian coast, gilded by the already sinking sun, gleamed the temples which far away rose above the laurels of Posilippo, whilst on the extreme horizon Vesuvius looked forth smiling.

Lamia drew from a fold of his toga a scroll containing the *Treatise upon Nature*, extended himself upon the ground, and began to read. But the warning cries of a slave necessitated his rising to allow of the passage of a litter which was being carried along the narrow pathway through the vineyards. The litter being uncurtained, permitted Lamia to see stretched upon the cushions as it was borne nearer to him the figure of an elderly man of immense bulk, who, supporting his head on his hand, gazed out with a gloomy and disdainful expression. His nose, which was aquiline, and his chin, which was prominent, seemed desirous of meeting across his lips, and his jaws were powerful.

From the first moment Lamia was convinced that the face was familiar to him. He hesitated a moment before the name came to him. Then suddenly hastening toward the litter with a display of surprise and delight——

"Pontius Pilate!" he cried. "The gods be praised who have permitted me to see you once again!"

The old man gave a signal to the slaves to stop, and cast a keen glance upon the stranger who had addressed him.

"Pontius, my dear host," resumed the latter, "have twenty years so far whitened my hair and hollowed my cheeks that you no longer recognize your friend Lælius Lamia?"

At this name Pontius Pilate dismounted from the litter as actively as the weight of his years and the heaviness of his gait permitted him, and embraced Lælius Lamia again and again.

"Gods! what a treat it is to me to see you once more! But, alas, you call up memories of those long-vanished days when I was Procurator of Judæa in the province of Syria. Why, it must be thirty years ago that I first met you. It was at Cæsarea, whither you came to drag out your weary term of exile. I was fortunate enough to alleviate it a little, and out of friendship, Lamia, you followed me to that depressing place Jerusalem, where the Jews filled me with bitterness and disgust. You remained for more than ten years my guest and my companion, and in converse about Rome and things Roman we both of us managed to find consolation—you for your misfortunes, and I for my burdens of State."

Lamia embraced him afresh.

"You forget two things, Pontius; you are overlooking the facts that you used your influence on my behalf with Herod Antipas, and that your purse was freely open to me."

"Let us not talk of that," replied Pontius, "since after your return to Rome you sent me by one of your freedmen a sum of money which repaid me with usury."

"Pontius, I could never consider myself out of your debt by the mere payment of money. But tell me, have the gods fulfilled your desires? Are you in the enjoyment of all the happiness you deserve? Tell me about your family, your fortunes, your health."

"I have withdrawn to Sicily, where I possess estates, and where I cultivate wheat for the market. My eldest daughter, my best-beloved Pontia, who has been left a widow, lives with me, and directs my household. The gods be praised, I have preserved my mental vigor; my memory is not in the least degree enfeebled. But old age always brings in its train a long procession of griefs and infirmities. I am cruelly tormented with gout. And at this very moment you find me on my way to the Phlegræan plain in search of a remedy for my sufferings. From that burning soil, whence at night flames burst forth, proceed acrid exhalations of sulphur, which, so they say, ease the pains and restore suppleness to the joints. At least, the physicians assure me that it is so."

"May you find it so in your case, Pontius! But, despite the gout and its burning torments, you scarcely look as old as myself, although in reality you must be my senior by ten years. Unmistakably you have retained a greater degree of vigor than I ever possessed, and I am overjoyed to find you looking so hale. Why, dear friend, did you retire from the public service before the customary age? Why, on resigning your governorship in Judæa, did you withdraw to a voluntary exile on your Sicilian estates? Give me an account of your doings from the moment that I ceased to be a witness of them. You were preparing to suppress a Samaritan rising when I set out for Cappadocia, where I hoped to draw some profit from the breeding of horses and mules. I have not seen you since then. How did that expedition succeed? Pray tell me. Everything interests me that concerns you in any way."

Pontius Pilate sadly shook his head.

"My natural disposition," he said, "as well as a sense of duty, impelled me to fulfil my public responsibilities, not merely with diligence, but even with ardor. But I was pursued by unrelenting hatred. Intrigues and calumnies cut short my career in its prime, and the fruit it should have looked to bear has withered away. You ask me about the Samaritan insurrection. Let us sit down on this hillock. I shall be able to give you an answer in few words. Those occurrences are as vividly present to me as if they had happened yesterday.

"A man of the people, of persuasive speech—there are many such to be met with in Syria—induced the Samaritans to gather together in arms on Mount Gerizim (which in that country is looked upon as a holy place) under the promise that he would disclose to their sight the sacred vessels which in the ancient days of Evander and our father, Æneas, had been hidden away by an eponymous hero, or rather a tribal deity, named Moses. Upon this assurance the Samaritans rose in rebellion; but having been warned in time to forestall them, I dispatched detachments of infantry to occupy the mountain, and stationed cavalry to keep the approaches to it under observation.

"These measures of prudence were urgent. The rebels were already laying siege to the town of Tyrathaba, situated at the foot of Mount Gerizim. I easily dispersed them, and stifled the as yet scarcely organized revolt. Then, in order to give a forcible example with as few victims as possible, I handed over to execution the leaders of the rebellion. But you are aware, Lamia, in what strait dependence I was kept by the proconsul Vitellius, who governed Syria not in, but against the interests of Rome, and looked upon the provinces of the empire as territories which could be farmed out to tetrarchs. The head-men among the Samaritans, in their resentment against me, came and fell at his feet lamenting. To listen to them, nothing had been further from their thoughts than to disobey Cæsar. It was I who had provoked the rising, and it was purely in order to withstand my violence that they had gathered together round Tyrathaba. Vitellius listened to their complaints, and handing over the affairs of Judæa to his friend Marcellus, commanded me to go and justify my proceedings before the Emperor himself. With a heart overflowing with grief and resentment I took ship. Just as I approached the shores of Italy, Tiberius, worn out with age and the cares of empire, died suddenly on the selfsame Cape Misenum, whose peak we see from this very spot magnified in the mists of evening. I demanded justice of Caius, his successor, whose perception was naturally acute, and who was acquainted with Syrian affairs. But marvel with me, Lamia, at the maliciousness of fortune, resolved on my discomfiture. Caius then had in his suite at Rome the Jew Agrippa, his companion, the friend of his childhood, whom he cherished as his own eyes. Now Agrippa favored Vitellius, inasmuch as Vitellius was the enemy of Antipas, whom Agrippa pursued with his hatred. The Emperor adopted the prejudices of his beloved Asiatic, and refused even to listen to me. There was nothing for me to do but bow beneath the stroke of unmerited misfortune. With tears for my meat and gall for my portion, I withdrew to my estates in Sicily, where I should have died of grief if my sweet Pontia had not come to console her father. I have cultivated wheat, and succeeded in producing the fullest ears in the whole province. But now my life is ended; the future will judge between Vitellius and me."

"Pontius," replied Lamia, "I am persuaded that you acted toward the Samaritans according to the rectitude of your character, and solely in the interests of Rome. But were you not perchance on that occasion a trifle too much influenced by that impetuous courage which has always swayed you? You will remember that in Judæa it often happened that I who, younger than you, should naturally have been more impetuous than you, was obliged to urge you to clemency and suavity."

"Suavity toward the Jews!" cried Pontius Pilate. "Although you have lived amongst them, it seems clear that you ill understand those enemies of the human race. Haughty and at the same time base, combining an invincible obstinacy with a despicably mean spirit, they weary alike your love and your hatred. My character, Lamia, was formed upon the maxims of the divine Augustus. When I was appointed Procurator of Judæa, the world was already penetrated with the majestic ideal of the *pax Romana.* No longer, as in the days of our internecine strife, were we witnesses to the sack of a province for the aggrandizement of a proconsul. I knew where my duty lay. I was careful that my actions should be governed by prudence and moderation. The gods are my witnesses that I was resolved upon mildness, and upon mildness only. Yet what did my benevolent intentions avail me? You were at my side, Lamia, when, at the outset of my career as ruler, the first rebellion came to a head. Is there any need for me to recall the details to you? The garrison had been transferred from Cæsarea to take up its winter quarters at Jerusalem. Upon the ensigns of the legionaries appeared the presentment of Cæsar. The inhabitants of Jerusalem, who did not recognize the indwelling divinity of the Emperor, were scandalized at this, as though, when obedience is compulsory, it were not less abject to obey a god than a man. The priests of their nation appeared before my tribunal imploring me with supercilious humility to have the ensigns removed from within the holy city. Out of reverence for the divine nature of Cæsar and the majesty of the empire, I refused to comply. Then the rabble made common cause with the priests, and all around the pretorium portentous cries of supplication arose. I ordered the soldiers to stack their spears in front of the tower of Antonia, and to proceed, armed only with sticks like lictors, to disperse the insolent crowd. But, heedless of blows, the Jews continued their entreaties, and the more obstinate amongst them threw themselves on the ground and, exposing their throats to the rods, deliberately courted death. You were a witness of my humiliation on that occasion, Lamia. By the order of Vitellius I was forced to send the insignia back to Cæsarea. That disgrace I had certainly not merited. Before the immortal gods I swear that never once during my term of office did I flout justice and the laws. But I am grown old. My enemies and detractors are dead. I shall die unavenged. Who will now retrieve my character?"

He moaned and lapsed into silence. Lamia replied—

"That man is prudent who neither hopes nor fears anything from the uncertain events of the future. Does it matter in the least what estimate men may form of us hereafter? We ourselves are after all our own witnesses, and our own judges. You must rely, Pontius Pilate, on the testimony you yourself bear to your own rectitude. Be content with your own personal respect and that of your friends. For the rest, we know that mildness by itself will not suffice for the work of government. There is but little room in the actions of public men for that indulgence of human frailty which the philosophers recommend."

"We'll say no more at present," said Pontius. "The sulphurous fumes which rise from the Phlegræan plain are more powerful when the ground which exhales them is still warm beneath the sun's rays. I must hasten on. Adieu! But now that I have rediscovered a friend, I should wish to take advantage of my good fortune. Do me the favor, Lælius Lamia, to give me your company at supper at my house to-morrow. My house stands on the seashore, at the extreme end of the town in the direction of Misenum. You will easily recognize it by the porch which bears a painting representing Orpheus surrounded by tigers and lions, whom he is charming with the strains from his lyre.

"Till to-morrow, Lamia," he repeated, as he climbed once more into his litter. "To-morrow we will talk about Judæa."

The following day at the supper hour Lamia presented himself at the house of Pontius Pilate. Two couches only were in readiness for occupants. Creditably but simply equipped, the table held a silver service in which were set out beccaficos in honey, thrushes, oysters from the Lucrine lake, and lampreys from Sicily. As they proceeded with their repast, Pontius and Lamia interchanged inquiries with one another about their ailments, the symptoms of which they described at considerable length, mutually emulous of communicating the various remedies which had been recommended to them. Then, congratulating themselves on being thrown together once more at Baiæ, they vied with one another in praise of the beauty of that enchanting coast and the mildness of the climate they enjoyed. Lamia was enthusiastic about the charms of the courtesans who frequented the seashore laden with golden ornaments and trailing draperies of barbaric broidery. But the aged Procurator deplored the ostentation with which by means of trumpery jewels and filmy garments foreigners and even enemies of the empire beguiled the Romans of their gold. After a time they turned to the subject of the great engineering feats that had been accomplished in the country; the prodigious bridge constructed by Caius between Puteoli and Baiæ, and the canals which Augustus excavated to convey the waters of the ocean to Lake Avernus and the Lucrine lake.

"I also," said Pontius, with a sigh, "I also wished to set afoot public works of great utility. When, for my sins, I was appointed Governor of Judæa, I conceived the idea of furnishing Jerusalem with an abundant supply of pure water by means of an aqueduct. The elevation of the levels, the gradient for the brazen reservoirs to which the distribution pipes were to be fixed —I had gone into every detail, and decided everything for myself with the assistance of mechanical experts. I had drawn up regulations for the superintendents so as to prevent individuals from making unauthorized depredations. The architects and the workmen had their instructions. I gave orders for the commencement of operations. But far from viewing with satisfaction the construction of that conduit, which was intended to carry to their town upon its massive arches not only water but health, the inhabitants of Jerusalem gave vent to lamentable outcries. They gathered tumultuously together, exclaiming against the sacrilege and impiousness, and, hurling themselves upon the workmen, scattered the foundation stones. Can you picture to yourself, Lamia, a filthier set of barbarians? Nevertheless, Vitellius decided in their favor, and I received orders to put a stop to the work."

"It is a knotty point," said Lamia, "how far one is justified in devising things for the common weal against the will of the populace."

Pontius Pilate continued as though he had not heard this interruption.

"Refuse an aqueduct! What madness! But whatever is of Roman origin is distasteful to the Jews. In their eyes we are an unclean race, and our very presence appears a profanation to them. You will remember that they would never venture to enter the pretorium for fear of defiling themselves, and that I was consequently obliged to discharge my magisterial functions in an open-air tribunal on that marble pavement your feet so often trod.

"They fear us and they despise us. Yet is not Rome the mother and warden of all those peoples who nestle smiling upon her venerable bosom? With her eagles in the van, peace and liberty have been carried to the very confines of the universe. Those whom we have subdued we look on as our friends, and we leave those conquered races, nay, we secure to them the permanence of their customs and their laws. Did Syria, aforetime rent asunder by its rabble of petty kings, ever even begin to taste of peace and prosperity until it submitted to the armies of Pompey? And when Rome might have reaped a golden harvest as the price of her good will, did she lay hands on the hoards that swell the treasuries of barbaric temples? Did she despoil the shrine of Cybele at Pessinus, or the Morimene and Cilician sanctuaries of Jupiter, or the temple of the Jewish god at Jerusalem? Antioch, Palmyra, and Apamea, secure despite their wealth, and no longer in dread of the wandering Arab of the desert, have erected temples to the genius of Rome and the divine Cæsar. The Jews alone hate and withstand us. They withhold their tribute till it is wrested from them, and obstinately rebel against military service."

"The Jews," replied Lamia, "are profoundly attached to their ancient customs. They suspected you, unreasonably I admit, of a desire to abolish their laws and change their usages. Do not resent it, Pontius, if I say that you did not always act in such a way as to disperse their unfortunate illusion. It gratified you, despite your habitual self-restraint, to play upon their fears, and more than once have I seen you betray in their presence the contempt with which their beliefs and religious ceremonies inspired you. You irritated them particularly by giving instructions for the sacerdotal garments and ornaments of their high priest to be kept in ward by your legionaries in the Antonine tower. One must admit that though they have never risen like us to an appreciation of things divine, the Jews celebrate rites which their very antiquity renders venerable."

Pontius Pilate shrugged his shoulders.

"They have very little exact knowledge of the nature of the gods," he said. "They worship Jupiter, yet they abstain from naming him or erecting a statue of him. They do not even adore him under the semblance of a rude stone, as certain of the Asiatic peoples are wont to do. They know nothing of Apollo, of Neptune, of Mars, nor of Pluto, nor of any goddess. At the same time, I am convinced that in days gone by they worshipped Venus. For even to this day their women bring doves to the altar as victims; and you know as well as I that the dealers who trade beneath the arcades of their temple supply those birds in couples for sacrifice. I have even been told that on one occasion some madman proceeded to overturn the stalls bearing these offerings, and their owners with them. The priests raised an outcry about it, and looked on it as a case of sacrilege. I am of opinion that their custom of sacrificing turtle-doves was instituted in honor of Venus. Why are you laughing, Lamia?"

"I was laughing," said Lamia, "at an amusing idea which, I hardly know how, just occurred to me. I was thinking that perchance some day the Jupiter of the Jews might come to Rome and vent his fury upon you. Why should he not? Asia and Africa have already enriched us with a considerable number of gods. We have seen temples in honor of Isis and the dog-faced Anubis erected in Rome. In the public squares, and even on the race-courses, you may run across the Bona Dea of the Syrians mounted on an ass. And did you never hear how, in the region of Tiberius, a young patrician passed himself off as the horned Jupiter of the Egyptians, Jupiter Ammon, and in this disguise procured the favors of an illustrious lady who was too virtuous to deny anything to a god? Beware, Pontius, lest the invisible Jupiter of the Jews disembark some day on the quay at Ostia!"

At the idea of a god coming out of Judæa, a fleeting smile played over the severe countenance of the Procurator. Then he replied gravely—

"How would the Jews manage to impose their sacred law on outside peoples, when they are in a perpetual state of tumult amongst themselves as to the interpretation of that law? You have seen them yourself, Lamia, in the public squares, split up into twenty rival parties, with staves in their hands, abusing each other and clutching one another by the beard. You have seen them on the steps of the temple, tearing their filthy garments as a symbol of lamentation, with some wretched creature in a frenzy of prophetic exaltation in their midst. They have never realized that it is possible to discuss peacefully and with an even mind those matters concerning the divine which yet are hidden from the profane and wrapped in uncertainty. For the nature of the immortal gods remains hidden from us, and we cannot arrive at a knowledge of it. Though I am of opinion, none the less, that it is a prudent thing to believe in the providence of the gods. But the Jews are devoid of philosophy, and cannot tolerate any diversity of opinions. On the contrary, they judge worthy of the extreme penalty all those who on divine subjects profess opinions opposed to their law. And as, since the genius of Rome has towered over them, capital sentences pronounced by their own tribunals can only be carried out with the sanction of the proconsul or the procurator, they harry the Roman magistrate at any hour to procure his signature to their baleful decrees, they besiege the pretorium with their cries of 'Death!' A hundred times, at least, have I known them, mustered, rich and poor together, all united under their priests, make a furious onslaught on my ivory chair, seizing me by the skirts of my robe, by the thongs of my sandals, and all to demand of me—nay, to exact from me—the death sentence on some unfortunate whose guilt I failed to perceive, and as to whom I could only pronounce that he was as mad as his accusers. A hundred times, do I say! Not a hundred, but every day and all day. Yet it was my duty to execute their law as if it were ours, since I was appointed by Rome not for the destruction, but for the upholding of their customs, and over them I had the power of the rod and the axe. At the outset of my term of office I endeavored to persuade them to hear reason; I attempted to snatch their miserable victims from death. But this show of mildness only irritated them the more; they demanded their prey, fighting around me like a horde of vultures with wing and beak. Their priests reported to Cæsar that I was violating their law, and their appeals, supported by Vitellius, drew down upon me a severe reprimand. How many times did I long, as the Greeks used to say, to dispatch accusers and accused in one convoy to the crows!

"Do not imagine, Lamia, that I nourish the rancor of the discomfited, the wrath of the superannuated, against a people which in my person has prevailed against both Rome and tranquillity. But I foresee the extremity to which sooner or later they will reduce us. Since we cannot govern them, we shall be driven to destroy them. Never doubt it. Always in a state of insubordination, brewing rebellion in their inflammatory minds, they will one day burst forth upon us with a fury beside which the wrath of the Numidians and the mutterings of the Parthians are mere child's play. They are secretly nourishing preposterous hopes, and madly premeditating our ruin. How can it be otherwise, when, on the strength of an oracle, they are living in expectation of the coming of a prince of their own blood whose kingdom shall extend over the whole earth? There are no half measures with such a people. They must be exterminated. Jerusalem must be laid waste to the very foundation. Perchance, old as I am, it may be granted me to behold the day when her walls shall fall and the flames shall envelop her houses, when her inhabitants shall pass under the edge of the sword ,when salt shall be strown on the place where once the temple stood. And in that day I shall at length be justified."

Lamia exerted himself to lead the conversation back to a less acrimonious note.

"Pontius," he said, "it is not difficult for me to understand both your long-standing resentment and your sinister forebodings. Truly, what you have experienced of the character of the Jews is nothing to their advantage. But I lived in Jerusalem as an interested onlooker, and mingled freely with the people, and I succeeded in detecting certain obscure virtues in these rude folk which were altogether hidden from you. I have met Jews who were all mildness, whose simple manners and faithfulness of heart recalled to me what our poets have related concerning the Spartan lawgiver. And you yourself, Pontius, have seen perish beneath the cudgels of your legionaries simple-minded men who have died for a cause they believed to be just without revealing their names. Such men do not deserve our contempt. I am saying this because it is desirable in all things to preserve moderation and an even mind. But I own that I never experienced any lively sympathy for the Jews. The Jewesses, on the contrary, I found extremely pleasing. I was young then, and the Syrian women stirred all my senses to response. Their ruddy lips, their liquid eyes that shone in the shade, their sleepy gaze pierced me to the very marrow. Painted and stained, smelling of nard and myrrh, steeped in odors, their physical attractions are both rare and delightful."

Pontius listened impatiently to these praises.

"I was not the kind of man to fall into the snares of the Jewish women," he said; "and since you have opened the subject yourself, Lamia, I was never able to approve of your laxity. If I did not express with sufficient emphasis formerly how culpable I held you for having intrigued at Rome with the wife of a man of consular rank, it was because you were then enduring heavy penance for your misdoings. Marriage from the patrician point of view is a sacred tie; it is one of the institutions which are the support of Rome. As to foreign women and slaves, such relations as one may enter into with them would be of little account were it not that they habituate the body to a humiliating effeminacy. Let me tell you that you have been too liberal in your offerings to the Venus of the Market-place; and what, above all, I blame in you is that you have not married in compliance with the law and given children to the Republic, as every good citizen is bound to do."

But the man who had suffered exile under Tiberius was no longer listening to the venerable magistrate. Having tossed off his cup of Falernian, he was smiling at some image visible to his eye alone.

After a moment's silence he resumed in a very deep voice, which rose in pitch by little and little—

"With what languorous grace they dance, those Syrian women! I knew a Jewess at Jerusalem who used to dance in a poky little room, on a threadbare carpet, by the light of one smoky little lamp, waving her arms as she clanged her cymbals. Her loins arched, her head thrown back, and, as it were, dragged down by the weight of her heavy red hair, her eyes swimming with voluptuousness, eager, languishing, compliant, she would have made Cleopatra herself grow pale with envy. I was in love with her barbaric dances, her voice—a little raucous and yet so sweet—her atmosphere of incense, the semi-somnolescent state in which she seemed to live. I followed her everywhere. I mixed with the vile rabble of soldiers, conjurers, and extortioners with which she was surrounded. One day, however, she disappeared, and I saw her no more. Long did I seek her in disreputable alleys and taverns. It was more difficult to learn to do without her than to lose the taste for Greek wine. Some months after I lost sight of her, I learned by chance that she had attached herself to a small company of men and women who were followers of a young Galilean thaumaturgist. His name was Jesus; he came from Nazareth, and he was crucified for some crime, I don't quite know what. Pontius, do you remember anything about the man?"

Pontius Pilate contracted his brows, and his hand rose to his forehead in the attitude of one who probes the deeps of memory. Then after a silence of some seconds—

"Jesus?" he murmured, "Jesus—of Nazareth? I cannot call him to mind."

Why She Read

HER chestnut hair was only just beginning to show streaks of white. She had a calm, reasonable face, a kind and happy way with her which it was a pleasure to see. Her son Pierre was wont to say that she knew the value of money, but this did not hinder her from enjoying the delight of dreaming. She was fond of reading, of novels, and poetry, not for their value as works of art, but for the sake of the tender melancholy mood they would induce in her. A line of poetry, often a bad one, would touch the little chord, as she expressed it, and give her the sense of some mysterious desire almost realized. And she delighted in these faint emotions, which brought a little flutter to her soul, otherwise as strictly kept as a ledger.

Since settling at Havre she had become perceptibly stouter, and her figure, which had been very supple and slight, had grown heavier. DE MAUPASSANT.

The Fight with the White Whale

Being the Climax of the Tale of "Moby Dick"

By HERMAN MELVILLE

Yours truly
Herman Melville

The Chase—First Day

THAT night, in the mid-watch, when the old man—as his wont at intervals—stepped forth from the scuttle in which he leaned, and went to his pivot-hole, he suddenly thrust out his face fiercely, snuffing up the sea air as a sagacious ship's dog will, in drawing nigh to some barbarous isle. He declared that a whale must be near. Soon that peculiar odor, sometimes to a great distance given forth by the living Sperm Whale, was palpable to all the watch; nor was any mariner surprised when, after inspecting the compass, and then the dog-vane, and then ascertaining the precise bearing of the odor as nearly as possible, Ahab rapidly ordered the ship's course to be slightly altered, and the sail to be shortened.

The acute policy dictating these movements was sufficiently vindicated at daybreak by the sight of a long sleek on the sea directly and lengthwise ahead, smooth as oil, and resembling in the pleated watery wrinkles bordering it, the polished metallic-like marks of some swift tide-rip, at the mouth of a deep, rapid stream.

"Man the mastheads! Call all hands!"

Thundering with the butts of three clubbed handspikes on the forecastle deck, Daggoo roused the sleepers with such judgment claps that they seemed to exhale from the scuttle, so instantaneously did they appear with their clothes in their hands.

"What d'ye see?" cried Ahab, flattening his face to the sky.

"Nothing, nothing, sir!" was the sound hailing down in reply.

"T'gallant-sails! stunsails alow and aloft, and on both sides!"

All sail being set, he now cast loose the life-line, reserved for swaying him to the mainroyal masthead; and in a few moments they were hoisting him thither, when, while but two-thirds of the way aloft, and while peering ahead through the horizontal vacancy between the maintopsail and top-gallant-sail, he raised a gull-like cry in the air, "There she blows!—there she blows! A hump like a snowhill! It is Moby Dick!"

Fired by the cry which seemed simultaneously taken up by the three lookouts, the men on deck rushed to the rigging to behold the famous whale they had so long been pursuing. Ahab had now gained his final perch, some feet above the other lookouts, Tashtego standing just beneath him on the cap of the top-gallant-mast, so that the Indian's head was almost on a level with Ahab's heel. From this height the whale was now seen some mile or so ahead, at every roll of the sea revealing his high sparkling hump, and regularly jetting his silent spout into the air. To the credulous mariners it seemed the same silent spout they had so long ago beheld in the moonlit Atlantic and Indian Oceans.

"And did none of ye see it before?" cried Ahab, hailing the perched men all around him.

"I saw him almost that same instant, sir, that Captain Ahab did, and I cried out," said Tashtego.

"Not the same instant; not the same—no, the doubloon is mine, Fate reserved the doubloon for me. *I* only; none of ye could have raised the White Whale first. There she blows! there she blows!—there she blows! There again!—there again!" he cried, in long-drawn, lingering, methodic tones, attuned to the gradual prolongings of the whale's visible jets. "He's going to sound! In stunsails! Down top-gallant-sails! Stand by three boats. Mr. Starbuck, remember, stay on board, and keep the ship. Helm there! Luff, luff a point! So; steady, man, steady! There go flukes! No, no; only black water! All ready the boats there? Stand by, stand by! Lower me, Mr. Starbuck; lower, lower,—quick quicker!" and he slid through the air to the deck.

"He is heading straight to leeward, sir," cried Stubb; "right away from us; cannot have seen the ship yet."

"Be dumb, man! Stand by the braces! Hard down the helm!—brace up! Shiver her!—shiver her! So; well that! Boats, boats!"

Soon all the boats but Starbuck's were dropped; all the boat-sails set—all the paddles plying; with rippling swiftness, shooting to leeward; and Ahab heading the onset. A pale, death-glimmer lit up Fedallah's sunken eyes; a hideous motion gnawed his mouth.

Like noiseless nautilus shells, their light prows sped through the sea; but only slowly they neared the foe. As they neared him, the ocean grew still more smooth; seemed drawing a carpet over its waves; seemed a noon-meadow, so serenely it spread. At length the breathless hunter came so nigh his seemingly unsuspecting prey, that his entire dazzling hump was distinctly visible, sliding along the sea as if an isolated thing, and continually set in a revolving ring of finest, fleecy, greenish foam. He saw the vast involved wrinkles of the slightly projecting head beyond. Before it, far out on the soft Turkish-rugged waters, went the glistening white shadow from his broad, milky forehead, a musical rippling playfully accompanying the shade; and behind, the blue waters interchangeably flowed over into the moving valley of his steady wake; and on either hand bright bubbles arose and danced by his side. But these were broken again by the light toes of hundreds of gay fowl softly feathering the sea, alternate with their fitful flight; and like to some flagstaff rising from the painted hull of an argosy, the tall but shattered pole of a recent lance projected from the white whale's back; and at intervals one of the cloud of soft-toed fowls hovering, and to and fro skimming like a canopy over the fish, silently perched and rocked on this pole, the long tail feathers streaming like pennons.

A gentle joyousness—a mighty mildness of repose in swiftness, invested the gliding whale. Not the white bull Jupiter swimming away with ravished Europa clinging to his graceful horns; his lovely, leering eyes sideways intent upon the maid; with smooth bewitching fleetness, rippling straight for the nuptial bower in Crete; not Jove did surpass the glorified White Whale as he so divinely swam.

On each soft side—coincident with the parted swell, that but once laving him, then flowed so wide away—on each bright side, the whale shed off enticings. No wonder there had been some among the hunters who namelessly transported and allured by all this serenity, had ventured to assail it; but had fatally found that quietude but the vesture of tornadoes. Yet calm, enticing calm, oh, whale! thou glidest on, to all who for the first time eye thee, no matter how many in that same way thou may'st have bejuggled and destroyed before.

And thus, through the serene tranquillities of the tropical sea, among waves whose hand-clappings were suspended by exceeding rapture, Moby Dick moved on, still withholding from sight the full terrors of his submerged trunk, entirely hiding the wretched hideousness of his jaw. But soon the fore part of him slowly rose from the water; for an instant his whole marbleized body formed a high arch, like Virginia's Natural Bridge, and warningly waving his bannered flukes in the air, the grand god revealed himself, sounded, and went out of sight. Hoveringly halting, and dipping on the wing, the white sea-fowls longingly lingered over the agitated pool that he left.

With oars apeak, and paddles down, the sheets of their sails adrift, the three boats now stilly floated, awaiting Moby Dick's reappearance.

"An hour," said Ahab, standing rooted in his boat's stern, and he gazed beyond the whale's place, towards the dim blue spaces and wide wooing vacancies to leeward. It was only an instant; for again his eyes seemed whirling round in his head as he swept the watery circle. The breeze now freshened; the sea began to swell.

"The birds!—the birds!" cried Tashtego.

In long Indian file, as when herons take wing, the white birds were now all flying towards Ahab's boat; and when within a few yards began fluttering over the water there, wheeling round and round with joyous, expectant cries. Their vision was keener than man's; Ahab could discover no sign in the sea. But suddenly as he peered down and down into its depths, he profoundly saw a white living spot no bigger than a white weasel, with wonderful celerity uprising, and magnifying as it rose, till it turned, and then there were plainly revealed two long crooked rows of white, glistening teeth, floating up from the undiscoverable bottom. It was Moby Dick's open mouth and scrolled jaw; his vast, shadowed bulk still half blending with the blue of the sea. The glittering mouth yawned beneath the boat like an open-doored marble tomb; and giving one sidelong sweep with his steering oar, Ahab whirled the craft aside from this tremendous apparition. Then, calling upon Fedallah to change places with him, went forward to the bows, and seizing Perth's harpoon, commanded his crew to grasp their oars and stand by to stern.

Now, by reason of this timely spinning round the boat upon its axis, its bow, by anticipation, was made to face the whale's head while yet under water. But as if perceiving this stratagem, Moby Dick, with that malicious intelligence ascribed to him, sidlingly transplanted himself, as it were, in an instant, shooting his plaited head lengthwise beneath the boat.

Through and through; through every plank and each rib, it thrilled for an instant, the whale obliquely lying on his back, in the manner of a biting shark, slowly and feelingly taking its bows full within his mouth, so that the long, narrow, scrolled lower jaw curled high up into the open air, and one of the teeth caught in a rowlock. The bluish pearl-white of the inside of the jaw was within six inches of Ahab's head, and reached higher than that. In this attitude the White Whale now shook the slight cedar as a mildly cruel cat her mouse. With unastonished eyes Fedallah gazed, and crossed his arms; but the tiger-yellow crew were tumbling over each other's heads to gain the uttermost stern.

And now, while both elastic gunwales were springing in and out, as the whale dallied with the doomed craft in this devilish way; and from his body being submerged beneath the boat, he could not be darted at from the bows, for the bows were almost inside of him, as it were; and while the other boats involuntarily paused, as before a quick crisis impossible to withstand, then it was that monomaniac Ahab, furious with this tantalizing vicinity of his foe, which placed him all alive and helpless in the very jaws he hated; frenzied with all this, he seized the long bone with his naked hands, and wildly strove to wrench it from its gripe. As now he thus vainly strove, the jaw slipped from him; the frail gunwales bent in, collapsed, and snapped, as both jaws, like an enormous shears, sliding further aft, bit the craft completely in twain, and locked themselves fast again in the sea, midway between the two floating wrecks. These floated aside, the broken ends drooping, the crew at the stern-wreck clinging to the gunwales, and striving to hold fast to the oars to lash them across.

At that preluding moment, ere the boat was yet snapped, Ahab, the first to perceive the whale's intent, by the crafty upraising of his head, a movement that loosed his hold for the time; at that moment his hand had made one final effort to push the boat out of the bite. But only slipping further into the whale's mouth, and tilting over sideways as it slipped, the boat had shaken off his hold on the jaw; spilled him out of it, as he leaned to the push; and so he fell flat-faced upon the sea.

Ripplingly withdrawing from his prey, Moby Dick now lay at a little distance, vertically thrusting his oblong white head up and down in the billows; and at the same time slowly revolving his whole spindled body; so that when his vast wrinkled forehead rose—some twenty or more feet out of the water—the now rising swells, with all their confluent waves, dazzling broke against it; vindictively tossing their shivered spray still higher into the air.* So, in a gale, the but half baffled Channel billows only recoil from the base of the Eddystone, triumphantly to overleap its summit with their scud.

But soon resuming his horizontal attitude, Moby Dick swam swiftly round and round the wrecked crew; sideways churning the water in his vengeful wake, as if lashing himself up to still another and more deadly assault. The sight of the splintered boat seemed to madden him, as the blood of grapes and mulberries cast before Antiochus's elephants in the book of Maccabees. Meanwhile Ahab half smothered in the foam of the whale's insolent tail, and too much of a cripple to swim,—though he could still keep afloat, even in the heart of such a whirlpool as that; helpless Ahab's head was seen, like a tossed bubble which the least chance shock might burst. From the boat's fragmentary stern, Fedallah incuriously and mildly eyed him; the clinging crew, at the other drifting end, could not succor him; more than enough was it for them to look to themselves. For so revolvingly appalling was the White Whale's aspect, and so planetarily swift the ever-contracting circles he made, that he seemed horizontally swooping upon them. And though the other boats, unharmed, still hovered hard by, still they dared not pull into the eddy to strike, lest that should be the signal for the instant destruction of the jeopardized castaways, Ahab and all; nor in that case could they themselves hope to escape. With straining eyes, then, they remained on the outer edge of the direful zone, whose center had now become the old man's head.

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*This motion is peculiar to the Sperm whale. It receives its designation (pitchpoling) from its being likened to that preliminary up-and-down poise of the whale-lance, in the exercise called pitchpoling, previously described. By this motion the whale must best and most comprehensively view whatever objects may be encircling him.

Meantime, from the beginning all this had been descried from the ship's mastheads; and squaring her yards, she had borne down upon the scene; and was now so nigh, that Ahab in the water hailed her;—"Sail on the"—but that moment a breaking sea dashed on him from Moby Dick, and whelmed him for the time. But struggling out of it again, and chancing to rise on a towering crest, he shouted,—"Sail on the whale!—Drive him off!"

The *Pequod's* prows were pointed; and breaking up the charmed circle, she effectually parted the White Whale from his victim. As he sullenly swam off, the boats flew to the rescue.

Dragged into Stubb's boat with bloodshot, blinded eyes, the white brine caking in his wrinkles; the long tension of Ahab's bodily strength did crack, and helplessly he yielded to his body's doom: for a time, lying all crushed in the bottom of Stubb's boat, like one trodden under foot of herds of elephants. Far inland, nameless wails came from him, as desolate sounds from out ravines.

But this intensity of his physical prostration did but so much the more abbreviate it. In an instant's compass, great hearts sometimes condense to one deep pang, the sum-total of those shallow pains kindly diffused through feebler men's whole lives. And so, such hearts, though summary in each one suffering; still, if the gods decree it, in their lifetime aggregate a whole age of woe, wholly made up of instantaneous intensities; for even in their pointless centers, those noble natures contain the entire circumferences of inferior souls.

"The harpoon," said Ahab, half-way rising, and draggingly leaning on one bended arm—"is it safe?"

"Aye, sir, for it was not darted; this is it," said Stubb, showing it.

"Lay it before me;—any missing men?"

"One, two, three, four, five;—there were five oars, sir, and here are five men."

"That's good.—Help me, man; I wish to stand. So, so, I see him! there! there! going to leeward still; what a leaping spout!—Hands off from me! The eternal sap runs up in Ahab's bones again! Set the sail; out oars; the helm!"

It is often the case that when a boat is stove, its crew, being picked up by another boat, help to work that second boat; and the chase is thus continued with what is called double-banked oars. It was thus now. But the added power of the boat did not equal the added power of the whale, for he seemed to have treble-banked his every fin; swimming with a velocity which plainly showed, that if now, under these circumstances, pushed on, the chase would prove an indefinitely prolonged, if not a hopeless one; nor could any crew endure for so long a period, such an unintermitted, intense straining at the oar; a thing barely tolerable only in some one brief vicissitude. The ship itself, then, as it sometimes happens, offered the most promising intermediate means of overtaking the chase. Accordingly, the boats now made for her, and were soon swayed up to their cranes—the two parts of the wrecked boat having been previously secured by her—and then hoisting everything to her side, and stacking her canvas high up, and sideways outstretching it with stunsails, like the double-jointed wings of an albatross; the *Pequod* bore down in the leeward wake of Moby Dick. At the well-known, methodic intervals, the whale's glittering spout was regularly announced from the manned mastheads; and when he would be reported as just gone down, Ahab would take the time, and then pacing the deck, binnacle-watch in hand, so soon as the last second of the allotted hour expired, his voice was heard.—"Whose is the doubloon now? D'ye see him?" and if the reply was, "No, sir!" straightway he commanded them to lift him to his perch. In this way the day wore on; Ahab, now aloft and motionless; anon, unrestingly pacing the planks.

As he was thus walking, uttering no sound, except to hail the men aloft, or to bid them hoist a sail still higher, or to spread one to a still greater breadth—thus to and fro pacing, beneath his slouched hat, at every turn he passed his own wrecked boat, which had been dropped upon the quarter-deck, and lay there reversed; broken bow to shattered stern. At last he paused before it; and as in an already over-clouded sky fresh troops of clouds will sometimes sail across, so over the old man's face there now stole some such added gloom as this.

Stubb saw him pause; and perhaps intending, not vainly, though, to evince his own unabated fortitude, and thus keep up a valiant place in his Captain's mind, he advanced, and eying the wreck exclaimed —"The thistle the ass refused; it pricked his mouth too keenly, sir; ha! ha!"

"What soulless thing is this that laughs before a wreck? Man, man! did I not know thee brave as fearless fire (and as mechanical) I could swear thou wert a poltroon. Groan nor laugh should be heard before a wreck."

"Aye, sir," said Starbuck, drawing near, "'tis a solemn sight; an omen, and an ill one."

"Omen? omen?—the dictionary! If the gods think to speak outright to man, they will honorably speak outright; not shake their heads, and give an old wife's darkling hint.—Begone! Ye two are the opposite poles of one thing; Starbuck is Stubb reversed, and Stubb is Starbuck; and ye two are all mankind; and Ahab stands alone among the millions of the peopled earth, nor gods nor men his neighbors! Cold, cold—I shiver!—How now? Aloft there! D'ye see him? Sing out for every spout, though he spout ten times a second!"

The day was nearly done; only the hem of his golden robe was rustling. Soon, it was almost dark, but the look-out men still remained unset.

"Can't see the spout now, sir;—too dark"—cried a voice from the air.

"How heading when last seen?"

"As before, sir,—straight to leeward."

"Good! he will travel slower now 'tis night. Down royals and top-gallant stunsails, Mr. Starbuck. We must not run over him before morning; he's making a passage now, and may heave-to a while. Helm there! keep her full before the wind!—Aloft! come down!—Mr. Stubb, send a fresh hand to the foremast head, and see it manned till morning."—Then advancing towards the doubloon in the mainmast—"Men, this gold is mine for I earned it; but I shall let it abide here till the White Whale is dead; and then, whosoever of ye first raises him, upon the day he shall be killed, this gold is that man's; and if on that day I shall again raise him, then, ten times its sum shall be divided among all of ye! Away now!—the deck is thin, sir."

And so saying, he placed himself halfway within the scuttle, and slouching his hat, stood there till dawn, except when at intervals rousing himself to see how the night wore on.

THE CHASE—SECOND DAY

At daybreak, the three mastheads were punctually manned afresh.

"D'ye see him?" cried Ahab after allowing a little space for the light to spread.

"See nothing, sir."

"Turn up all hands and make sail! he travels faster than I thought for;—the topgallant sails!—aye, they should have been kept on her all night. But no matter—'tis but resting for the rush."

Here be it said, that this pertinacious pursuit of one particular whale, continued through day into night, and through night into day, is a thing by no means unprecedented in the South Sea fishery. For such is the wonderful skill, prescience of experience, and invincible confidence acquired by some great natural geniuses among the Nantucket commanders, that from the simple observation of a whale when last descried, they will, under certain given circumstances, pretty accurately foretell both the direction in which he will continue to swim for a time, while out of sight, as well as his probable rate of progression during that period. And, in these cases, somewhat as a pilot, when about losing sight of a coast, whose general trending he well knows, and which he desires shortly to return to again, but at some further point; like as this pilot stands by his compass, and takes the precise bearing of the cape at present visible, in order the more certainly to hit aright the remote, unseen headland, eventually to be visited: so does the fisherman, at his compass, with the whale; for after being chased, and diligently marked, through several hours of daylight, then, when night obscures the fish, the creature's future wake through the darkness is almost as established to the sagacious mind of the hunter, as the pilot's coast is to him. So that to this hunter's wondrous skill, the proverbial evanescence of a thing writ in water, a wake, is to all desired purposes well-nigh as reliable as the steadfast land. And as the mighty iron leviathan of the modern railway is so familiarly known in its every pace, that, with watches in their hands, men time his rate as doctors that of a baby's pulse; and lightly say of it, "the up train or the down train will reach such or such a spot, at such or such an hour," even so, almost, there are occasions when these Nantucketers time that other leviathan of the deep, according to the observed humor of his speed; and say to themselves, "so many hours hence this whale will have gone two hundred miles, will have about reached this or that degree of latitude or longitude." But to render this acuteness at all successful in the end, the wind and the sea must be the whaleman's allies; for of what present avail to the becalmed or windbound mariner is the skill that assures him he is exactly ninety-three leagues and a quarter from his port? Inferable from these statements are many collateral subtle matters touching the chase of whales.

The ship tore on; leaving such a furrow in the sea as when a cannon-ball, missent, becomes a ploughshare and turns up the level field.

"By salt and hemp!" cried Stubb, "but this swift motion of the deck creeps up one's legs and tingles at the heart. This ship and I are two brave fellows!—Ha! ha! Some one take me up, and launch me, spine-wise, on the sea,—for by live-oaks! my spine's a keel. Ha, ha! we go the gait that leaves no dust behind!"

"There she blows—she blows!—she blows!—right ahead!" was now the masthead cry.

"Aye, aye!" cried Stubb; "I knew it—ye can't escape—blow on and split your spout, O whale! the mad fiend himself is after ye! blow your trump—blister your lungs!—Ahab will dam off your blood, as a miller shuts his water-gate upon the stream!"

And Stubb did but speak out for well-nigh all that crew. The frenzies of the chase had by this time worked them bubblingly up, like old wine worked anew. Whatever pale fears and forebodings some of them might have felt before; these were not only now kept out of sight through the growing awe of Ahab, but they were broken up, and on all sides routed, as timid prairie hares that scatter before the bounding bison. The hand of Fate had snatched all their souls; and by the stirring perils of the previous day; the rack of the past night's suspense; the fixed, unfearing, blind, reckless way in which their wild craft went plunging towards its flying mark; by all these things, their hearts were bowled along. The wind that made great bellies of their sails, and rushed the vessel on by arms invisible as irresistible; this seemed the symbol of that unseen agency which so enslaved them to the race.

They were one man, not thirty. For as the one ship that held them all; though it was put together of all contrasting things—oak, and maple, and pine wood; iron, and pitch, and hemp—yet all these ran into each other in the one concrete hull, which shot on its way, both balanced and directed by the long central keel; even so, all the individualities of the crew. This man's valor, that man's fear; guilt and guiltiness, all varieties were welded into oneness, and were all directed to that fatal goal which Ahab their one lord and keel did point to.

The rigging lived. The mastheads, like the tops of tall palms, were outspreadingly tufted with arms and legs. Clinging to a spar with one hand, some reached forth the other with impatient wavings; others, shading their eyes from the vivid sunlight, sat far out on the rocking yards; all the spars in full bearing of mortals, ready and ripe for their fate. Ah! how they still strove through that infinite blueness to seek out the thing that might destroy them!

"Why sing ye not out for him, if ye see him?" cried Ahab, when, after the lapse of some minutes since the first cry, no more had been heard. "Sway me up, men; ye have been deceived; not Moby Dick casts one odd jet that way, and then disappears."

It was even so; in their headlong eagerness, the men had mistaken some other thing for the whale-spout, as the event itself soon proved; for hardly had Ahab reached his perch; hardly was the rope belayed to its pin on deck, when he struck the key-note to an orchestra, that made the air vibrate as with the combined discharges of rifles. The triumphant halloo of thirty buckskin lungs was heard, as—much nearer to the ship than the place of the imaginary jet, less than a mile ahead—Moby Dick bodily burst into view! For not by any calm and indolent spoutings; not by the peaceable gush of that mystic fountain in his head, did the White Whale now reveal his vicinity; but by the far more wondrous phenomenon of breaching. Rising with his utmost velocity from the furthest depths, the Sperm Whale thus booms his entire bulk into the pure element of air, and piling up a mountain of dazzling foam, shows his place to the distance of seven miles and more. In those moments the torn enraged waves he shakes off seem his mane; in some cases this breaching is his act of defiance.

"There she breaches! there she breaches!" was the cry, as in his immeasurable bravados the White Whale tossed himself salmon-like to Heaven. So suddenly seen in the blue plain of the sea, and relieved against the still bluer margin of the sky, the spray that he raised, for the moment, intolerably glittered and glared like a glacier; and stood there gradually fading and fading away from its first sparkling intensity, to the dim mistiness of an advancing shower in a vale.

"Aye, breach your last to the sun, Moby Dick!" cried Ahab, "thy hour and thy harpoon are at hand!—Down! down all of ye, but one man at the fore. The boats!—stand by!"

Unmindful of the tedious rope-ladders of the shrouds, the men, like shooting stars, slid to the deck, by the isolated back-stays and halyards; while Ahab, less dartingly, but still rapidly, was dropped from his perch.

"Lower away," he cried, so soon as he had reached his boat—a spare one, rigged the afternoon previous. "Mr. Starbuck, the ship is thine—keep away from the boats, but keep near them. Lower, all!"

As if to strike a quick terror into them, by this time being the first assailant himself, Moby Dick had turned, and was now coming for the three crews. Ahab's boat was central; and cheering his men, he told them he would take the whale head-and-head,—that is, pull straight up to his forehead,—a not uncommon thing; for when within a certain limit, such a course excludes the coming onset from the whale's sidelong vision. But ere that close limit was gained, and while yet all three boats were plain as the ship's three masts to his eye, the White Whale churning himself into furious speed, almost in an instant as it were, rushing among the boats with open jaws, and a lashing tail, offered appalling battle on every side; and heedless of the irons darted at him from every boat, seemed only intent on annihilating each separate plank of which those boats were made. But skilfully manœuvered, incessantly wheeling like trained chargers in the field, the boats for a while eluded him; though, at times, but by a plank's breadth; while all the time, Ahab's unearthly slogan tore every other cry but his to shreds.

But at last in his untraceable evolutions, the White Whale so crossed and recrossed, and in a thousand ways entangled the slack of the three lines now fast to him, that they foreshortened, and, of themselves, warped the devoted boats toward the planted irons in him; though now for a moment the whale drew aside a little, as if to rally for a more tremendous charge. Seizing that opportunity, Ahab first paid out more line: and then was rapidly hauling and jerking in upon it again—hoping that way to disencumber it of some snarls—when lo!—a sight more savage than the embattled teeth of sharks!

Caught and twisted—corkscrewed in the mazes of the line—loose harpoons and lances, with all their bristling barbs and points, came flashing and dripping up to the chocks in the bows of Ahab's boat. Only one thing could be done. Seizing the boat-knife, he critically reached within—through—and then, without—the rays of steel; dragged in the line beyond, passed it, inboard, to the bowsman, and then, twice sundering the rope near the chocks—dropped the intercepted fagot of steel into the sea; and was all fast again. That instant, the White Whale made a sudden rush among the remaining tangles of the other lines; by so doing, irresistibly dragged the more involved boats of Stubb and Flash toward his flukes; dashed them together like two rolling husks on a surf-beaten beach, and then, diving down into the sea, disappeared in a boiling maelstrom, in which, for a space, the odorous cedar chips of the wrecks danced round and round, like the grated nutmeg in a swiftly stirred bowl of punch.

While the two crews were yet circling in the waters, reaching out after the revolving line-tubs, oars, and other floating furniture, while aslope little Flask bobbed up and down like an empty vial, twitching his legs upwards to escape the dreaded jaws of sharks; and Stubb was lustily singing out for some one to ladle him up; and while the old man's line—now parting—admitted of his pulling into the creamy pool to rescue whom he could;—in that wild simultaneousness of a thousand concreted perils,—Ahab's yet unstricken boat seemed drawn up toward Heaven by invisible wires,—as, arrow-like, shooting perpendicularly from the sea, the White Whale dashed his broad forehead against its bottom, and sent it, turning over and over, into the air; till it fell again—gunwale downwards—and Ahab and his men struggled out from under it, like seals from a sea-side cave.

The first uprising momentum of the whale—modifying its direction as he struck the surface—involuntarily launched him along it, to a little distance from the center of the destruction he had made; and with his back to it, he now lay for a moment slowly feeling with his flukes from side to side; and whenever a stray oar, bit of plank, the least chip or crumb of the boats touched his skin, his tail swiftly drew back, and came sideways, smiting the sea. But soon, as if satisfied that his work for that time was done, he pushed his plaited forehead through the ocean, and trailing after him the intertangled lines, continued his leeward way at a traveler's methodic pace.

As before, the attentive ship having descried the whole fight, again came bearing down to the rescue, and dropping a boat, picked up the floating mariners, tubs, oars, and whatever else could be caught at, and safely landed them on her decks. Some sprained shoulders, wrists, and ankles; livid contusions; wrenched harpoons and lances: inextricable intricacies of rope; shattered oars and planks; all these were there; but no fatal or even serious ill seemed to have befallen any one. As with Fedallah the day before, so Ahab was now found grimly clinging to his boat's broken half, which afforded a comparatively easy float; nor did it so exhaust him as the previous day's mishap.

But when he was helped to the deck, all eyes were fastened upon him; as instead of standing by himself he still half-hung upon the shoulder of Starbuck, who had thus far been the foremost to assist him. His ivory leg had been snapped off, leaving but one short sharp splinter.

"Aye, aye, Starbuck, 'tis sweet to lean sometimes, be the leaner who he will; and would old Ahab had leaned oftener than he has."

"The ferrule has not stood, sir," said the carpenter, now coming up; "I put good work into that leg."

"But no bones broken, sir, I hope," said Stubb with true concern.

"Aye! and all splintered to pieces, Stubb! —d'ye see it.—But even with a broken bone, old Ahab is untouched; and I account no living bone of mine one jot more me, than this dead one that's lost. Nor white whale, nor man, nor fiend, can so much as graze old Ahab in his own proper and inaccessible being. Can any lead touch yonder floor, any mast scrape yonder roof? —Aloft there! which way?"

"Dead to leeward, sir."

"Up helm, then; pile on the sail again, shipkeepers! down the rest of the spare boats and rig them—Mr. Starbuck, away, and muster the boat's crews."

"Let me first help thee towards the bulwarks, sir."

"Oh, oh, oh! how this splinter gores me now! Accursed fate! that the unconquerable captain in the soul should have such a craven mate!"

"Sir?"

"My body, man, not thee. Give me something for a cane—there, that shivered lance will do. Muster the men. Surely I have not seen him yet. By heaven, it can not be!—missing?—quick! call them all."

The old man's hinted thought was true. Upon mustering the company, the Parsee was not there.

"The Parsee!" cried Stubb— "he must have been caught in——"

"The black vomit wrench thee!—run all of ye above, alow, cabin, forecastle—find him—not gone—not gone!"

But quickly they returned to him with the tidings that the Parsee was nowhere to be found.

"Aye, sir," said Stubb—"caught among the tangles of your line—I thought I saw him dragging under."

"*My* line? *my* line? Gone?—gone? What means that little word?—What death-knell rings in it, that old Ahab shakes as if he were the belfry. The harpoon, too! —toss over the litter there,—d'ye see it?—the forged iron, men, the white whale's—no, no, no,—blistered fool! this hand did dart it!—'tis in the fish!—Aloft there! Keep him nailed—Quick!—all hands to the rigging of the boats—collect the oars—harpooneers! the irons, the irons!—hoist the royals higher—a pull on all the sheets!—helm there! steady, steady for your life! I'll ten times girdle the unmeasured globe; yea and dive straight through it, but I'll slay him yet!"

"Great God! but for one single instant show thyself," cried Starbuck; "never never wilt thou capture him, old man.—In Jesus' name no more of this, that's worse than devil's madness. Two days chased; twice stove to splinters; thy very leg once more snatched from under thee; thy evil shadow gone—all good angels mobbing thee with warnings:—what more wouldst thou have?—Shall we keep chasing this murderous fish till he swamps the last man? Shall we be dragged by him to the bottom of the sea? Shall we be towed by him to the infernal world? Oh, oh!—Impiety and blasphemy to hunt him more!"

"Starbuck, of late I've felt strangely moved to thee; ever since that hour we both saw—thou know'st what, in one another's eyes. But in this matter of the whale, be the front of thy face to me as the palm of this hand—a lipless, unfeatured blank. Ahab is for ever Ahab, man. This whole act's immutably decreed. 'Twas rehearsed by thee and me a billion years before this ocean rolled. Fool! I am the Fates' lieutenant; I act under orders. Look thou, underling! that thou obeyest mine.—Stand round me, men. Ye see an old man cut down to the stump; leaning on a shivered lance; propped up on a lonely foot. 'Tis Ahab—his body's part; but Ahab's soul's a centipede, that moves upon a hundred legs. I feel strained, half stranded, as ropes that tow dismasted frigates in a gale; and I may look so. But ere I break, ye'll hear me crack; and till ye hear *that*, know that Ahab's hawser tows his purpose yet. Believe ye, men, in the things called omens? Then laugh aloud, and cry encore! For ere they drown, drowning things will twice rise to the surface; then rise again, to sink for evermore. So with Moby Dick—two days he's floated—to-morrow will be the third. Aye, men, he'll rise once more—but only to spout his last! D'ye feel brave men, brave?"

"As fearless fire," cried Stubb.

"And as mechanical," muttered Ahab. Then as the men went forward, he muttered on:—"The things called omens! And yesterday I talked the same to Starbuck there, concerning my broken boat. Oh! how valiantly I seek to drive out of others' hearts what's clinched so fast in mine!—The Parsee—the Parsee!—gone, gone? and he was to go before:—but still was to be seen again ere I could perish—How's that?—There's a riddle now might baffle all the lawyers backed by the ghosts of the whole line of judges:—like a hawk's beak it pecks my brain. *I'll, I'll* solve it, though!"

When dusk descended, the whale was still in sight to leeward.

So once more the sail was shortened, and everything passed nearly as on the previous night; only, the sound of hammers, and the hum of the grindstone was heard till nearly daylight, as the men toiled by lanterns in the complete and careful rigging of the spare boats and sharpening their fresh weapons for the morrow. Meantime, of the broken keel of Ahab's wrecked craft the carpenter made him another leg; while still as on the night before, slouched Ahab stood fixed within his scuttle; his hid heliotrope glance anticipatingly gone backward on its dial; set due eastward for the earliest sun.

THE CHASE—THIRD DAY

THE morning of the third day dawned fair and fresh, and once more the solitary night man at the fore-masthead was relieved by crowds of the daylight lookouts, who dotted every mast and almost every spar.

"D'ye see him?" cried Ahab; but the whale was not yet in sight.

"In his infallible wake, though; but follow that wake, that's all. Helm there; steady, as thou goest, and hast been going. What a lovely day again! were it a new-made world, and made for a summer-house to the angels, and this morning the first of its throwing open to them, a fairer day could not dawn upon that world. Here's food for thought, had Ahab time to think, but Ahab never thinks; he only feels, feels, feels, *that's* tingling enough for mortal man! to think's audacity. God only has that right and privilege. Thinking is or ought to be, a coolness and a calmness; and our poor hearts throb, and our poor brains beat too much for that. And yet, I've sometimes thought my brain was very calm—frozen calm, this old skull cracks so, like a glass in which the contents turn to ice, and shiver it. And still this hair is growing now; this moment growing, and heat must breed it; but no, it's like that sort of common grass that will grow anywhere, between the earthly clefts of Greenland ice or in Vesuvius lava. How the wild winds blow it; they whip it about me as the torn shreds of split sails lash the tossed ship they cling to. A vile wind that has no doubt blown ere this through prison corridors and cells, and wards of hospitals, and ventilated them, and now comes blowing hither as innocent as fleeces. Out upon it!—it's tainted. Were I the wind, I'd blow no more on such a wicked, miserable world. I'd crawl somewhere to a cave, and slink there. And yet, 'tis a noble and heroic thing, the wind! who ever conquered it? In every fight it has the last and bitterest blow. Run tilting at it, and you but run through it. Ha! a coward wind that strikes stark naked men, but will not stand to receive a single blow. Even Ahab is a braver thing—a nobler thing than *that*. Would now the wind but had a body; but all the things that most exasperate and outrage mortal man, all these things are bodiless, but only bodiless as objects, not as agents. There's a most special, a most cunning, oh, a most malicious difference! And yet, I say again, and swear it now, that there's something all glorious and gracious in the wind. These warm Trade Winds, at least, that in the clear heavens blow straight on, in strong and steadfast, vigorous mildness; and veer not from their mark, however the baser currents of the sea may turn and tack, and mightiest Mississippis of the land shift and swerve about, uncertain where to go at last. And by the eternal Poles! these same Trades that so directly blow my good ship on; these Trades, or something like them—something so unchangeable, and full as strong, blow my keeled soul along! To it! Aloft there! What d'ye see?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Nothing! and noon at hand! The doubloon goes abegging! See the sun! Aye, aye, it must be so. I've oversailed him. How, got the start? Aye, he's chasing *me* now; not I, *him*—that's bad; I might have known it, too. Fool! the lines—the harpoons he's towing. Aye, aye, I have run him by last night. About! about! Come down, all of ye, but the regular lookouts! Man the braces!"

Steering as she had done, the wind had been somewhat on the *Pequod's* quarter, so that now being pointed in the reverse direction, the braced ship sailed hard upon the breeze as she rechurned the cream in her own white wake.

"Against the wind he now steers for the open jaw," murmured Starbuck to himself, as he coiled the new-hauled main-brace upon the rail. "God keep us, but already my bones feel damp within me, and from the inside wet my flesh. I misdoubt me that I disobey my God in obeying him!"

"Stand by to sway me up!" cried Ahab, advancing to the hempen basket. "We should meet him soon."

"Aye, aye, sir," and straightway Starbuck did Ahab's bidding, and once more Ahab swung on high.

A whole hour now passed; gold-beaten out to ages. Time itself now held long breaths with keen suspense. But at last, some three points off the weather-bow, Ahab descried the spout again, and instantly from the three mastheads three shrieks went up as if the tongues of fire had voiced it.

"Forehead to forehead I meet thee, this third time, Moby Dick! On deck there!—brace sharper up; crowd her into the wind's eye. He's too far off to lower yet, Mr. Starbuck. The sails shake! Stand over that helmsman with a topmaul! So, so; he travels fast, and I must down. But let me have one more good round look aloft here at the sea; there's time for that. An old, old sight, and yet somehow so young; aye, and not changed a wink since I first saw it, a boy, from the sandhills of Nantucket! The same!—the same!—the same to Noah as to me. There's a soft shower to leeward. Such lovely leewardings! They must lead somewhere—to something else than common land, more palmy than the palms. Leeward! the white whale goes that way; look to windward, then; the better if the bitterer quarter. But good-bye, good-bye, old masthead! What's this?—green? ay, tiny mosses in these warped cracks. No such green weather stains on Ahab's head! There's the difference now between man's old age and matter's. But aye, old mast, we both grow old together; sound in our hulls, though, are we not, my ship? Aye, minus a leg, that's all. By heaven! this dead wood has the better of my live flesh every way. I can't compare with it; and I've known some ships made of dead trees outlast the lives of men made of the most vital stuff of vital fathers. What's that he said? he should still go before me, my pilot; and yet to be seen again? But where? Shall I have eyes at the bottom of the sea, supposing I descend those endless stairs? and all night I've been sailing from him, wherever he did sink to. Aye, aye, like many more thou told'st direful truth as touching thyself, O Parsee; but Ahab, there thy shot fell short. Good-bye, masthead—keep a good eye upon the whale, the while I'm gone. We'll talk to-morrow, nay, to-night, when the white whale lies down there, tied by head and tail."

He gave the word; and still gazing round him, was steadily lowered through the cloven blue air to the deck.

In due time the boats were lowered; but as standing in his shallop's stern, Ahab just hovered upon the point of the descent, he waved to the mate,—who held one of the tackle-ropes on deck—and bade him pause.

"Starbuck!"

"Sir?"

"For the third time my soul's ship starts upon this voyage, Starbuck."

"Aye, sir, thou wilt have it so."

"Some ships sail from their ports, and ever afterwards are missing, Starbuck!"

"Truth, sir: saddest truth."

"Some men die at ebb tide; some at low water; some at the full of the flood;—and I feel now like a billow that's all one crested comb, Starbuck. I am old;—shake hands with me, man."

Their hands met; their eyes fastened; Starbuck's tears the glue.

"Oh, my captain, my captain!—noble heart—go not—go not!—see, it's a brave man that weeps; how great the agony of the persuasion then!"

"Lower away!"—cried Ahab, tossing the mate's arm from him. "Stand by the crew!"

In an instant the boat was pulling round close under the stern.

"The sharks! the sharks!" cried a voice from the low cabin-window there; "O master, my master, come back!"

But Ahab heard nothing; for his own voice was high-lifted then; and the boat leaped on.

Yet the voice spake true; for scarce had he pushed from the ship, when numbers of sharks, seemingly rising from out the dark waters beneath the hull, maliciously snapped at the blades of the oars, every time they dipped in the water; and in this way accompanied the boat with their bites. It is a thing not uncommonly happening to the whale-boats in those swarming seas; the sharks at times apparently following them in the same prescient way that vultures hover over the banners of marching regiments in the East. But these were the first sharks that had been observed by the *Pequod* since the White Whale had been first descried; and whether it was that Ahab's crew were all such tiger-yellow barbarians, and therefore their flesh more musky to the sense of the sharks—a matter sometimes well known to affect them,—however it was, they seemed to follow that one boat without molesting the others.

"Heart of wrought steel!" murmured Starbuck, gazing over the side, and following with his eyes the receding boat—"canst thou yet ring boldly to that sight?—lowering thy keel among ravening sharks, and followed by them, open-mouthed, to the chase; and this the critical third day?—For when three days flow together in one continuous intense pursuit; be sure the first is the morning, the second the noon, and the third the evening and the end of that thing—be that end what it may. Oh! my God! what is this that shoots through me, and leaves me so deadly calm, yet expectant,—fixed at the top of a shudder! Future things swim before me, as in empty outlines and skeletons; all the past is somehow grown dim. Mary, girl! thou fadest in pale glories behind me; boy! I seem to see but thy eyes grown wondrous blue. Strangest problems of life seem clearing; but clouds sweep between—Is my journey's end coming? My legs feel faint; like his who has footed it all day. Feel thy heart,—beats it yet?—Stir thyself, Starbuck!—stave it off—move, move! speak aloud!—Masthead there! See ye my boy's hand on the hill?—Crazed;—aloft there!—keep thy keenest eye upon the boats:—mark well the whale!—Ho! again!—drive off that hawk! see! he pecks—he tears the vane"—pointing to the red flag flying at the main-truck—"Ha! he soars away with it!—Where's the old man now? sees't thou that sight, Oh Ahab!—shudder, shudder!"

The boats had not gone very far, when by a signal from the mastheads—a downward pointed arm, Ahab knew that the whale had sounded; but intending to be near him at the next rising, he held on his way a little sideways from the vessel; the becharmed crew maintaining the profoundest silence, as the head-beat waves hammered and hammered against the opposing bow.

"Drive, drive in your nails, oh ye waves! to their uttermost heads drive them in! ye but strike a thing without a lid; and no coffin and no hearse can be mine:—and hemp only can kill me! Ha! ha!"

Suddenly the waters around them slowly swelled in broad cricles; then quickly upheaved, as if sideways sliding from a submerged berg of ice, swiftly rising to the surface. A low rumbling sound was heard; a subterraneous hum; and then all held their breaths; as bedraggled with trailing ropes, and harpoons, and lances, a vast form shot lengthwise, but obliquely from the sea. Shrouded in a thin drooping veil of mist, it hovered for a moment in the rainbowed air; and then feel swamping back into the deep. Crushed thirty feet upwards, the waters flashed for an instant like heaps of fountains, then brokenly sank in a shower of flakes, leaving the circling surface creamed like new milk round the marble trunk of the whale.

"Give way!" cried Ahab to the oarsmen and the boats darted forward to the attack; but maddened by yesterday's fresh irons that corroded in him, Moby Dick seemed combinedly possessed by all the angels that fell from heaven. The wide tiers of welded tendons overspreading his broad white forehead, beneath the transparent skin, looked knitted together; as head on, he came churning his tail among the boats; and once more flailed them apart; spilling out the irons and lances from the two mates' boats, and dashing in one side of the upper part of their bows, but leaving Ahab's almost without a scar.

While Daggoo and Queequeg were stopping the strained planks; and as the whale swimming out from them, turned, and showed one entire flank as he shot by them again; at that moment a quick cry went up. Lashed round and round to the fish's back; pinioned in the turns upon turns in which, during the past night, the whale had reeled the involutions of the lines around him, the half torn body of the Parsee was seen; his sable raiment frayed to shreds; his distended eyes turned full upon old Ahab.

The harpoon dropped from his hand.

"Befooled, befooled!"—drawing in a long lean breath—"Aye, Parsee! I see thee again.—Aye, and thou goest before; and this, *this* then is the hearse that thou didst promise. But I hold thee to the last letter of thy word. Where is the second hearse? Away, mates, to the ship! those boats are useless now; repair them if ye can in time, and return to me; if not, Ahab is enough to die—Down, men! the first thing that but offers to jump from this boat I stand in, that thing I harpoon. Ye are not other men, but my arms and my legs; and so obey me.—Where's the whale? gone down again?"

But he looked too nigh the boat; for as if bent upon escaping with the corpse he bore, and as if the particular place of the last encounter had been but a stage in his leeward voyage, Moby Dick was now again steadily swimming forward; and had almost passed the ship,—which thus far had been sailing in the contrary direction to him, though for the present her headway had been stopped. He seemed swimming with his utmost velocity, and now only intent upon pursuing his own straight path in the sea.

"Oh! Ahab," cried Starbuck, "not too late is it, even now, the third day, to desist. See! Moby Dick seeks thee not. It is thou, thou, that madly seekest him!"

Setting sail to the rising wind, the lonely boat was swiftly impelled to leeward, by both oars and canvas. And at last when Ahab was sliding by the vessel, so near as plainly to distinguish Starbuck's face as he leaned over the rail, he hailed him to turn the vessel about, and follow him, not too swiftly, at a judicious interval. Glancing upwards, he saw Tashtego, Queequeg, and Daggoo, eagerly mounting to the three mastheads; while the oarsmen were rocking in the two staved boats which had just been hoisted to the side, and were busily at work in repairing them. One after the other, through the port-holes, as he sped, he also caught flying glimpses of Stubb and Flask, busying themselves on deck among bundles of new irons and lances. As he saw all this; as he heard the hammers in the broken boats; far other hammers seemed driving a nail into his heart. But he rallied. And now marking that the vane or flag was gone from the main masthead, he shouted to Tashtego, who had just gained that perch, to descend again for another flag, and a hammer and nails, and so nail it to the mast.

Whether fagged by the three days' running chase, and the resistance to his swimming in the knotted hamper he bore; or whether it was some latent deceitfulness and malice in him: whichever was true, the White Whale's way now began to abate, as it seemed, from the boat so rapidly nearing him once more; though indeed the whale's last start had not been so long a one as before. And still as Ahab glided over the waves the unpitying sharks accompanied him; and so pertinaciously stuck to the boat; and so continually bit at the plying oars, that the blades became jagged and crunched, and left small splinters in the sea, at almost every dip.

"Heed them not! those teeth but give new rowlocks to your oars. Pull on! 'tis the better rest, the shark's jaw than the yielding water."

"But at every bite, sir, the thin blades grow smaller and smaller!"

"They will last long enough! pull on!—But who can tell"—he muttered—"whether these sharks swim to feast on a whale or on Ahab?—But pull on! Aye, all alive, now—we near him. The helm! take the helm; let me pass,"—and so saying, two of the oarsmen helped him forward to the bows of the still flying boat.

At length as the craft was cast to one side, and ran ranging along with the White Whale's flank, he seemed strangely oblivious of its advance—as the whale sometimes will—and Ahab was fairly within the smoky mountain mist, which, thrown off from the whale's spout, curled round his great, Monadnock hump. He was even thus close to him; when, with body arched back, and both arms lengthwise high-lifted to the poise, he darted his fierce iron, and his far fiercer curse into the hated whale. As both steel and curse sank to the socket, as if sucked into a morass, Moby

Dick sideways writhed; spasmodically rolled his nigh flank against the bow, and, without staving a hole in it, so suddenly canted the boat over, that had it not been for the elevated part of the gunwale to which he then clung, Ahab would once more have been tossed into the sea. As it was, three of the oarsmen—who foreknew not the precise instant of the dart, and were therefore unprepared for its effects—these were flung out; but so fell, that, in an instant two of them clutched the gunwale again, and rising to its level on a combing wave, hurled themselves bodily inboard again; the third man helplessly drooping astern, but still afloat and swimming.

Almost simultaneously, with a mighty volition of ungraduated, instantaneous swiftness, the White Whale darted through the weltering sea. But when Ahab cried out to the steersman to take new turns with the line, and hold it so; and commanded the crew to turn round on their seats, and tow the boat up to the mark; the moment the treacherous line felt that double strain and tug, it snapped in the empty air!

"What breaks in me? Some sinew cracks! —'tis whole again; oars! oars! Burst in upon him!"

Hearing the tremendous rush of the sea-crashing boat, the whale wheeled round to present his blank forehead at bay; but in that evolution, catching sight of the nearing black hull of the ship; seemingly seeing in it the source of all his persecutions; bethinking it—it may be—a larger and nobler foe; of a sudden, he bore down upon its advancing prow, smiting his jaws amid fiery showers of foam.

Ahab staggered; his hand smote his forehead. "I grow blind; hands! stretch out before me that I may yet grope my way. Is't nigh?"

"The whale! The ship!" cried the cringing oarsmen.

"Oars! oars! Slope downwards to thy depths, O sea, that ere it be for ever too late, Ahab may slide this last, last time upon his mark! I see: the ship! the ship! Dash on, my men! Will ye not save my ship?"

But as the oarsmen violently forced their boat through the sledge-hammering seas, the before whale-smitten bow-ends of two planks burst through, and in an instant almost, the temporarily disabled boat lay nearly level with the waves; its half-wading, splashing crew, trying hard to stop the gap and bale out the pouring water.

Meantime, for that one beholding instant, Tashtego's masthead hammer remained suspended in his hand; and the red flag, half-wrapping him as with a plaid, then streamed itself straight out from him, as his own forward-flowing heart; while Starbuck and Stubb, standing upon the bowsprit beneath, caught sight of the down-coming monster just as soon as he.

"The whale, the whale! Up helm, up helm! Oh, all ye sweet powers of air, now hug me close! Let not Starbuck die, if die he must, in a woman's fainting fit. Up helm, I say—ye fools, the jaw! the jaw! Is this the end of all my bursting prayers? all my life-long fidelities? Oh, Ahab, Ahab, lo, thy work. Steady! helmsman, steady. Nay, nay! Up helm again! He turns to meet us! Oh, his unappeasable brow drives on toward one, whose duty tells him he cannot depart. My God, stand by me now!

"Stand not by me, but stand under me, whoever you are that will now help Stubb; for Stubb, too, sticks here. I grin at thee, thou grinning whale! Whoever helped Stubb, or kept Stubb awake, but Stubb's own unwinking eye? And now poor Stubb goes to bed upon a mattress that is all too soft; would it were stuffed with brushwood! I grin at thee, thou grinning whale! Look ye, sun, moon and stars! I call ye assassins of as good a fellow as ever spouted up his ghost. For all that, I would yet ring glasses with ye, would ye but hand the cup! Oh, oh, oh, oh! thou grinning whale, but there'll be plenty of gulping soon! Why fly ye not, O, Ahab? For me, off shoes and jacket to it, let Stubb die in his drawers! A most moldy and over-salted death, though;—cherries! cherries! cherries! Oh, Flask, for one red cherry ere we die!

"Cherries? I only wish that we were where they grow. Oh, Stubb, I hope my poor mother's drawn my part-pay ere this; if not, few coppers will come to her now, for the voyage is up."

From the ship's bows, nearly all the seamen now hung inactive; hammers, bits of plank, lances, and harpoons, mechanically retained in their hands, just as they had darted from their various employments; all their enchanted eyes intent upon the whale, which from side to side strangely vibrating his predestinating head, sent a broad band of overspreading semicircular foam before him as he rushed. Retribution, swift vengeance, eternal malice were in his whole aspect, and spite of all that mortal man could do, the solid white buttress of his forehead smote the ship's starboard bow, till men and timbers reeled. Some fell flat upon their faces. Like dislodged trucks, the heads of the harpooneers aloft shook on their bull-like necks. Through the breach, they heard the waters pour, as mountain torrents down a flume.

"The ship! The hearse!—the second hearse!" cried Ahab from the boat; "its wood could only be American!"

Diving beneath the settling ship, the Whale ran quivering along its keel; but turning under water, swiftly shot to the surface again, far off the other bow, but within a few yards of Ahab's boat, where for a time, he lay quiescent.

"I turn my body from the sun. What ho, Tashtego! let me hear thy hammer. Oh! ye three unsurrendered spires of mine; thou uncracked keel; and only god-bullied hull; thou firm deck, and haughty helm, and Pole-pointed prow,—death-glorious ship! must ye then perish, and without me? Am I cut off from the last fond pride of meanest shipwrecked captains? Oh, lonely death on lonely life! Oh, now I feel my topmost greatness lies in my topmost grief. Ho, ho! from all your furthest bounds, pour ye now in, ye bold billows of my whole foregone life, and top this one piled comber of my death! Toward thee I roll, thou all-destroying but unconquering whale; to the last I grapple with thee; from hell's heart I stab at thee; for hate's sake I spit my last breath at thee. Sink all coffins and all hearses to one common pool! and since neither can be mine let me then tow to pieces, while still chasing thee, though tied to thee, thou damned whale! *Thus*, I give up the spear!"

The harpoon was darted; the stricken whale flew forward; with igniting velocity the line ran through the groove; ran foul. Ahab stopped to clear it; he did clear it; but the flying turn caught him round the neck, and voicelessly as Turkish mutes bow-string their victim, he was shot out of the boat, ere the crew knew he was gone. Next instant, the heavy eyesplice in the rope's final end flew out of the stark-empty tub, knocked down an oarsman, and smiting the sea, disappeared in its depths.

For an instant, the tranced boat's crew stood still; then turned. "The ship? Great God, where is the ship?" Soon they through dim, bewildering mediums saw her sidelong fading phantom, as in the gaseous Fata Morgana; only the uppermost masts out of water; while fixed by infatuation, or fidelity, or fate, to their once lofty perches, the pagan harpooneers still maintained their sinking lookouts on the sea. And now, concentric circles seized the lone boat itself and all its crew, and each floating oar, and every lance-pole, and spinning, animate and inanimate, all round and round in one vortex, carried the smallest chip of the *Pequod* out of sight.

But as the last whelmings intermixingly poured themselves over the sunken head of the Indian at the mainmast, leaving a few inches of the erect spar yet visible, together with long streaming yards of the flag, which calmly undulated, with ironical coincidings, over the destroying billows they almost touched;—at that instant, a red arm and a hammer hovered backwardly uplifted in the open air, in the act of nailing the flag faster and yet faster to the subsiding spar. A sky-hawk that tauntingly had followed the main-truck downwards from its natural home among the stars, pecking at the flag, and incommoding Tashtego there; this bird now chanced to intercept its broad fluttering wing between the hammer and the wood; and simultaneously feeling that ethereal thrill, the submerged savage beneath, in his death-gasp, kept his hammer frozen there; and so the bird of heaven, with unearthly shrieks, and his imperial beak thrust upwards, and his whole captive form folded in the flag of Ahab, went down with his ship, which, like Satan, would not sink to hell till she had dragged a living part of heaven along with her, and helmeted herself with it.

Now small fowls flew screaming over the yet yawning gulf; a sullen white surf beat against its steep sides; then all collapsed, and the great shroud of the sea rolled on as it rolled five thousand years ago.

EPILOGUE

"And I only am escaped alone to tell thee." *Job.*

THE drama's done. Why then here does anyone step forth?—Because one did survive the wreck.

It so chanced, that after the Parsee's disappearance, I was he whom the Fates ordained to take the place of Ahab's bowsman, when that bowsman assumed the vacant post; the same, who, when on the last day the three men were tossed from out the rocky boat, was dropped astern. So floating on the margin of the ensuing scene, and in full sight of it, when the half-spent suction of the sunk ship reached me, I was then, but slowly, drawn toward the closing vortex. When I reached it, it had subsided to a creamy pool. Round and round, then, and ever contracting toward the button-like black bubble at the axis of that slowly wheeling circle, like another Ixion I did revolve. Till, gaining that vital center, the black bubble upward burst; and now, liberated by reason of its cunning spring, and, owing to its great buoyancy, rising with great force, the coffin life-buoy shot lengthwise from the sea, fell over, and floated by my side. Buoyed up by that coffin, for almost one whole day and night, I floated on a soft and dirge-like main. The unharming sharks, they glided by as if with padlocks on their mouths; the savage sea-hawks sailed with sheathed beaks. On the second day, a sail drew near, nearer, and picked me up at last. It was the devious cruising *Rachel*, that in her retracing search after her missing children, only found another orphan.

Modern Love

(*A Fragment*)

By JOHN KEATS

AND what is love? It is a doll dress'd up
For idleness to cosset, nurse, and dawdle;
A thing of soft misnomers, so divine
That silly youth doth think to make itself
Divine by loving, and so goes on
Yawning and doting a whole summer long,
Till Miss's comb is made a pearl tiara,
And common Wellingtons turn Romeo boots;
Then Cleopatra lives at number seven,
And Antony resides in Brunswick Square.
Fools! if some passions high have warm'd the world,
If Queens and Soldiers have play'd deep for hearts,
It is no reason why such agonies
Should be more common than the growth of weeds.
Fools! make me whole again that weighty pearl
The Queen of Egypt melted, and I'll say
That ye may love in spite of beaver hats.

An Afghan's Love

By TCHERKESS KHAN

Translated by Achmed Abdullah

AS the ant brought to Solomon the King,
The thigh of a grasshopper as an offering,
So do I bring to thee, beloved, my soul.

I have placed my head and my heart
On the sill of the door of thy love:
Step gently, child!

One of Those Nice Little Evenings

By STEPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN

YES, all this happened very much as I tell it, some time ago, of course—in fact, when the world was young.

The spring air was soft and sweet. The sun was declining. Dino and I were sitting in Giacosa's, on Via Tornabuoni, in Florence. Dino was languidly scraping away at a raspberry sherbet. Suddenly he asked me, "What are your views about reincarnation?"

But to relish this inquiry one ought to know more about Dino.

His full name is Don Dino d'Idria. He is the youngest son of a titled, vain, impoverished Tuscan family. Of course he has never done a stroke of work in his life. At eleven o'clock in the morning he rises, reads a little d'Annunzio, de Maupassant, or something like that; arrays himself like the lilies, and saunters forth to brighten the streets. In the afternoon he supports the façade of the Nobles' Club in Via Tornabuoni, resting himself from time to time by sitting down in Doney's or Giacosa's. At the hour of promenade he is likely to take some exercise in Cascine Park, reclining on the small of his back in a cab, and bowing to left and right. As for the evening, to spend it with him is to draw a lottery-ticket from the hat of Fate.

In person Don Dino is striking. He would seem short, perhaps, if his lacquered boots were not furnished with heels two inches high. His figure, however, is admirable, due to the habit of Florentine tailors of cutting in the waist, and belling the skirts, and running the trousers up so high that they form an excellent substitute for a pair of stays. He wears his hat well on the back of his head, his gloves turned over his wrists, his cane handle hooked on his arm like an officer's sword, his handkerchief in his cuff, close to the gold link bracelet that has a history. The ladies adore him, and he is aware that they do.

"And what," asked this butterfly, "are your views on reincarnation?"

"Look here, Dino. Even supposing your latest inamorata goes in for theosophy, don't try to bone up at my expense toward seven o'clock on a beautiful evening of spring, when every one else is happy."

At that moment, as if to belie my last words, a tall young man with sandy curls and freckles plumped himself down at our table and buried his face in his hands.

"Who's this?" Dino whispered.

"An Englishman named Percival Lassofram."

"And why is he plunged in despair?"

"Despair is his habit."

"Will he go away soon?"

"Most likely he'll still be with us at midnight."

Sighing, Dino addressed the newcomer politely, "Signore, we may as well warn you that we always talk about deep, dry, uninteresting things—for instance, reincarnation."

Mr. Lassofram raised his face, fixed his mournful eyes on Dino, and shook his head in reproof. "You ought to employ your time with sensible conversation. I'll wager you know very little about the medieval landmarks of Paris?"

"Nothing, thank Heaven!"

"In that case, high time you did." And in sepulchral monotone he began to lecture about the medieval landmarks of Paris.

But a word of explanation.

Percival Lassofram comes of good north-of-England stock. In his early youth he was expected to make some sort of reputable career. At Oxford, however, fatality impelled him to write a thesis on "The Probable Position of the Fourth Gate of the Cemetery of the Innocents, in Paris, Anno Domini 1453." That false step had ruined him; his subsequent existence had been one long debauch in medieval research.

On the present occasion he wore a homespun suit the pockets of which were distended with rubbish like gunnysacks on a donkey. His sleeves and trousers were short length even for British wear. The cut of his jacket round the neck suggested that he had taken it away from some little boy. In his emerald-green cravat he wore a stick-pin supposed to be made of a tooth of Philippe de Commines.

"Now, then," he was mumbling, "if we glance at the streets of the university quarter of Paris we find, in the fifteenth century, Rue Sacalie, Rue Arondelle, La Rue Pavée——"

All at once we noticed that there were not three, but four of us at the table.

A small, pallid man, with tufts of black beard all over his chin; with delicate, twitching features and bulbous brow, sat listening to Mr. Lassofram with a satirical grin. He wore a Byronic collar, a Windsor tie, a frock-coat with velvet cuffs, and purple pantaloons. Dino made an instinctive gesture as though to touch the intruder and find out whether or not he was real. I recovered myself and stammered:

"Don Dino d'Idria and Mr. Percival Lassofram, I present Monsieur Demoustier, the eminent French poet."

Monsieur Demoustier settled down in his chair and dreamily batted his eyes. Mr. Lassofram informed him:

"We were discussing the medieval landmarks of Paris."

"And also," Dino amended, "reincarnation."

Monsieur Demoustier replied in a slightly hysterical voice, "Both topics are familiar to me, for I happen to be the reincarnation of François Villon."

With which, just as if we had pressed him to continue, he drifted into a rigmarole of his own—a rambling tale of crime and poesy, of pothouse and gallows, of kisses and stabbings and prayers; in fine, a slap-dash synopsis of François Villon's life, which he was pleased to pretend had once been his. At first, with his staring eyeballs and quivering whiskers, he held us fascinated, just as a voluble bogy might. But when he showed no signs of fatigue we rose and made for the street. He accompanied us, still talking of François Villon. We walked along Via Tornabuoni, we bowed to our friends, we bought cigars which we thrust into the eminent poet's mouth, but still he continued talking of François Villon. We hurried into Piazza Vittorio; we sat down at a café table; we tried to gag him with syrupy beverages, but still he continued talking of François Villon. We told him that a beautiful lady was beckoning to him, that he showed all the symptoms of cholera, that his house was on fire, but still he continued talking of François Villon. We consulted in hoarse whispers:

"Apparently this pest is going to be with us till sunrise."

"All the same, need he keep us from eating?"

"Let's dine at the Alhambra, where we can look at a show."

"Good enough. Arianna is singing there this week."

"Hurrah! We'll ask her to dinner."

So, packing ourselves in a cab, we set out for the Alhambra.

The coachman cracking his whip, the horse sending sparks from the cobbles, we bowled through Via Pietra Piana. That narrow, crowded street swam in dusk, was shot with shafts of lamplight, re-echoed with laughter and cheery cries. Behind us the green and amethyst afterglow was fading fast; ahead, above the roofs of old palaces, the sky was dotted with stars. The walls fled back; Piazza Beccheria surrounded us; we alighted before the Alhambra. And still Monsieur Demoustier was talking of François Villon.

Under the trees, on the terrace to the left of the stage, above the pit with its huddle of iron tables, we ordered dinner—spaghetti, stuffed egg-plants, filets of beef with chopped garlic, white truffle salad, all the fruits of the season. And just at that moment who should be passing but Arianna. And when we had asked her to dinner, where should she chance to sit but alongside of me.

Arianna is beautiful in various ways. For those who admire brunettes, there are her eyes and brows; for amateurs of blondes, there is her flaxen hair. She is slender, and yet somehow she is not. She is tall on the stage, but not so tall in the street. When she looks at you with grave lips, she seems about twelve years old; when she smiles one accepts the story that three young men have tried suicide on her account. Her hands and feet are dainty; her cheek is like the skin of a ripe yellow peach; her manners are modeled after those of princesses whom she has watched in Cascine Park and on the Pincian Hill. She was born in old Naples, five flights aloft in an alley; her father was probably a Camorrista; her mother sang on the sidewalks. Arianna has proved that environment and heredity have nothing to do with success.

Arianna is one of the few that you can bear to contemplate while she is eating spaghetti. She does not coil that noble food round her fork like a timid American.

She does not, as do prudish English girls, cut it up into fragments and smuggle it down like string-beans. Somehow she establishes between her lovely mouth and the plate a continuous current of dough, without disarranging her face, without losing a bit of her daintiness, without ceasing for an instant to be ideal. And when the spaghetti has all disappeared one loves Arianna the more because, while as exquisite as a flower, she has such an appetite!

We whispered together, like those who confess pet frailties, of the cookery we liked best: macaroni with Neapolitan shellfish, young lamb in anchovy sauce, figs and ham, grilled eels with bay-leaves, and so on, and so on, and so on. "How strange," Arianna mused, "that our tastes are so much alike!" And I was emboldened to utter that famous phrase, "We seem made for each other!"

But just then Arianna had to clap her hands to her ears, for Mr. Lassofram was checking off his medieval landmarks again, and Dino was once more trying to talk theosophy, while Monsieur Demoustier, in his high, hysterical voice, was drowning out every one with the same old balderdash.

"What's the matter with that Frenchman?" Arianna inquired of me.

"The wretch is the reincarnation of François Villon."

"François?"

"An old song-writing apache of Paris."

"His stuff is good?"

"So-so."

"Send me something of his. My songs are all poor this year. Any other artist would surely have failed with them."

"The theosophists tell us," Dino was saying, "that man has seven bodies, though three are only a sort of ethereal gas. But three from seven leaves four; and with four material bodies no one can blame me for having a little more to eat."

"Then," Mr. Lassofram announced, in a loud and resolute tone, "when we turn to the streets in the *Cité*, we find, in the fifteenth century, Rue des Coulins, Rue Sainct-Christoffe, Rue Champ Roussy——"

"*Madonnina!*" cried Arianna, crossing herself. "Are all of them mad?"

"Have no fear. Snuggle up to me. I will protect you."

Arianna and I, huddled close together, consumed our *filetto alla Parigina.* She uses a perfume composed of bergamot, orange, rosemary, ambergris, musk, and rhodium, which she says she mixes herself. But because so delicate a scent is quickly dispelled by the air, in order to sense it properly one has to stick one's nose very close to Arianna's fair cheek. Unhappily, just at the psychological moment a fanfare of trumpets resounded, and I, being more or less overwrought, upset my plate in my lap.

The curtain rose. On the stage a young woman in a peculiar costume pranced to and fro, rolled her eyes, and shouted a song. When she finished, the only sound that ensued was the wrangling of Monsieur Demoustier and Mr. Percival Lassofram, as to whether, in François Villon's time, the Rue de Paon ran into the Rue de la Serpente.

"Ignoramus!"

"Take that to yourself!"

"I tell you I know my subject!"

"And I, monsieur, walked those streets myself in my incarnation as——"

"Frantic ass! I leave it to any one!"

"Very well," Arianna interrupted; "this gentleman shall decide." And she designated a tremendously stout, and abundantly bejeweled stranger, who, hovering over our table like a balloon, stared down at us from above a wealth of chins.

"Why that gentleman!"

"Why not?" Arianna retorted, and waved the Obese Unknown to a chair. He sat down, but with an effect of merely stopping a moment before floating up, in his scarlet waistcoat and shepherd-plaid suit and pearl gaiters, to add the magnificence of his scarf-pin and rings and fobs to the stars.

"Sir," said Monsieur Demoustier, intensely, "did or did not Rue du Paon give upon Rue de la Serpente?"

The Obese Unknown gazed at us vacantly. He raised his eyes to the foliage, took a sip of Arianna's coffee, at last pronounced:

"There is something to be said on both sides of that question. If Rue du Paon gave upon Rue de la Serpente, then Rue de la Serpente would seem to have given on Rue du Paon. If, on the other hand, Rue du Paon did not, neither, apparently, did Rue de la Serpente. Yet we have not only these quandaries already stated, but an infinite variety of closely related dilemmas, all of which must be investigated before the problem is solved. For instance, resorting to algebra, and letting x and y . . ."

Figuring on the table-cloth with a long gold pencil incrusted with opals, he rumbled into a monologue of his own. Dino, Percival Lassofram, Monsieur Demoustier, sinking down in their chairs, regarded the stranger with fallen jaws. I, for my part, sent a glance of reproach at Arianna.

But Arianna was gone!

The audience tolerated the various actors. A juggler earned three hand-claps, a mimic a "brava" or two, a dancer an encore. The house was saving its fire for Arianna.

The front rows of red-plush chairs were occupied by senile gentlemen whose faces had long ago shriveled up in the glare of footlights, by youths about town whose intention it was to look romantic when Arianna came on, by cavalry officers smart and gorgeous and haughty. The pit was crowded with family parties—old folk and children, married pairs and affianced, stout bersaglieri and pretty, pale cigaret-girls. The iron tables bristled with glasses of syrup and sherbet. Smoke hung overhead in a pale-blue film; the mingling leaves formed a net of arsenical green which caught a haze of star-dust.

But hark! As the curtain rises again the opening bars of "*La Bella Giardiniera*" are lost in a crash of applause. For it is Arianna who walks down the stage in a simple pink dress, erect, unassuming, and halts with a dazzling smile.

"To try to kiss her is a foolish thing,
The while she plucks her roses in the morn:
'Tis true her lips are perfumed with the spring,
And yet for every rose there is a thorn. . . ."

Dino, Mr. Lassofram, Monsieur Demoustier, and I, like all the crowd below us, hang breathless on the story of La Bella Giardiniera. But the Obese Unknown remains indifferent! Wheezing, smiting his brow, scribbling on the table-cloth already covered with mathematical signs, he persists at the problem of Rue du Paon and Rue de la Serpente. Surely inhuman beneath his elephantine tissues, to act like this while spring herself is caroling under these Italian stars! A roar of voices: "*Brava! Bravissima!*" The Obese Unknown, lifting his jowls from his scarlet waistcoat, exclaims, with a look of terrible exultation:

"I've solved it both ways!"

We ignore him. She sings again and again. The youths about town open their arms to her. The senile gentlemen utter cracked cries of joy. The army officers bang their sword-scabbards against the ground. The fathers of families, the fiancés, the bersaglieri hammer the iron-topped tables with beer and sherbet glasses. At last she vanishes and the stars seem dimmer. Dismissed to reality, we perceive that the Obese Unknown has removed the table-cloth, turned it wrong side up, and on it, with Dino's cane for a ruler, is marking off musical staves.

"And what's the meaning of this?"

"You see here a sheet of music, or, if you wish, a table-cloth of music. Taking pity on Arianna, I am about to compose a real song-hit." He peered into space, poised his opal-incrusted pencil, and suddenly warbled in waltz-time: "Mi, sol, si! Mi, sol, la! Mi, sol, si!"

Throwing himself across the table-cloth, he began marking in his notes.

"He is mad."

"Without a doubt."

"She's saddled us with a madman for the rest of the night."

Resentfully Dino and I watched the final act on the program. The stage was invaded by undersized acrobats in cream-colored tights, as eager for approbation as a lot of good little dogs. Yet despite the most violent efforts of these poor mountebanks, the audience showed that lethargy which follows excessive emotion. Many, indeed, with lowered heads ignored the performers, grew pensive, and doubtless dreamed of castles in Spain made doubly precious by Arianna's smile.

Meanwhile, to tne obbligato of flutes and fiddles, one heard Monsieur Demoustier maundering on and on about François Villon. But without the slightest warning Mr. Lassofram pulled the famous Parisian's nose.

Monsieur Demoustier gave vent to a howl, bounced up from the table, attempted to kick Mr. Lassofram with both feet at once. In consequence he came down with a thud upon the Obese Unknown, who, looking up sidewise while tracing a clef on the table-cloth, protested:

"In Heaven's name, have some regard for my afflatus!"

Whatever he meant by his afflatus, Dino and I now had the combatants in hand. And while we were struggling to maintain this tableau, all at once we noticed that Arianna was back.

"Well," she demanded, briskly, pulling on her gloves, "are we ready for supper?"

The Obese Unknown rolled up the table-cloth, linked arms with Arianna, and led the way out. Since Arianna was off, what had we others to do but follow after?

To the scandal of the assembled cab-drivers, we all piled into one vehicle.

Arianna was wedged between the Obese Unknown and myself. Mr. Lassofram and Dino perched themselves on the folding-seat. Monsieur Demoustier was sent to Coventry beside the driver. The latter inquired:

"Where to, ladies and gentlemen all?"

"To Ciofini's!"

"Get up, Bag of Bones, So-and-so of a So-and-so!"

Crack! Crack! Clackety-clack! We were off to supper.

As the cab careened through suburban streets I addressed Arianna: "That voice of yours! You're wasting it here. Have you never thought of Grand Opera?" She sent me a thrilling glance by the light of a lamp that whirled by. I raved on, "You ought to sing at La Scala, the Paris Opera House, the Metropolitan!"

It seemed to me the Obese Unknown was choking. But Arianna replied:

"That's where I'd be, indeed, if others had as much sense as you." And to prove it she uttered, full voice, the notes of Maliella in the "Jewels of the Madonna":

"I love thee, my love!
I am all thine!
Bear me away,
Strength more than mine!"

Of course, at this moment we had to reach Ciofini's.

Traversing the restaurant, we sallied out to the terrace. Here tables were scattered about beneath lamp-lit trees; beyond the railing expanded a lovely nocturnal landscape. We seemed to be either early or late; the only other patrons were two young cavalry officers in a corner.

"Ruggero! Ruggero! Ruggero!"

The faithful Ruggero, with Dundreary whiskers of pepper and salt, came tripping over his apron. He had only run to fetch for our inspection a plate of raw sole, fresh from Leghorn.

Straightway the Obese Unknown discovered a guitar in the pantry. Balancing this instrument across his abdomen, he struck a few chords and brilliantly played some bars of "Scheherezade."

"Who tangoes?" Arianna demanded.

I circled that exquisite waist with a trembling hand. The Obese Unknown plucked the strings, and delicately they buzzed to the air that Totonno sings:

"Larà, Larà, thou wilt make me die of love
for thee. . . ."

We tangoed. The breath of Arianna, as one turns with her from stepping in one direction and steps in another, is like the flowers of an Italian evening. The smile of Arianna, as she recedes and comes close, is like the dawn transfiguring a garden of lilies. The stars swam in circles; the purple-black trees made obeisance; the nightingales, in the hedges below the terrace, warbled their ecstasy. Boccaccio and Fiammetta, Petrarch and Laura, Catullus and Lesbia; rich shades and mellow lights; tinkling notes and the rustle of nature; bergamot, rosemary, ambergris, and the scent of the night breeze; Italy, beauty, illusions of romance!

The Obese Unknown, benignantly nodding, thrummed on with his swollen, bedizened fingers. The others, however, watched us morosely. One of the cavalry officers covered his eyes with his hands.

"Hesitation waltz!"

So the amiable guitarist produced some echoes from the "Tales of Hoffmann."

"Night sublime, oh, night of love,
Oh, smile on our embraces. . . ."

But the musician seemed dissatisfied with this fine old tune. At a word from him Ruggero held up before his eyes the Alhambra table-cloth. We had his own composition:

"Mi, sol, si! Mi, sol, la! Mi, sol, si!"

"Booby! Idiot! Insufferable blight!"

These words in English, a ripping sound, and a crash brought our waltz to a stop. Monsieur Demoustier had disappeared under the table. Mr. Lassofram, with a Berserk look, stood brandishing in his fist a Byronic collar and Windsor tie. It would seem that the eminent French poet had mentioned François Villon again.

But Monsieur Demoustier did not remain under the table. He rose with all his tufts of black beard on end; he cried out for a duel to the death, and, weeping, he begged the two young officers in the corner to act as his seconds.

This pair, almost unbearably gorgeous in their blue jackets with flaming cuffs, their dove-colored pantaloons, and their shiny swords, lost no time in joining us. With an air of mingled humility, pride, and delight they introduced themselves. Lieutenant Bartolommeo Luigi da Vita Avanzi, of the cavalry of Cremona, was the small, wiry, long-nosed youth with the large, liquid eyes, which fixed themselves violently on Arianna. Lieutenant Eduardo Rodolfo Cipollinetti Pollio, also of the Cremona cavalry, was the tall, waspwaisted, hollow-cheeked young man with the squint, which languorously focused itself on Arianna.

The soldiers, Dino, and the Obese Unknown consulted apart, the last, at every pause in the conversation, plucking sad chords from his guitar. Arianna informed me:

"They're all ridiculous except you."

"But I begin to feel a little flighty myself."

"Ha, ha, ha!" When Arianna laughs it is like a chime of bells in the Abbey of Thelème. "Ha, ha, ha! It's true; you're no better than other folks."

"Hang it all! Then let's go down and look at the nightingales."

"They're gone. It's too dark to see them. My slippers will be soaked with the dew."

Nevertheless, we went down from the terrace to look at the nightingales.

In the shadows of a neglected garden Arianna is like a nymph in the brake. The starlight, drained through the leaves, plays hide-and-seek with her eyes, her chin, her lips. The path is narrow; she walks ahead with a swaying gait. Her white, curling fingers brush the hedgetops; she stoops to a flower; she kisses her hand to a firefly. She goes more slowly, looks back and smiles, and in the gloom her smile is a thrilling riddle. Thus Leonora d'Este in her vague gardens at Tivoli; thus Tasso, poor wretch! heart thumping, brain whirling, held back and urged forward, half doubting and half believing the call of the spring.

Arianna is moved to hum:

> "Night divine, oh, night of love. . . ."

Arianna's hand is like a rose-leaf cooled by the dew.

The spell is shattered by a shout from the terrace. Over the railing bends the Obese Unknown—if one of his figure may be said to bend—and bawls down into the shadows, "How often must one call before you take notice?"

A cry from Arianna: "You'll break the railing, and fall and smash all your bones!"

"Pooh!" said I. "Let him."

"And what do you find so interesting down there?"

"We're watching the nightingales."

"You're watching your grandmother's parrot! Come up here as fast as you can! The duel is arranged and we're off to fight it."

"I've never seen a duel," murmured Arianna, wistfully.

"Nor I. But I'm willing to wait till the next one."

"A duel would be a novelty," Arianna sighed as if to herself, unconsciously accenting the second word of her phrase. After that we returned to the others.

On one side of the terrace Monsieur Demoustier stood flanked by the two lieutenants. On the other side appeared Mr. Lassofram with Dino and the Obese Unknown.

"Ruggero has a friend who is concierge of a neighboring villa. The villa is empty just now, so we fight the duel in the garden among the flowers."

"It is true, signori," Ruggero said, proudly, sticking his Dundreary whiskers out of the pantry. "The flowers of all the world are there—the rose, the mignonette, the pansy, the violet——"

"Then let us be off."

Ruggero's face went blank. "But now," he cried, "the supper is ready to serve!"

"The supper?" returned the Obese Unknown. "Bah! Serve it in the garden of your old friend the concierge!"

And with a magnificent gesture that made all his rings shed sparks he led the way out through the restaurant, playing on the guitar the "Funeral March of a Marionette." We trooped off to the duel, Ruggero in his apron running ahead with the cutlery, the wine, the bread, the *hors d'œuvres*.

Midway of a cobbly lane overhung with ilex-trees loomed the gate of the fatal garden. Ruggero, his hands being full, showered kicks on those stout wooden portals studded all over with nails. And presently there gaped out at us from under a lantern a desperate-looking old brigand in nightcap and nightshirt.

"Bloody blood of a pig of an executioner!" was his exclamation.

"Girolamo! See; it is I, Ruggero!"

"I see thee, Ruggero."

"Here are some ladies and gentlemen who want to fight a duel in thy garden."

"A duel! What with, Holy Family! Spoons and forks? Napkins and platters?"

"Oh, these are for the supper which the ladies and gentlemen also wish to enjoy in thy beautiful garden."

"An apoplexy on my beautiful garden if this is what it brings me!"

All the same, we walked in. Girolamo, having slammed the gate, went off to a marble bench, sat down by his lantern, wagged his nightcap tassel, and groaned:

"Duels! Suppers! Guitars! Disguises!

A *ballo in maschera!* A chimera! An indigestion! But, body of Bacchus, if I am really asleep, to the devil with the garden; dreams will not hurt it!"

The garden, as a matter of fact, was exquisite. High walls of stucco inclosed it, crowned with a wealth of roses. And the orange-trees spread over the flower-plats were weighted with roses. And roses covered the boxwood hedges, the corpulent urns of terra-cotta, the statues of cupids and satyrs, the pillars of a small pergola half circling the fountain-basin. And through this vague paradise of blossoms and jetting water floated the fireflies—here and gone, there and gone, everywhere at once, a swimming, vanishing, wide-spread mist of faery light.

"You are not angry with me?" murmured Arianna.

We were sitting side by side on the edge of the fountain-basin, while Dino and the lieutenants marked off a fencing-space. This was proving a difficult feat for them. Camillo had served the *hors d'œuvres*, so the seconds, with napkins stuck in their collars, were eating while pacing the ground. Meanwhile the Obese Unknown, having gobbled that course and polished his plate with a crust, sat back beneath a statue of Venus, his scarlet waistcoat shaking like a vast mound of cranberry jelly. Mr. Lassofram and Monsieur Demoustier were not to be seen.

"You are angry? Oh, look! Hold your match to the water! See all the goldfish!"

"Goldfish are not nightingales."

Arianna had the good grace to hang her head.

But now the Obese Unknown resumes his guitar. Coughing affectedly, he gives us in a flexible falsetto:

"The blonde who loved me so,
  And made me many a vow,
Kissed me and bade me go:
  'I do not love you now.'
So all the ladies do!
So all the ladies do!
  Love is a bore;
    Soon becomes old;
  Vows by the score;
    Kiss and turn cold. . . ."

"Ruggero! I've eaten the olives, the salami, the artichokes in oil, the anchovies, the radishes, the tunny-fish, the peppers, the sardines, the pickled onions, but where the dickens is my *sole Marguery?*"

"Behold!" cries the faithful Ruggero from the road, and enters the garden at a dog-trot with the second course. Dino and the cavalry of Cremona adjourn to the fountain.

By Lieutenant Avanzi: "Does the most gentle signorina permit one to sit at her feet?"

By Lieutenant Pollio: "As Dante knelt before Beatrice——"

"Dante! You are the reincarnation of Dante, perhaps?"

"To-night I am all the great lovers of the past rolled into one, for I gaze on all the beauties of other days combined in a single form. I seem to see the brow of Héloïse, the cheek of Lucrezia, the smile of La Gioconda, the blush of Elena of Troy——"

"Red wine or white?"

"The throat of Poppæa Sabina——"

"Have some more sole."

"The form of Venus Anadyomene——"

"Salt? Pepper?"

"A pinch of arsenic?"

"A loaded pistol?"

"A rope?"

"Gentlemen! Do you intend to insult me?"

Lieutenant Pollio rises to his full height, steps back indignantly, catches his heels on the basin-rim, and amidst a geyser of water and goldfish disappears into the fountain. One should always ignore the small mishaps liable to occur at these functions. We continue our supper.

"A charming garden."

"Who owns it?"

"How should I know?"

"Let's see. We are here because——"

"Of course! We are here for that duel! But where are the principals?"

"Girolamo, have you seen a tall signore with red hair, and a short signore without a collar or tie?"

Girolamo, the concierge, put down his plate and waggled his nightcap tassel indifferently. "Blood pudding! What should I see, since somebody has taken my lantern? Ah, but I know who it was, all the same! It was one of those ghosts."

"Those ghosts?"

"Certainly. Ruggero neglected to tell you that this garden is haunted?" And, crossing his bare legs, Girolamo related: "It was long ago, when the Austrians—may they all die in a prison—possessed this city. In fact, a young Austrian lady was the cause of the duel, a pretty person, they say, if one is sympathetic to yellow locks. For my part, I prefer them black-haired, pale of skin, with a sort of eel-like saunter, and eyes with a *morbidezza* about them that give you more in one glance than those foreign women could tell in a day. May God go on making the girls of Florence, say I! Anyhow, it was here, in this garden, that the duel was fought, and as each at the same time spitted the other one, they expired together, mixed up on the ground like a puzzle. But they had neglected to bring a priest along—for in fact no priest would attend such a party—so naturally they have to return every night seeking absolution. A moment ago they both came floating to me over the flowers, now sinking into the earth, now rising into the air. But, pshaw! I am used to them! 'A loan of your lantern?' 'Take it,' I said, 'and welcome.'"

"And where are they now?"

"Should I know? You might look in the fountain."

"The fountain!" cried the Obese Unknown, slapping a hand to his forehead. "Lieutenant Pollio, of the cavalry of Cremona!"

And indeed none could recollect having seen that young man since he disappeared in the fountain.

All of us approached the fountain basin on tiptoe. Lieutenant Avanzi, dissolved in tears, unsheathed his sword and prodded about in the water. Lieutenant Pollio was gone.

"And so is my guitar," exclaimed the Obese Unknown.

"And so is Dino!"

But there came from beyond the garden wall the faint thrum of that instrument, and Dino's voice raised in song. We ran across to the gate. Far down the lane the light of a wayside shrine illumined the form of Don Dino d'Idria, who, gazing up at the windows of another villa, was plaintively singing:

"Oh, my Acacia-flower!
  Believing in love is madness,
  And trusting in girls is sadness,
Oh, my Acacia-flower!
    Oh, beauty of melancholy!
Oh, my Acacia-flower!
  But first let us have some gladness,
    For loving is such sweet folly,
Oh, my Acacia-flower!
  Let Love, let Love play the gamin!
  Life without love is famine!
  Life without love is famine!"

"Don Dino! Don Dino! That villa is empty, too!"

He renounced us with a gesture of scorn. We returned to the garden.

Arianna, Lieutenant Avanzi, and I strolled up and down the paths. Lieutenant Avanzi whispered in Arianna's ear: "How often I sat there, hoping for one glance of your eyes across the footlights! Again and again I thought, This time she will look! This time she will comprehend my pathetic adoration!"

What a simpleton a man can make of himself with a pretty woman!

We had reached a little pagoda set in a bower of bloom, a windowless stone pagoda intended, no doubt, for the gardener's tools. I pushed open the door. The dying light of Girolamo's lantern revealed Monsieur Demoustier and Percival Lassofram dealing out a tattered pack of cards on an upturned wheelbarrow. I came out just in time to see Lieutenant Avanzi drop Arianna's hand.

"No duel," I announced, perhaps with more bitterness than the news demanded.

"How so, no duel?" asked Lieutenant Avanzi, effusively.

"Go in and look."

The lieutenant entered the little pagoda. I shut the door on his heels. I turned the key in the lock. I removed the key and threw it over the garden wall. Arianna and I resumed our promenade.

The faithful Ruggero had stacked his tableware and departed. Remained the Obese Unknown and the concierge, who sat face to face astride the marble bench, playing *mora* for coppers. But still the roses dispelled their sweetness; the fireflies glittered among the petals; the fountain purled on; the breeze rustled invisible coverts. And suddenly a nightingale burst into song.

"They have followed us here! One might see them to-night, after all!"

A dull rumble from the direction of the pagoda.

"Thunder?" cries Arianna.

"Look at the stars."

"It isn't good to look too much at the stars."

From a distant tower the clang of bell—once, twice.

"*Madonna mia!* Two o'clock in the morning."

"See, at the end of the path, that little cupid aiming his bow!" But Arianna has disappeared.

The wall of roses sways, scattering dewdrops. The thickets rustle together on a vague sheen of pallor and gold. Twigs whip the face; thorns touch the hands; a new vista appears; an indistinct form goes fluttering; a tinkle of laughter rises, falls, melts into the fountain's ripple.

"Arianna!"

Somewhere a nymph sings mockingly in the foliage:

"Night divine, oh, night of love—"

A rush over flower-beds, an answering patter of feet. Here a pale shape stands motionless. Confusion! It is a statue!

"Arianna! Arianna!"

The Obese Unknown had taken up the cry. From the other side of the garden she answered him. Yes, from diametrically opposite thickets we entered the open space round the fountain.

There the Obese Unknown was counting coppers into Girolamo's palm. To me he complained: "Why the deuce do I gamble so madly? I always lose."

"Unlucky at games——"

"Sure enough. I have my recompense, eh?" And to Arianna, while reaching out his bejeweled, sausage-like fingers to pinch her cheek, "Eh, Core of my Heart?"

She looked demure, then said in the jolliest tone to me, "Do you know, I believe I've forgotten all evening to introduce my husband!"

The Obese Unknown gravely pointed his toes, flourished his hat, and made a gymnastic bow.

"Signore," he rumbled, grandly, "it is a satisfaction to effect your valuable acquaintance."

They walked to the gate.

Arianna, over her shoulder, smiled wistfully, as who should say, "Forgive, but never forget!"

Arianna's husband called:

"Good night! To another of these nice little evenings!"

"Good night," echoed Arianna, sadly, twinklingly, perfidiously. "To another of these nice little evenings!"

Presently through the still air came back his flexible falsetto:

"They call me now La Bella Pastorella, leru-lè,
And innocence in love is my best part, leru-lè,
When all would have a corner of my heart, leru-lè,
And say, 'I love you so, O Nina Bella, leru-lè. . . ."

And soon more faintly:

"So all the ladies do!
So all the ladies do. . . ."

And so forth. I returned to Girolamo, the concierge.

Girolamo was lighting his pipe, when from the little pagoda that rumbling sounded again. He poised his match, nodded, shrugged philosophically.

"The ghosts are amusing themselves."

Sundry muffled crashes followed.

"Ah, for a fact, they're raising the dickens to-night! No doubt they'll keep it up till daybreak. Well, let them, poor souls. Give them their pleasure. A ghost's life must be a dull one at best. Is the Chianti all gone?" He shook the flask, hurled it into the fountain, and sat dejected. But after a while he resumed: "Where is that fat apparition with the finger-rings and scarlet waistcoat? And all the other masqueraders? And she of the yellow hair? Not bad, not bad for a blonde! Perhaps she was the ghost of the Austrian girl? Are you a ghost, too? What crime did you commit in life, that you sit so silent and wan, with your lip hanging down like the lip of a motherless calf? Tell me your tragic history." He yawned and stretched his arms. "I am strangely sleepy, although I well know I'm dreaming in there in my bed. For of course the world was never like this. The world doesn't rain wine-flasks and banquets. The world doesn't offer musical wraiths, goblins that disappear into fountains, sprites that serenade empty houses. That's how we'd like the world to be sometimes, but not how it is. That is romance, not life. So I know I'm dreaming. However, so long as I'm dreaming, why not, in Heaven's name, go to sleep? Heigh-ho! Hum! Good repose, poor spirit!"

He pulled his nightcap over his ears, lay down on the marble bench, tucked his nightgown round his legs, and began to snore.

A sound of wheels at the gate.

"Signore! A large prince and a pretty princess have sent you this horse and cab as a token of their esteem."

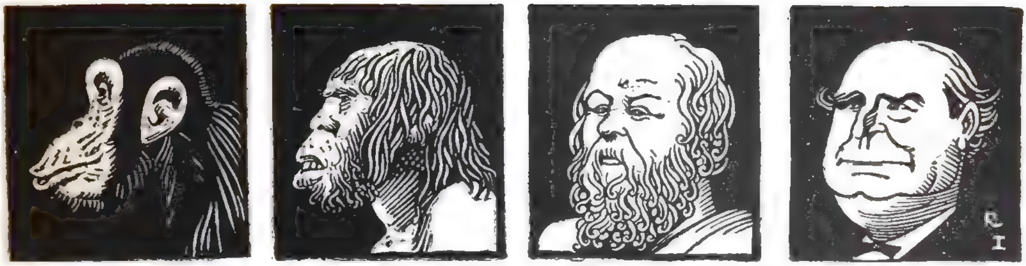
We rattled cityward. The garden walls overhung with ilex-trees gave way to commonplace streets. The scent of the roses passed. The stars grew dim. At a familiar, prosaic door:

"Good night, signore!"

"Good night, Romance!"

And Romance, snapping his whip, drove clattering away.

It is better to have one woman who believes you are the greatest man in the world, and who presents you with a boy who agrees with her, than it is to be the greatest man in the world. "J. P. Mowbray" (Andrew G. Wheeler).



APE NEANDERTHALER SOCRATES DEFENDER OF THE FAITH *(U. S. A., 20th Century)*

EVOLUTION

Man and Monkey

Great is the might of Truth, against whom shall be arrayed the intelligence, the cunning, the ingenuity of man, the well-laid plots of the whole world, yet she will with ease defend herself.
Cicero.

There was an ape in days that were earlier;
Centuries passed and his hair became curlier;
Centuries more and his thumb gave a twist,
And he was a man and a Positivist. Anon.

The "Origin of Species"

Darwin's book appeared in the book markets on a forenoon in the fall of 1859. In the evening of the same day the book was out of print. Edition succeeded edition, and it was translated into every language of the civilized world. His disquisition on the origin of vegetable and animal species, which were, heretofore, held to be constant, flashed like irresistible lightning into the laboratories of the scientists. Arnold Dodel.

The hand which writes the pay-checks should rule the schools. W. J. Bryan.

Where Dizzy Stood

What is the question now placed before society with the glib assurance which to me is most astonishing? That question is this: Is man an ape or an angel? I, my lord, I am on the side of the angels. I repudiate with indignation and abhorrence those new-fangled theories. Benjamin Disraeli.

A Father of the Christian Church

It very often happens that there is some question as to the earth or the sky, or the other elements of this world . . . respecting which one who is not a Christian has knowledge derived from most certain reasoning or observation; and it is very disgraceful and mischievous and of all things to be carefully avoided, that a Christian speaking of such matters as being according to the Christian Scriptures, should be heard by an unbeliever talking such nonsense that the unbeliever perceiving him to be as wide from the mark as east from west, can hardly restrain himself from laughing. St. Augustine.

A DEBATE

I

I wish to give you first the picture of the Bible Adam and then the picture of the scientific Adam:

"God created man in His own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created He them . . . The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life and man became a living soul. . . ."

Here, now, is the evolutionist's account, as stated by Darwin:

"Man is descended from a hairy quadruped, furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in its habits and an inhabitant of the Old World. This creature, if its whole structure had been examined by a naturalist, would have been classed among the Quadrumana, as surely as would the common and still more ancient progenitor of the Old and New World monkeys. The Quadrumana and all the higher mammals are probably derived from an ancient marsupial animal, and this through a long line of diversified forms, either from some reptile-like, or some amphibian-like creature, and this again from some fish-like animal." JOHN ROACH STRATON.

II

When my worthy opponent says that the doctrine of evolution is incompatible with religion, remember that all he means is, that it is incompatible with *his* religion.

CHARLES FRANCIS POTTER.

THE GREAT MIND OF THE 17TH CENTURY

Against it (the corruption of Philosophy by the mixing up with it theology and superstition) we must use the greatest caution. . . . Yet some of the moderns have indulged this folly with such consummate inconsiderateness that they have endeavored to build a system of Natural Philosophy on the First Chapter of Genesis, the Book of Job, and other parts of Scripture, seeking thus the dead amongst the living. And this folly is the more to be prevented and restrained, because not only fantastical philosophy but heretic religion spring from the absurd mixture of matters Divine and human. LORD BACON.

THE FAMILY TREE

The direct descent of man from some extinct ape-like form is now beyond doubt . . . not a vague hypothesis, but an historical fact . . . I am convinced that future scientists will regard it as the greatest advance made in our time. ERNST HAECKEL.

ARGUMENT

And what is Haeckel? We have said it. Herr Haeckel of Jena is a *pretentious humbug*, an *adept in verbal jugglery*, who has always learned his lessons well by heart, being as blissfully *ignorant of logic and psychology* as the whilom monkeys of his noble lineage.

Attitude of Catholics Towards Darwinism and Evolution. H. MUCKERMAN, S. J.

IMMORTALITY

When I was grass, perhaps I may have wept
As every year the grass blades paled and slept
Or shrieked in anguish impotent beneath
The smooth impartial cropping of great teeth—
I don't remember much what came to pass
When I was grass.

When I was monkey, I'm afraid the trees
Weren't always havens of contented ease;
Things killed us and we never could tell why;
No doubt we blamed the earth or sea or sky—
I have forgotten my rebellion's shape
When I was ape.

Now I have reached the comfortable skin
This stage of living is enveloped in,
And hold the spirit of my mighty race
Self-conscious prisoner under one white face—
I'm awfully afraid I'm going to die,
Now I am I.

. . . .

When I was man, no doubt I used to care
About the little things that happened there,
And fret to see the years keep going by,
And nations, families and persons die,
I didn't much appreciate life's plan
When I was man. CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN.

NO QUARREL BETWEEN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE GENERAL THEORY OF EVOLUTION

In what particular manner the plant and animal kingdoms received their existence, whether all species were created simultaneously or a few only, which were destined to give life to others; whether only one fruitful seed was placed in Mother Earth, which under the influence of natural causes developed into the first plants, and another infused into the waters gave birth to the first animals—all this the Book of Genesis leaves to our own investigation and to the revelations of science, if indeed science is able to give a final and unquestionable decision. CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

NO APOLOGIES NEEDED

"How I hate the man who talks about the 'brute creation,' with an ugly emphasis on *brute*. . . . As for me, I am proud of my close kinship with other animals. I take a jealous pride in my Simian ancestry. I like to think that I was once a magnificent hairy fellow living in the trees, and that my frame has come down through geological time via sea jelly and worms and Amphioxus, Fish, Dinosaurs, and Apes. Who would exchange these for the pallid couple in the Garden of Eden?" W. N. P. BARBELLION.

THE MAN WHO WAS NOT EVOLVED

Dayton, Tenn., May 19, 1925. A meeting of indignant Dayton citizens to protest against Chattanooga's obtaining any of the publicity this town expected in the legal battle over the constitutionality of the Anti-Evolution Act to-day ended in a fist fight between a proponent and an opponent of the evolution theory.

Thurlow Reed, a barber and anti-evolutionist, construed a statement of Dr. George Rappelyea, evolution leader, that lower forms of life were man's forebears as a reflection on his family, and attempted on the rostrum to chastise the physician. New York *World*.

AN 18TH CENTURY THINKER

Even if Revelation teaches us that species left the hands of the Creator as they are now, the philosopher who gives himself up to conjecture comes to the conclusion that life has always had its elements scattered in the mass of inorganic matter; that it finally came about that these elements united; that the embryo formed of this union has passed through an infinitude of organization and development; that it has acquired, in succession, movement, sensation, ideas, thought, reflection, conscience, emotions, signs, gestures, articulation, language, laws, and finally the sciences and arts; that millions of years have elapsed during each of these phases of development, and that there are still developments to be taken which are as yet unknown to us. DENIS DIDEROT (1713-84).

THE SONG OF MYSELF

I am the acme of things accomplish'd, and I an encloser of things to be.
My feet strike an apex of the apices of the stairs:
On every step bunches of ages, and larger bunches between the steps,
All below duly travel'd, and still I mount and mount.
Rise after rise bow the phantoms behind me;
Afar down I see the huge first Nothing. I know I was even there. . . .

WALT WHITMAN.

SAMUEL SENSES A RELATIONSHIP

August 24, 1661. At the office all the morning and did business; by and by we are called to Sir W. Batten's to see the strange creature that Captain Holmes hath brought back with him from Guiny; it is a great baboon, but so much like a man in most things, that though they say there is a species of them, yet I cannot believe but that it is a monster got of a man and a she-baboon. I do believe that it already understands much English, and I am of the mind that it might be taught to speak or make signs. SAMUEL PEPYS.

GROWING-PAINS

A sudden vision comes to me of one of the first far-away ape-men who tried to use reason instead of instinct as a guide for his conduct. I imagine him, perched in his tree, torn between those two voices, wailing loudly at night by a river, in his puzzled distress.

My poor far-off brother! CLARENCE DAY, JR.

SONNET TO A MONKEY

[*A century before Daisy Ashford and "The Young Visiters"*]

O lovely, O most charming pug
Thy graceful air, and heavenly mug;
The beauties of his mind do shine,
And every bit is shaped and fine.
Your teeth are whiter than the snow,
Your a great buck, your a great beau;
Your eyes are of so nice a shape,
More like a Christian's than an ape;
Your hair is like the raven's plume;
His nose's cast is of the Roman,
He is a very pretty woman,
I could not get a rhyme for Roman
So was obliged to call him woman.

MARJORIE FLEMING (*about 1812: aged about 8 years*).

THE NEW MATE MEETS HIS CREW

"Now we'll talk business" (said Captain Bruggles). "Get two handspikes out of the rack."

A little nervously, while the huge brutes forward watched me, I stepped amidships and secured the handspikes; he took one from me, leaving me the other, and told me to stand beside him on the hatch.

"You're to give each one in his turn a thump on the head after I hit him. Strike about as hard as you'd hit a nail with a hammer; it won't hurt 'em."

"Now, boys!" he called to them, "hillee-ho, boys! Come talk—come talk—come talk. Hillee-ho!"

"You must learn my calls," he said, turning to me. "They're used to 'em."

"I'll want a little time for that, sir," I said, holding hard to my six-foot club. I was a large, heavy man myself, and had borne myself well in a great many rough-and-tumble fights, but I had never fought an orang-outang, and the sight of these half-dozen monsters lumbering toward me was weakening. The smallest of the six—for the prisoner was released—when standing erect would top my height by more than an inch, while the largest nearly approached the giant at my side in size and weight. But they were not always erect; their usual mode of progress being a swinging walk on all-fours, and when they would lift their immense heads and shoulders, bearing their weight on the hind legs, the long hairy arms would continue the walking motion, just clearing the deck as they swung. They stepped upon the outside edge of the foot, the unsightly toes curling under, and their lips would draw back in convulsive grins, exposing the yellow fangs; then the wide mouths would close and an expression of fierce gravity occupy their ugly faces until the next emotion prompted a change. They squatted before us in a row, breathing hoarsely and blinking hideously.

"Haeckel," said the captain to the fellow on the right, "Come!" The big ape scrambled toward him.

"Look," he said, and the blinking eyes were fixed on me.

"Mate, mate, mate. See, boy," and the captain pointed at me. Then he shoved his big finger into the beast's face and said, impressively, "Work, work, work." This formula was repeated three times, while Haeckel blinked his respects to me. Next the captain brought his handspike down on his head with force enough to have cracked the skull of a Hottentot, but Haeckel only winked faster and grinned.

"Hit him yourself, now—a love-tap, not too hard."

I was very careful not to. Haeckel grinned again, and took his place at the end of the line, fully acquainted with his chief officer.

In the same manner, gathering courage and confidence from the amicable grins I received, I was introduced to Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Spencer, and Marsh.

"I've named them after the leading evolutionists," said the captain as we returned to the poop; "but I doubt that they'd feel complimented."

I was too weak in my knees and dizzy in my head to ask whether he meant the scientists or his pets. MORGAN ROBERTSON.

THE FIRST IDEALIST

A jellyfish swam in a tropical sea,
And he said, "This world it consists of me:
There's nothing above and nothing below
That a jellyfish ever can possibly know
(Since we've got no sight, or hearing, or smell),
Beyond what our single sense can tell.
Now, all that I learn from the sense of touch
Is the fact of my feelings, viewed as such.
But to think they have any external cause
Is an inference clean against logical laws.
Again, to suppose, as I've hitherto done,
There are other jellyfish under the sun,
Is a pure assumption that can't be backed
By a jot of proof or a single fact.
In short, like Hume, I very much doubt
If there's anything else at all without.
So I come at last to the plain conclusion,
When the subject is fairly set free from confusion,
That the universe simply centres in me,
And if I were not, then nothing would be."

That minute, a shark who was strolling by,
Just gulped him down, in the twink of an eye;
And he died, with a few convulsive twists.
But, somehow, the universe still exists. Grant Allen.

A French Astronomer Captive Among the Moors

I went, at the last moment, to make my bow to the only lion that was still alive, and with whom I had lived in complete harmony; I wished also to say good-bye to the monkeys, who during nearly five months had been equally my companions in misfortune.

These monkeys, during our frightful misery, had rendered us a service which I scarcely dare mention, and which will scarcely be guessed by the inhabitants of our cities, who look upon these animals as objects of diversion; they freed us from the vermin which infested us.

François Jean Dominique Arago (1806).

What of It?

I do not pretend to know whether man was evolved from ape or ape from man; whether they are congenetic products of a common authorship or the master-pieces of two rival authors; but I cannot see in what respect man's identity would be affected, whatever may be the case. If it be shown that man descended from the ape, it does not change the facts which have existed from the beginning, nor does it change the destiny to which he is assigned. If it can be shown that apes descended from man, it does not leave upon man the censure for this degeneracy. If man has risen from the low plane of brutehood which the ape now occupies, has scaled the barriers which now separate him from the apes, and has climbed to the divine heights of mental and moral manhood, the ape deserves no praise for this. On the other hand, if apes have fallen from the state of man, have strayed so far from the gates of light, and are now wandering in the twilight of intellect and degradation, it is no reproach to man. R. L. Garner.

Monkey Talk

It appears to me that their (the monkeys') speech is capable of communicating the ideas that they are capable of conceiving, and measured by their mental, moral, and social status, is as well developed as the speech of man measured by the same unit. . . . If their sounds convey a fixed idea on a given subject from one mind to another, what more does human speech accomplish? If one sound communicates that idea clearly, what more could volumes do? If their sounds discharge all the functions of speech, in what respect are they not speech? R. L. Garner.

The Penalties of Pioneering

It almost seems, as we survey the history of the human conquering of knowledge, as if mere ignorance were the least of the obstacles that have to be overcome. Human nature seems to indulge in a perverse and malicious pleasure in setting up unnecessary difficulties in our way to the light. We put up barriers of inertia, we encourage active antagonisms to advance, we tolerate and bow to traditional authority, we brutalize the spirits of independence and cry out against the man of vision, in such perverseness as to magnify inconceivably the difficulties, serious enough in any case, of wresting truth from nature. And this, despite the fact that, after all, we mostly recognize this wresting of truth from nature to be the greatest and most useful task to which we can set our hands and minds.

Before Darwin and Huxley could make the final winning in the struggle for the evolution idea, Lamarck and many others had to be sacrificed. If the naturalists and natural philosophers could have worked in the light of evolution since Lamarck's time instead of since Darwin's time, one hundred years later, how wonderfully much farther would our beneficent knowledge of nature stand to-day. Lamarck saw evolution almost, if not, indeed, quite, as clearly as Darwin did. But the world would not see it until it had exhausted its brutal pleasure of martyrizing the too-forward minds. The story of the struggle and triumph of the evolution idea is but an example of the usual story of any great advance in human understanding. But each example saddens one. Vernon Kellogg.

The Perils of Certain English Prisoners

By CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Dickens

[Chapter I by Charles Dickens
Chapter II by Wilkie Collins.]

CHAPTER III

THE RAFTS ON THE RIVER

WE CONTRIVED to keep afloat all that night, and, the stream running strong with us, to glide a long way down the river. But, we found the night to be a dangerous time for such navigation, on account of the eddies and rapids, and it was therefore settled next day that in future we would bring to at sunset, and encamp on the shore. As we knew of no boats that the Pirates possessed, up at the Prison in the Woods, we settled always to encamp on the opposite side of the stream, so as to have the breadth of the river between our sleep and them. Our opinion was, that if they were acquainted with any near way by land to the mouth of this river, they would come up it in force, and retake us or kill us, according as they could; but that if that was not the case, and if the river ran by none of their secret stations, we might escape.

When I say we settled this or that, I do not mean that we planned anything with any confidence as to what might happen an hour hence. So much had happened in one night, and such great changes had been violently and suddenly made in the fortunes of many among us, that we had got better used to uncertainty, in a little while, than I dare say most people do in the course of their lives.

The difficulties we soon got into, through the off-settings and point-currents of the stream, made the likelihood of our being drowned, alone—to say nothing of our being retaken—as broad and plain as the sun at noonday to all of us. But, we all worked hard at managing the rafts, under the direction of the seamen (of our own skill, I think we never could have prevented them from oversetting), and we also worked hard at making good the defects in their first hasty construction—which the water soon found out. While we humbly resigned ourselves to going down, if it was the will of Our Father that was in Heaven, we humbly made up our minds, that we would all do the best that was in us.

And so we held on, gliding with the stream. It drove us to this bank, and it drove us to that bank, and it turned us, and whirled us; but yet it carried us on. Sometimes much too slowly; sometimes much too fast, but yet it carried us on.

My little deaf and dumb boy slumbered a good deal now, and that was the case with all the children. They caused very little trouble to any one. They seemed, in my eyes, to get more like one another, not only in quiet manner, but in the face, too. The motion of the raft was usually so much the same, the scene was usually so much the same, the sound of the soft wash and ripple of the water was usually so much the same, that they were made drowsy, as they might have been by the constant playing of one tune. Even on the grown people, who worked hard and felt anxiety, the same thing produced something of the same effect. Every day was so like the other, that I soon lost count of the days, myself, and had to ask Miss Maryon, for instance, whether this was the third or fourth? Miss Maryon had a pocket-book and pencil, and she kept the log; that is to say, she entered up a clear little journal of the time, and of the distances our seamen thought we had made, each night.

So, as I say, we kept afloat and glided on. All day long, and every day, the water, and the woods, and sky; all day long, and every day, the constant watching of both sides of the river, and far ahead at every bold turn and sweep it made, for any signs of Pirate boats, or Pirate dwellings. So, as I say, we kept afloat and glided on. The days melting themselves together to that degree, that I could hardly believe my ears when I asked, "How many, now, Miss?" and she answered "Seven."

To be sure, poor Mr. Pordage had, by about now, got his Diplomatic coat into such a state as never was seen. What with the mud of the river, what with the water of the river, what with the sun, and the dews, and the tearing boughs, and the thickets, it hung about him in discoloured shreds like a mop. The sun had touched him a bit. He had taken to always polishing one particular button, which just held on to his left wrist, and to always calling for stationery. I suppose that man called for pens, ink, and paper, tape, and sealing-wax, upwards of one thousand times in four-and-twenty hours. He had an idea that we should never get out of that river unless we were written out of it in a formal memorandum; and the more we labored at navigating the rafts, the more he ordered us not to touch them at our peril, and the more he sat and roared for stationery.

Mrs. Pordage, similarly, persisted in wearing her nightcap. I doubt if any one but ourselves who had seen the progress of that article of dress, could by this time have told what it was meant for. It had got so limp and ragged that she couldn't see out of her eyes for it. It was so dirty, that whether it was vegetable matter out of a swamp, or weeds out of the river, or an old porter's-knot from England, I don't think any new spectator could have said. Yet, this unfortunate old woman had a notion that it was not only vastly genteel, but that it was the correct thing as to propriety. And she really did carry herself over the other ladies who had no nightcaps and who were forced to tie up their hair how they could, in a superior manner that was perfectly amazing.

I don't know what she looked like, sitting in that blessed nightcap, on a log of wood, outside the hut or cabin upon our raft. She would have rather resembled a fortune-teller in one of the picture-books that used to be in the shop windows in my boyhood, except for her stateliness. But, Lord bless my heart, the dignity with which she sat and moped, with her head in that bundle of tatters, was like nothing else in the world! She was not on speaking terms with more than three of the ladies. Some of them had, what she called, "taken precedence" of her —in getting into, or out of, that miserable little shelter!—and others had not called to pay their respects, or something of that kind. So, there she sat, in her own state and ceremony, while her husband sat on the same log of wood, ordering us one and all to let the raft go to the bottom, and to bring him stationery.

What with this noise on the part of Mr. Commissioner Pordage, and what with the cries of Sergeant Drooce on the raft astern (which were sometimes more than Tom Packer could silence), we often made our slow way down the river anything but quietly. Yet, that it was of great importance that no ears should be able to hear us from the woods on the banks, could not be doubted. We were looked for, to a certainty, and we might be retaken at any moment. It was an anxious time; it was, indeed, indeed, an anxious time.

On the seventh night of our voyage on the rafts, we made fast, as usual, on the opposite side of the river to that from which we had started, in as dark a place as we could pick out. Our little encampment was soon made, and supper was eaten, and the children fell asleep. The watch was set, and everything made orderly for the night. Such a starlight night, with such blue in the sky, and such black in the places of heavy shade on the banks of the great stream!

Those two ladies, Miss Maryon and Mrs. Fisher, had always kept near me since the night of the attack. Mr. Fisher, who was untiring in the work of our raft, had said to me:

"My dear little childless wife has grown so attached to you, Davis, and you are such a gentle fellow, as well as such a determined one"; our party had adopted that last expression from the one-eyed English pirate, and I repeat what Mr. Fisher said, only because he said it; "that it takes a load off my mind to leave her in your charge."

I said to him: "Your lady is in far better charge than mine, sir, having Miss Maryon to take care of her; but, you may rely upon it, that I will guard them both—faithful and true."

Says he: "I do rely upon it, Davis, and

I heartily wish all the silver on our old Island was yours."

That seventh starlight night, as I have said, we made our camp, and got our supper, and set our watch, and the children fell asleep. It was solemn and beautiful in those wild and solitary parts, to see them, every night before they lay down, kneeling under the bright sky, saying their little prayers at women's laps. At that time we men all uncovered, and mostly kept at a distance. When the innocent creatures rose up, we murmured "Amen!" all together. For, though we had not heard what they said, we knew it must be good for us.

At that time, too, as was only natural, those poor mothers in our company, whose children had been killed, shed many tears. I thought the sight seemed to console them while it made them cry; but, whether I was right or wrong in that, they wept very much. On this seventh night, Mrs. Fisher had cried for her lost darling until she cried herself asleep. She was lying on a little couch of leaves and suchlike (I made the best little couch I could for them every night), and Miss Maryon had covered her, and sat by her, holding her hand. The stars looked down upon them. As for me, I guarded them.

"Davis!" says Miss Maryon. (I am not going to say what a voice she had. I couldn't if I tried.)

"I am here, Miss."

"The river sounds as if it were swollen tonight."

"We all think, Miss, that we are coming near the sea."

"Do you believe now, we shall escape?"

"I do now, Miss, really believe it." I had always said I did; but, I had in my own mind been doubtful.

"How glad you will be, my good Davis, to see England again!"

I have another confession to make that will appear singular. When she said these words, something rose in my throat; and the stars I looked away at, seemed to break into sparkles that fell down my face and burnt it.

"England is not much to me, Miss, except as a name."

"O, so true an Englishman should not say that!—Are you not well to-night, Davis?" Very kindly, and with a quick change.

"Quite well, Miss."

"Are you sure? Your voice sounds altered in my hearing."

"No, Miss, I am a stronger man than ever. But England is nothing to me."

Miss Maryon sat silent for so long a while, that I believed she had done speaking to me for one time. However, she had not; for by and by she said in a distinct, clear tone:

"No, good friend; you must not say that England is nothing to you. It is to be much to you, yet—everything to you. You have to take back to England the good name you have earned here, and the gratitude and attachment and respect you have won here: and you have to make some good English girl very happy and proud, by marrying her; and I shall one day see her, I hope, and make her happier and prouder still, by telling her what noble services her husband's were in South America, and what a noble friend he was to me there."

Though she spoke these kind words in a cheering manner, she spoke them compassionately. I said nothing. It will appear to be another strange confession, that I paced to and fro, within call, all that night, a most unhappy man, reproaching myself all the night long. "You are as ignorant as any man alive; you are as obscure as any man alive; you are as poor as any man alive; you are no better than the mud under your foot." That was the way in which I went on against myself until the morning.

With the day, came the day's labor. What I should have done without the labor, I don't know. We were afloat again at the usual hour, and were again making our way down the river. It was broader, and clearer of obstructions than it had been, and it seemed to flow faster. This was one of Drooce's quiet days; Mr. Pordage, besides being sulky, had almost lost his voice; and we made good way, and with little noise.

There was always a seaman forward on the raft, keeping a bright look-out. Suddenly, in the full heat of the day, when the children were slumbering, and the very trees and reeds appeared to be slumbering, this man—it was Short—holds up his hand, and cries with great caution: "Avast! Voices ahead!"

We held on against the stream as soon as we could bring her up, and the other raft followed suit. At first, Mr. Macey, Mr. Fisher, and myself, could hear nothing; though both the seamen aboard of us agreed that they could hear voices and oars. After a little pause, however, we united in thinking that we *could* hear the sound of voices, and the dip of oars. But you can hear a long way in those countries, and there was a bend of the river before us, and nothing was to be seen except such waters and such banks as we were now in the eighth day (and might, for the matter of our feelings, have been in the eightieth) of having seen with anxious eyes.

It was soon decided to put a man ashore, who should creep through the wood, see what was coming, and warn the rafts. The rafts in the meantime to keep the middle of the stream. The man to be put ashore, and not to swim ashore, as the first thing could be more quickly done than the second. The raft conveying him, to get back into mid-stream, and to hold on along with the other, as well as it could, until signaled by the man. In case of danger, the man to shift for himself until it should be safe to take him on board again. I volunteered to be the man.

We knew that the voices and oars must come up slowly against the stream; and our seamen knew, by the set of the stream, under which bank they would come. I was put ashore accordingly. The raft got off well, and I broke into the wood.

Steaming hot it was, and a tearing place to get through. So much the better for me, since it was something to contend against and do. I cut off the bend of the river, at a great saving of space, came to the water's edge again, and hid myself, and waited. I could now hear the dip of the oars very distinctly; the voices had ceased.

The sound came on in a regular tune, and as I lay hidden, I fancied the tune so played to be, "Chris'en—George—King! Chris'en — George — King! Chris'en — George—King!" over and over again, always the same, with the pauses always at the same places. I had likewise time to make up my mind that if these were the Pirates, I could and would (barring my being shot) swim off to my raft, in spite of my wound, the moment I had given the alarm, and hold my old post by Miss Maryon.

"Chris'en—George—King! Chris'en—George—King! Chris'en—George—King!" coming up, now, very near.

I took a look at the branches about me, to see where a shower of bullets would be most likely to do me least hurt; and I took a look back at the track I had made in forcing my way in; and now I was wholly prepared and fully ready for them.

"Chris'en—George—King! Chris'en—George—King! Chris'en—George—King!" Here they were!

Who were they? The barbarous Pirates, scum of all nations, headed by such men as the hideous little Portuguese monkey, and the one-eyed English convict with the gash across his face, that ought to have gashed his wicked head off? The worst men in the world picked out from the worst, to do the cruelest and most atrocious deeds that ever stained it? The howling, murdering, black-flag waving, mad, and drunken crowd of devils that had overcome us by numbers and by treachery? No. These were English men in English boats—good blue-jackets and red-coats—marines that I knew myself, and sailors that knew our seamen! At the helm of the first boat, Captain Carton, eager and steady. At the helm of the second boat, Captain Maryon, brave and bold. At the helm of the third boat, an old seaman, with determination carved into his watchful face, like the figure-head of a ship. Every man doubly and trebly armed from head to foot. Every man lying-to at his work, with a will that had all his heart and soul in it. Every man looking out for any trace of friend or enemy, and burning to be the first to do good or avenge evil. Every man with his face on fire when he saw me, his countryman who had been taken prisoner, and hailed me with a cheer, as Captain Carton's boat ran in and took me on board.

I reported, "All escaped, sir! All well, all safe, all here!"

God bless me—and God bless them—what a cheer! It turned me weak, as I was passed on from hand to hand to the stern of the boat: every hand patting me or grasping me in some way or other in the moment of my going by.

"Hold up, my brave fellow," says Captain Carton, clapping me on the shoulder like a friend, and giving me a flask. "Put your lips to that, and they'll be red again. Now, boys, give way!"

The banks flew by us as if the mightiest stream that ever ran was with us; and so it was, I am sure, meaning the stream to those men's ardor and spirit. The banks flew by us, and we came in sight of the rafts—the banks flew by us, and we came alongside of the rafts—the banks stopped; and there was a tumult of laughing and crying, and kissing and shaking of hands, and catching up of children and setting of them down again, and a wild hurry of thankfulness and joy that melted every one and softened all hearts.

I had taken notice, in Captain Carton's boat, that there was a curious and quite new sort of fitting on board. It was a kind of a little bower made of flowers, and it was set up behind the captain, and betwixt him and the rudder. Not only was this arbor, so to call it, neatly made of flowers, but it was ornamented in a singular way. Some of the men had taken the ribbons and buckles off their hats, and hung them among the flowers; others had made festoons and streamers of their handkerchiefs, and hung them there; others had intermixed such trifles as bits of glass and shining fragments of lockets and tobacco-boxes with the flowers; so that altogether it was a very bright and lively object in the sunshine. But why there, or what for, I did not understand.

Now, as soon as the first bewilderment was over, Captain Carton gave the order to land for the present. But this boat of his, with two hands left in her, immediately put off again when the men were out of her, and kept off, some yards from the shore. As she floated there, with the two hands gently backing water to keep her from going down the stream, this pretty little arbor attracted many eyes. None of the boat's crew, however, had anything to say about it, except that it was the captain's fancy.

The captain—with the women and children clustering round him, and the men of all ranks grouped outside them, and all listening—stood telling how the Expedition, deceived by its bad intelligence, had chased the light Pirate boats all that fatal night, and had still followed in their wake next day, and had never suspected until many hours too late that the great Pirate body had drawn off in the darkness when the chase began, and shot over to the Island. He stood telling how the Expedition, supposing the whole array of armed boats to be ahead of it, got tempted into shallows and went aground; but not without having its revenge upon the two decoy-boats, both of which it had come up with, overhand, and sent to the bottom with all on board. He stood telling how the Expedition, fearing then that the case stood as it did, got afloat again, by great exertion, after the loss of four more tides, and returned to the Island, where they found the sloop scuttled and the treasure gone. He stood telling how my officer, Lieutenant Linderwood, was left upon the Island, with as strong a force as could be got together hurriedly from the mainland, and how the three boats we saw before us were manned and armed and had come away, exploring the coast and inlets, in search of any tidings of us. He stood telling all this, with his face to the river; and, as he stood telling it, the little arbor of flowers floated in the sunshine before all the faces there.

Leaning on Captain Carton's shoulder, between him and Miss Maryon, was Mrs. Fisher, her head drooping on her arm. She asked him, without raising it, when he had told so much, whether he had found her mother?

"Be comforted! She lies," said the Captain gently, "under the cocoa-nut trees on the beach."

"And my child, Captain Carton, did you find my child, too? Does my darling rest with my mother?"

"No. Your pretty child sleeps," said the Captain, "under a shade of flowers."

His voice shook; but there was something in it that struck all the hearers. At that moment there sprung from the arbor in his boat a little creature, clapping her hands and stretching out her arms, and crying, "Dear papa! Dear mamma! I am not killed. I am saved. I am coming to kiss you. Take me to them, take me to them, good, kind sailors!"

Nobody who saw that scene has ever forgotten it, I am sure, or ever will forget it. The child had kept quite still, where her brave grandmamma had put her (first whispering in her ear, "Whatever happens to me, do not stir, my dear!"), and had remained quiet until the fort was deserted; she had then crept out of the trench, and gone into her mother's house; and there, alone on the solitary Island, in her mother's room, and asleep on her mother's bed, the Captain had found her. Nothing could induce her to be parted from him after he took her up in his arms, and he had brought her away with him, and the men had made the bower for her. To see those men now, was a sight. The joy of the women was beautiful; the joy of those women who had lost their own children, was quite sacred and divine; but, the ecstasies of Captain Carton's boat's crew, when their pet was restored to her parents, were wonderful for the tenderness they showed in the midst of roughness. As the Captain stood with the child in his arms, and the child's own little arms now clinging round his neck, now round her father's, now round her mother's, now round some one who pressed up to kiss her, the boat's crew shook hands with one another, waved their hats over their heads, laughed, sang, cried, danced—and all among themselves, without wanting to interfere with anybody—in a manner never to be represented. At last, I saw the coxswain and another, two very hard-faced men, with grizzled heads, who had been the heartiest of the hearty all along, close with one another, get each of them the other's head under his arm, and pommel away at it with his fist as hard as he could, in his excess of joy.

When we had well rested and refreshed ourselves—and very glad we were to have some of the heartening things to eat and drink that had come up in the boats—we recommenced our voyage down the river: rafts, and boats, and all. I said to myself, it was a very different kind of voyage now, from what it had been; and I fell into my proper place and station among my fellow-soldiers.

But, when we halted for the night, I found that Miss Maryon had spoken to Captain Carton concerning me. For the Captain came straight up to me, and says he, "My brave fellow, you have been Miss Maryon's body-guard all along, and you shall remain so. Nobody shall supersede you in the distinction and pleasure of protecting that young lady." I thanked his honor in the fittest words I could find, and that night I was placed on my old post of watching the place where she slept. More than once in the night I saw Captain Carton come out into the air, and stroll about there, to see that all was well. I have now this other singular confession to make, that I saw him with a heavy heart. Yes; I saw him with a heavy, heavy heart.

In the day-time, I had the like post in Captain Carton's boat. I had a special station of my own, behind Miss Maryon, and no hands but hers ever touched my wound. (It has been healed these many long years; but no other hands have ever touched it.) Mr. Pordage was kept tolerably quiet now, with pen and ink, and began to pick up his senses a little. Seated in the second boat, he made documents with Mr. Kitten, pretty well all day; and he generally handed in a Protest about something whenever we stopped. The Captain, however, made so very light of these papers, that it grew into a saying among the men, when one of them wanted a match for his pipe, "Hand us over a Protest, Jack!" As to Mrs. Pordage, she still wore the nightcap, and she now had cut all the ladies on account of her not having been formally and separately rescued by Captain Carton before anybody else. The end of Mr. Pordage, to bring to an end all I know about him, was that he got great compliments at home for his conduct on these trying occasions, and that he died of yellow jaundice, a Governor and a K.C.B.

Sergeant Drooce had fallen from a high fever into a low one. Tom Packer—the only man who could have pulled the Sergeant through it—kept hospital aboard the old raft, and Mrs. Belltott, as brisk as ever again (but the spirit of that little woman, when things tried it, was not equal to appearances), was head-nurse under his directions. Before we got down to the Mosquito coast, the joke had been made by one of our men, that we should see her gazetted Mrs. Tom Packer, *vice* Belltott exchanged.

When we reached the coast, we got native boats as substitutes for the rafts; and we rowed along under the land; and in that beautiful climate, and upon that beautiful water, the blooming days were like enchantment. Ah! They were running away, faster than any sea or river, and there was no tide to bring them back. We were coming very near the settlement where the people of Silver-Store were to be left, and from which we Marines were under orders to return to Belize.

Captain Carton had, in the boat by him, a curious long-barrelled Spanish gun, and he had said to Miss Maryon one day that it was the best of guns, and had turned his head to me, and said:

"Gill Davis, load her fresh with a couple of slugs, against a chance of showing how good she is."

So, I had discharged the gun over the sea, and had loaded her, according to orders, and there it had lain at the Captain's feet, convenient to the Captain's hand.

The last day but one of our journey was an uncommonly hot day. We started very early; but, there was no cool air on the sea as the day got on, and by noon the heat was really hard to bear, considering that there were women and children to bear it. Now, we happened to open, just at that time, a very pleasant little cove or bay, where there was a deep shade from a great growth of trees. Now, the Captain, therefore, made the signal to the other boats to follow him in and lie by awhile.

The men who were off duty went ashore and lay down, but were ordered, for caution's sake, not to stray, and to keep within view. The others rested on their oars, and dozed. Awnings had been made of one thing and another, in all the boats, and the passengers found it cooler to be under them in the shade, when there was room enough, than to be in the thick woods. So, the passengers were all afloat, and mostly sleeping. I kept my post behind Miss Maryon, and she was on Captain Carton's right in the boat, and Mrs. Fisher sat on her right again. The Captain had Mrs. Fisher's daughter on his knee. He and the two ladies were talking about the Pirates, and were talking softly; partly because people do talk softly under such indolent circumstances, and partly because the little girl had gone off asleep.

I think I have before given it out for my Lady to write down, that Captain Carton had a fine bright eye of his own. All at once, he darted me a side look, as much as to say, "Steady—don't take on—I see something!"—and gave the child into her mother's arms. That eye of his was so easy to understand, that I obeyed it by not so much as looking either to the right or to the left out of a corner of my own, or changing my attitude the least trifle. The Captain went on talking in the same mild and easy way; but began—with his arms resting across his knees, and his head a little hanging forward, as if the heat were rather too much for him—began to play with the Spanish gun.

"They had laid their plans, you see," says the Captain, taking up the Spanish gun across his knees, and loooking, lazily, at the inlaying on the stock, "with a great deal of art; and the corrupt or blundering local authorities were so easily deceived;" he ran his left hand idly along the barrel, but I saw, with my breath held, that he covered the action of cocking the gun with his right—"so easily deceived, that they summoned us out to come into the trap. But my intention as to future operations——" In a flash the Spanish gun was at his bright eye, and he fired.

All started up; innumerable echoes repeated the sound of the discharge; a cloud of bright-colored birds flew out of the woods screaming; a handful of leaves were scattered in the place where the shot had struck; a crackling of branches was heard; and some lithe but heavy creature sprang into the air, and fell forward, head down, over the muddy bank.

"What is it?" cries Captain Maryon from his boat. All silent then, but the echoes rolling away.

"It is a Traitor and a Spy," said Captain Carton, handing me the gun to load again. "And I think the other name of the animal is Christian George King!"

Shot through the heart. Some of the people ran round to the spot, and drew him out, with the slime and wet trickling down his face; but his face itself would never stir any more to the end of time.

"Leave him hanging to that tree," cried Captain Carton; his boat's crew giving way, and he leaping ashore. "But first into this wood, every man in his place. And boats! Out of gunshot!"

It was a quick change, well meant and well made, though it ended in disappointment. No Pirates were there; no one but the Spy was found. It was supposed that the Pirates, unable to retake us, and expecting a great attack upon them to be the consequence of our escape, had made from the ruins in the Forest, taken to their ship along with the Treasure, and left the Spy to pick up what intelligence he could. In the evening we went away, and he was left hanging to the tree, all alone, with the red sun making a kind of a dead sunset on his black face.

Next day, we gained the settlement on the Mosquito coast for which we were bound. Having stayed there to refresh seven days, and having been much commended, and highly spoken of, and finely entertained, we Marines stood under orders to march from the Town-Gate (it was neither much of a town nor much of a gate), at five in the morning.

My officer had joined us before then. When we turned out at the gate, all the people were there; in the front of them all those who had been our fellow-prisoners, and all the seamen.

"Davis," says Lieutenant Linderwood. "Stand out, my friend!"

I stood out from the ranks, and Miss Maryon and Captain Carton came up to me.

"Dear Davis," said Miss Maryon, while the tears fell fast down her face, "your grateful friends, in most unwillingly taking leave of you, ask the favor that, while you bear away with you their affectionate remembrance, which nothing can ever impair, you will also take this purse of money—far more valuable to you, we all know, for the deep attachment and thankfulness with which it is offered, than for its own contents, though we hope those may prove useful to you, too, in after life."

I got out, in answer, that I thankfully accepted the attachment and affection, but not the money. Captain Carton looked at me very attentively, and stepped back, and moved away. I made him my bow as he stepped back, to thank him for being so delicate.

"No, Miss," said I, "I think it would break my heart to accept of money. But, if you could condescend to give to a man so ignorant and common as myself, any little thing you have worn—such as a bit of ribbon——"

She took a ring from her finger, and put it in my hand. And she rested her hand in mine, while she said these words:

"The brave gentlemen of old—but not one of them was braver, or had a nobler nature than you—took such gifts from ladies, and did all their good actions for the givers' sakes. If you will do yours for mine, I shall think with pride that I continue to have some share in the life of a gallant and generous man."

For the second time in my life she kissed my hand. I made so bold, for the first time, as to kiss hers; and I tied the ring at my breast, and I fell back to my place.

Then the horse-litter went out at the gate with Sergeant Drooce in it; and the horse-litter went out at the gate with Mrs. Belltott in it; and Lieutenant Linderwood gave the word of command, "Quick march!" and, cheered and cried for, we went out of the gate too, marching along the level plain towards the serene blue sky, as if we were marching straight to Heaven.

When I have added here that the Pirate scheme was blown to shivers, by the Pirate-ship which had the Treasure on board being so vigorously attacked by one of His Majesty's cruisers, among the West India Keys, and being so swiftly boarded and carried, that nobody suspected anything about the scheme until three-fourths of the Pirates were killed, and the other fourth were in irons, and the Treasure was recovered; I come to the last singular confession I have got to make.

It is this. I well knew what an immense and hopeless distance there was between me and Miss Maryon; I well knew that I was no fitter company for her than I was for the angels; I well knew that she was as high above my reach as the sky over my head; and yet I loved her. What put it in my low heart to be so daring, or whether such a thing ever happened before or since, as that a man so uninstructed and obscure as myself got his unhappy thoughts lifted up to such a height, while knowing very well how presumptuous and impossible to be realized they were, I am unable to say; still, the suffering to me was just as great as if I had been a gentleman. I suffered agony—agony. I suffered hard, and I suffered long. I thought of her last words to me, however, and I never disgraced them. If it had not been for those dear words, I think I should have lost myself in despair and recklessness.

The ring will be found lying on my heart, of course, and will be laid with me wherever I am laid. I am getting on in years now, though I am able and hearty. I was recommended for promotion, and everything was done to reward me that could be done; but my total want of all learning stood in my way, and I found myself so completely out of the road to it, that I could not conquer any learning, though I tried. I was long in the service, and I respected it, and was respected in it, and the service is dear to me at this present hour.

At this present hour, when I give this out to my Lady to be written down, all my old pain has softened away, and I am as happy as a man can be, at this present fine old country-house of Admiral Sir George Carton, Baronet. It was my Lady Carton who herself sought me out, over a great many miles of the wide world, and found me in Hospital wounded, and brought me here. It is my Lady Carton who writes down my words. My Lady was Miss Maryon. And now, that I conclude what I had to tell, I see my Lady's honored gray hair droop over her face, as she leans a little lower at her desk; and I fervently thank her for being so tender as I see she is, towards the past pain and trouble of her poor, old, faithful, humble soldier

Sand

Translated from the Arabic by John Duncan

THE sand is like acres of wet milk
Poured out under the moonlight;
It crawls up about your brown feet
Like wine trodden from white stars.

All for Peace and Quiet

By C. E. MONTAGUE

C. E. Montague

As THE sister went out of the ward she paused to look back, with the knob of the door in her hand.

"Boys," she said, in the voice that made babes of us all, "five minutes to get into bed." We knew that five minutes, no more and no less, it would be. The door closed behind her, the little pat noise of it putting a kind of full stop to her words.

Of thirty wounded men in the ward, twenty-two had been up for the day. We were the blest. But bliss was precarious. If we were not good, the sister might keep us in bed in the morning. So we eagerly slipped off and folded our socks and red ties and blue tunics and slacks. The shirt did not have to come off. A shirt by day, it was a nighty by night—a good plan, I can tell you, when any delay may cost dear. In five minutes, dead, the door opened; the sister looked down the long ward.

I lay next but one to the door, so I saw what she saw. There were twenty-nine faces duly laid on their pillows. Some seven looked dull and bed-weary. Twenty-one others—I throw myself in, for I felt like it, too—looked shiny and young with the glee that you feel when the life in you has taken heart to go on with a will, after a check. A twenty-ninth face, in the bed on my right, was a model in wax, awaiting only some one final touch of rigidity and refinement. Into the thirtieth bed, at the dim far end of the ward, a vast bulk, in a white shirt less vast, flew through the air from afar with astonishing momentum and dived in fear and shame under the blankets.

The sister took it all in. A sergeant-major had been lost to the world when she turned out a girl. But not one to rule wholly by terror. She went first to the wax-faced man on my right, that always lay on his back with his eyes open, scrutinizing the ceiling. He turned his face a few degrees at the touch of her hand on his wrist and smiled a little. He had a great dignity then: the austere prestige of the dying, who are an esoteric patriciate, lifted above desire and fear and all quarrels.

The sister went on to the far end of the ward where the meteoric giant had gone to earth under his blankets. His great shafts of limbs were convulsing them now, in his efforts to settle down for the night; the bed looked like a small linen bag with a large and terrified cat imprisoned in it and plunging. The plunging instantly stopped when the sister began tucking in disarranged elements of the bed.

"Late! A corporal late!" In the stillness I heard her gently upbraid, while she reconstructed. Then a big bony face, like a knee, came to the bed's surface. The face looked sheepishly grateful for these so great mercies.

> We must perish if Thy rod
> Justly should requite us.

That was the visible feeling. No doubt Lance-Corporal Martin was vowing, within, that he would be first man in bed, from that night onward, for ever.

Her tour of inspection finished, the sister was passing the foot of my bed, on her way to the door, when another huge frame of a man, Lance-Corporal Toomey, a rug-headed Rufus, half rose from the bed on my left—the end bed on our side of the ward.

"Sister," he hailed her. She looked.

"Ye'd do right, sister," he said, with a clarion distinctness that seemed to me purposeful, "to be firm with that man beyant at th' end of the room, or ye'll not have a moment of peace." He paused for a second. Somehow I thought of an angler expecting a rise. He went on in tones of virtuous indignation: "Flyin' into his bed like a Toc Emma bomb!" Another momentary pause. No rise. "Aye, or an eagle itself," he appended.

A low thunderous noise came from the far end of the ward. The first chaos of this mass of sound was just beginning to receive form in the words "Is it faultin' me that he is, the contrary toad?" when the sister raised a reprehensive finger.

Speech, divinest work of man, relapsed into its raw material of booming sound. This sank by degrees. Lance-Corporal Martin was still out to be good.

The sister looked down at Toomey, reining him in. In him, too, mighty reservoirs of formless sound were straining against sluices. "Why don't you corporals screen one another," she said, with the voice of the dove and the serpent's wisdom, "like sergeants?"

"If anny sergeant," Toomey impressively opened, "in all the wide world had lived with the Martins of County Fermanagh these twinty years back, the way I've had to enjure——"

"We won't tell any tales," the sister decided, and Toomey's conditional sentence never achieved its apodosis. "Good-night, all," the sister said at the door. "Don't talk too long."

She gone, the ward, for a while, was all in a buzz. It is always the way at first, in night nurseries. Nor for long, though. Sleep swiftly invaded one simple organism after another. Soon a few specialists only were riding their hobbies on into the night. In the bed opposite to me the ward grouser was manfully keeping it up. "Call them ole dishwashin's supper! Well, roll on, breakfus'! 's all I 'ave to say." Three beds away on my right—two beds beyond the moribund man—the ward braggart, like Alexander the Great at the feast, was still routing his foes. "An Austrylian 'e was, an' 'e come powkin' 'is conk in me fice, aht in Ahmenteers. 'More'n twelve thahsand mile ah've come,' 'e says, 'to sive you ticks,' 'e says. 'Well,' ah says, 'you down't come a bloody inch further,' ah says, an' knocks 'im dahn. That's wot ah done. Fair on 'is boko. Knocked 'im silly, ah did. 'Struth!"

To these shrill melodies a fortifying bass was furnished by my neighbor Toomey. Cowed, but not changed in heart, by the sister, he still rumbled on in his bed like a distant bombardment. Like Martin's last share in debate, it was mainly a deep rolling or heaving sound, not chopped up into words; in its vague impressiveness it affected my ear somewhat as a distant range of undulating hills affects the eye. But now and then a short passage of firm, articulate commination lifted itself into clearness, as tiny islands of coral, emergent morsels of vast unexplored structures, stick out into daylight. "No peace an' quiet at all to be had!" "Lettin' on to be wounded, an' he leppin' the width of the world into his bed!" And I used to think once that soliloquies in plays were unnatural! "He an' his Bloody Hand of Ulster! Let him put it in his pockut, th' owld miser!" "Boundin' into his bed wid a thraject'ry on him the like of a grasshopper!"

Toomey always seemed to return to that vision of Martin's retirement for the night as if it were fuel wherewith to stoke important fires. I cannot think that Martin's jump was intrinsically offensive to Toomey. All jumping, by man or beast, is highly valued in Ireland. Was it that any salient gesture of a foe's helped to make the whole abhorred image of him more provocatively vivid? I leave it to you; I am not a psychologist, only a reporter.

"The both'ration I've had wi' the Martins, the whole of the pack!" "If Our Lady of Seven Sorrows cud set eyes upon them she'd know what it is to be vexed!" You have heard the low seismic swallowings, pantings, and gulps of a big locomotive held in leash at a station. Toomey, making a good recovery from gunshot wounds and wrestling in spirit with a friend, was rather like that—a volcano tied down with string. Then reverie fell back on the old refrain. "An' he descindin' into his bed the match for an airplane landin'!" "The spit of some owld hivvinly body bruk loose an' traversin' a very big share of the firmamint!" The obsession of Toomey by this haunting spectacle was becoming ungovernable. He had to communicate it.

"Did y'ever see the like of it—ever?" he said across to my bed.

"No," said I, feeling my diction somewhat jejune where so much picturesque figuration was going.

"'Faith, then, I have," said Toomey, "the time I seen his mother's starved hens flyin' in at me own mother's door, the vulchures, fit to grab all the nourishment out of me plate, an' I a young child."

"Bit of a war on," I asked, "over there?" I wanted to sleep. I am only an Englishman. I do not hold two turbulent quarts of tireless life in the modest pint pot of my body. It seemed the shorter way to sleep—just to open the dykes and let the whole narrative flood escape and be done with, rather than lie there all night being splashed with these interjectional spurts from the dammed seething waters. "Bit of a war on?" I asked.

"Ye'd not know," he impressively said, "what war is till ye'd visit the County Fermanagh. Talk of this little unpleasantness wi' the Germans! Ach, nothin' at all! Here wan day an', mebbe, gone in the mornin?! Th' owld wars of Troy'd be hard set to match what we have in Dromore, where the Martins are nex'-door neighbors to us, an' not respected by anny except black Prod'stants the like of themselves. To crown all, Jawn Martin beyant had no sooner grown up than nothin'd do him but join the police. Mind, there's manny a decent lad in the force, the way ye'd pity them on a summer night in Dromore—we in the licensed prem'ses, all at our ease, an' they walkin' this way an' that in the street, wi' the tongues hangin' out of their mouths, till the hour'd come they'd be free to lep in at the door and tell the boys they must shout or come out of it. Martin beyant would not give ye the choice. He'd liefer lose drink than not cause human mis'ry. A narra-spirited man an' a bigoted peeler!

"I thanked God for this tiff wi' the Germans. Ye see, in a sense, it gev Martin, bound and gagged, into me hand. 'Jawn,' I said—I was just after enlistin'—'Jawn, I'll be back before long. I'm only steppin' over to France, to destroy,' says I, 'the greatest Prod'stant Pow'r in Europe.'

"'I might be at him before ye,' says he, pensive-like; an' that made me unaisy. Ye'll understand, I'd always taken me own part the best way I could in this chat that we had, wan day an' the next, an' yet I'd the wish in me mind to have peace an' quiet awhile, away out of Dromore, leavin' that plague of the world confined where he was. An' so I'd thanked God for th' affair wi' the Germans. But now I was not aisy at all.

"'Ye wouldn't sneak off,' says I, 'out of the country an' leave all the poor German bands in the street unprotected from popular voylence—an' they nivver safe in Irelan' yet since eighteen and siventy?' If I'd had more diplom'cy, God help me! I wouldn't have said it. But I had me quarrel to mind. I've paid for it since.

"Says Jawn, 'There's a sowl of good, as they say, in annything evil. I see be the papers these Germans are smashing every Romish cathedral they'd meet on the road.' Half thinkin' it out, he seemed to be, for an' against, an' half stickin' the knife into me bowels. The same as meself. 'Don't fear to speak,' says I, 'of '98, an' of all that the Hessians done for ye then.' Madness it was to say that. I was drivin' him into the army, that might have been a haven of rest for meself for the whole of the war with him out of it. Leavin' all was I, an' baffl'n' meself, to have the wan dig at him.

"Jawn looked at me quarely. 'An' so ye'll fight for th' English,' he says, 'afther all? Ye're penitent, are ye?'

"However, I knew me facts there.

"'Th' English are givin' free transport,' says I, 'to this Wipers beyant, to see th' owld flag hangin' up in a church that th' French and th' Irish tuk off them in Malbury's wars. There's the fine penitence for ye,' says I.

"'Oh, ye'll see Waterloo yet, me fine touris',' says he, jus' to howld me in play, an' he puzzlin' it out what to do.

"'I may that,' says I, 'if it's annyways near Fontenoy.'

"'Dad!' says he irrel'vantly, scratchin' the back of his head in the ag'ny an' sweat of his thinkin' about somethin' else, 'haven't I got a better right not to be friends wi' the English than you, an' they just after passin' Home Rule?'

"'What way'd ye be friends,' says I in me anger an' folly, 'wid English or Irish, an' you after lookin' away with the whole force of your eyes while th' Orangeys landed their Mausers from Hamburg, to slaughter the wan as lief as th' other?'

"We bruk away then, he to-Hellin' the reel Pope, an' I doin' the like be every weeny black Pope in his wrinkly tin Vaticun all over Ulster. It was a kind of salute we had always, meetin' an' partin'.

"Me word, if the nex' Monday mornin' he didn't come shankin' on to parade on the wan barrack-square with meself! We were formin' B Comp'ny that day, an' th' owld sergeant-major, Yorke, was expoundin': 'Sixteen men I'll have now, for Number Wan Section. Whoiver they are, they'll work together, eat together, sleep together an' fight together, from this out to th' end of the war. So anny man wishful to be with his pal, let him look to it now, or howld his peace after. Men off'rin for Number Wan Section, two paces step forrud.'

"Jawn gev me wan vinegar glance an' stepped out. 'Good!' thinks I, 'the sky's clearin' wance more. Number Sixteen Section's the boys for me money.' I sted where I was.

"A big man on me right was gazin'

melancholy at Jawn standin' out there be himself. 'Be the grace of Gawd,' says the big man under his breath, 'he may not be lousy,' an' then he steps forrud.

"Another tall man on me lef' flank was a big grazier from Antrim. 'The two of them's evenly fed,' he says, soft an' low, an' he steps forrud too.

"'Three hefty merchants,' says Yorke. 'Anny more welter weights? Come, men; th' enemy's waitin'.'

"Ye'll notice big men herd together. The lads of six foot an' a bit began steppin' out in their pride.

"'Anny more Tiny Tims?' says Yorke, sizin' up wid his eye the ten giants that he'd collected be now. A good man he was, an' had his joke always. Killed in attackin' the Railway Triangle, east of Arras, an' the las' thing he said was, 'Get on wid ye, men! I'm makin' a separate peace.'

"Be now he had fifteen ver'table monsters. 'Wan more Little Tich is required,' he says; 'gran' featherweight boxin' we'll have in this section.'

"You'll think me an ijjut. Me that had the chance to be shut of him then, for the duration be the whole len'th of a comp'ny! I dunno. Was it the wicked conceit of me stachure? Was it the shame of me bein' left there stickin' out of the ranks like a lamp-pos' surrounded be childer? Was it that word of the boxin', an' all the good it might bring? Dear knows. We're the quare creatures. I stepped out, be some divvil's guidance.

"I'll not trouble ye with a report on our trainin'. Ye've had it yourself. It was six months for all, an' six years for th' unfort'nates condemned to the wan hut wi' Jawn. We came out to the trenches above be the Brickstacks, opposite Quinshy, a good place in itself, wi' the makins in it of quite an' peace—the dug-outs more Christianable than manny; some derelic' trucks on a line pretty handy with coal ye cud pinch; our quartermaster-sergeant had genius—he gev us the first plum-duff that ever was et be British troops in a firin' trench. Nothin' to trouble at all, only Jawn's clapper tongue, would deafen a miller, murd'rin the life of the home.

"Wan night he beat all. He went beyant the beyants. In the depths of the perishin' spring it was that they have in those parts, an' a nasty thin evenin'—mist at the time an' a cowld rain, an' the moon not risin' over La Bassy till later—a night the monkeys ye'd see in a Zoo would be huggin' each other to keep off the chill. An' Jawn there in the dug-out, settin' a little apart, hottin' his nose wid a short pipe ye'd be sick an' tired of seein' before ye all day, an' all th' off-duty men around him good practical Cath'lics, an' he just gabbin' an' gabbin' on about the wil' doin's of some wicked medjeeval Pope he'd invented

"Of course I was settin' him right. Why wudden't I, knowin' me facts? But not enjoyin' it rightly? Weary I was of it all. I'd liefest have had the man dead, an' all the worl' tranquil.

"Near direct action we were when Shane, our platoon sergeant then—he was killed at Dickybush after—came into the homestead. 'Gawd save,' he says, 'all in this place. Two volunteers to go wirin'!'

"We had been out for a while, so there wasn' th' ugly rush that there was in the wild early days at anny word of this kind—every man for some sport for himself before they'd have a peace signed on him. Everywan knew be now he'd be killed in his turn, widout leppin' out of his place in the queue. Everywan knew it except a few lads jus' come out on a draft. I had to spake quickly be reason of them. But I'd have given me sowl for an hour's quiet that minute, out of range of that Orangeman's endless haranguin'. An' so I let a yell that won be a head: 'Ye promised me, sergeant, the time that I misbehaved in the lorry.'

"The same instiant minute Shane nodded at me an' Martin's owld creak of a voice came in a good second. 'Here's wan, sergeant,' he said. The boys from the draft also ran. A Jock that was wan of them had a very good argyment nearly ready why he should go, but they hadn't an old soljer's rapid rayaction under a schimulus. So I stepped down before them into the pool. An' they hadn't enjured gen'rations of livin' nex' door to the Martins. An' now, Gawd help me! Martin was in for it, too, an' me quiet day in the country rooned before it had started.

"Dad, if he hadn' been an' actin' lance-corp'ral, unpaid, I'd have been in command of the party, me bein' th' oldest soljer be four days. Then I'd have put him through it, be cripes. As it was, I had only me tongue to come to me succor.

"'Why was it,' said I, when Shane had tuk leave of us, 'why was it, corp, that I got in before ye? Aye, in a canter.'

"'Ye're a liar,' says he, with his teejus habit of missin' the point of annythin' that a person would say. 'I was as wishful to go as yourself.'

"'Ye were that,' says I. 'Your only trouble was, when the time came for a good burst of speed, ye were thinkin' in English, a foreign language insthinctively quare to your mind, an' you a son of the Gael, however unworthy.'

"'An' how long would ye be, your own self, ye fantastic owld antiquarium,' says Martin, 'in gobbin' out even as much as "Here, sergeant," itself in the Gaelic? From this out till to-morra, mebbe, an' then needin' a pencil an' slate brought to ye before ye'd compose it.'

"Very fortunate was it that I knew me fac's. 'The mere gabbin',' says I, 'is nothin' at all. It's the thinkin' that matters. Learn your own native language, that's hangin' about at the back of your mind, an' think in it bowldly. There's no other way ye'll escape from this habit of strikin' in late in th' hour of trial—the way a hen'd be in, an' she attemptin' to neigh or to bark it all out in her mind, instead of cluckin', before she'd quit out of the way of a cart. She'd be swif'ly run over.'

"He didn' answer me then.

"At eleven that night we p'raded for orders, relatin' to th' enemy's wire. The captain himself—he was killed at High Wood—was out an' about in the trench when we quitted for Germ'ny. Be that we knew we'd be safe from behin'. The *m'ral* of the men was that high they'd be loosin' off all night at anny owld clod they'd perceive, in the hope it might be a good action. As for annythin' movin', Gawd help it! An' so we were glad. If annythin' human could hol' back our sentries from makin' good groups on our sterns, Shane and the cap were the men.

"Th' enemy's wire was seventy paces away, an', as you know, seventy paces route-march on your belly, the way of the snake in the garden, is no good to any wan, ever. An' we went about an' about. An' not a good motorin' road. An' Martin never stopped but wance to take breath. Mebbe ye've observed, when takin' a walk with a friend, there are men that go faster an' faster the more they're intent, in their secret insides, on inventin' the divvil's own repartees, all ready to fire, an' when they're gettin' on grandly within, forgin' all the munitions they'd want, they're fit to gallop itself. Jawn was wan of that breed.

"Th' only time he tuk ever a pull, he turned on me sudden an' ven'mous.

"'Ye an' yer preestoric owld Gaelic,' he whispers. 'A match for th' owld women that won't use a ha'porth of linen that's made with anny machine that was new since the Flood!'

"'For a man,' says I, 'tryin' to marshal his thoughts in an outlandish tongue, ye've not dawdled at all,' says I, 'in devisin' that smashin' retort. Very barely four hours.'

"'An' why stop at the Gaelic?' he says, pantin'. 'Why not go back to the reel startin' gate while ye're at it, an' think in Persian or Greek or some owld yappin' noise your forefawthers made, an' they monkeys leppin' about in the trees?'

"I was beginnin' at 'What are the fac's?' when Martin adjourned th' altercaysh'n be boltin' again. It had done no good to our tempers—to Martin's, at all events. Well he knew I'd have put it across him on that new quistion he'd raised, before settin' off, about sci'nce an' religion. So nothin' would do him but plunge on ahead—I'll engage he was sharp'nin' already the nex' dart he'd plant in me vitals—an' not mind at all where he went till he'd slung himself head over heels into wan of th' owld flooded bog-holes left be the shells. It was cammiflaged well, I'll admit, be the grass an' weeds growin' out long from the edges.

"I made sure th' en'my would hear. How wouldn't he hear a rhinoc'rus, the like of that, ent'rin' his bath? An', the nex' thing, I knew it. Aye, be dint of a weeny clickin' noise from his trench. 'It's the cock of a Verey pistol,' thinks I, 'an' the light's comin' on—that or some godless breed of an Emma G that they have,' an' it bein' called to attention before it'd start the good work. An' be now the mist was liftin' like smoke, and a clear half-moon was drawin' itself away up the sky, informin' upon us.

"Jawn's head was stickin' out of the deep. I'll engage he was cold. But his body was sheltered from solids at anny rate, under th' eastern wall of the hole, an' he could submerge for short inthervals, too, if the en'my should menace his per'-scope. I was the victim, out in the wide world. An' Jawn saw it. 'Flatten yourself,' he whispers, over the face of the waters. 'Flatter be far, for the love of Gawd. Rowl yourself out into pasthry before they put the light on ye.'

"As if I hadn't been as flat as a plaice from that diaboluc click onward! Breadth had I been from that out—no thickness at all. I hadn't stopped to tilliphone to the Corps. An' when I was plast'rin' the ground the like of a poultice I found a hole the size of a thimble an' put me nose in it.

"Then came the trouble. Th' en'my was damnin' expense. Pourin' out money. Three, four, five Verey lights at wan instiant. Wan great beast of a moon of an arc light that'd illum'nate half Waterloo Station went on loitherin' over me head; I'd enjured a twelvemonth, be what I could judge, of invijjus public'ty before it went out. An' me there thinkin' slowly an' caref'lly, the way ye'll remember ye do at these crit'cal times. Thinkin' of all the blisth'rin' force of the chat I'd be givin' to Martin after lights-out. I that had come to that remote place for a season of quiet, away from the janglin' an' strafes of the world!

"In due course the fireworks expired. It was amazin'—the bats hadn't seen me at all. I'll own that the firs' thing I done with me new start in life was to spend a few seconds in grinnin' an' shiv'rin' with chuckles, alone with meself in the kin', friendly dark, the way I'd not done since the time that I was a boy an' successfully hid in the loft from me fawther.

"Me nex' thought was of others. Jawn had crep' forth from the bed of the hole an' lay on the shelvin' foreshore like a newt.

"'Shall we shank on wid us, corp'ral?' I whispered. 'Or have ye come out,' I added, 'to this rugged spot to enjoy adult baptism only?' I know me fac's, an' the pestilint sect of the man.

"'The game is quared on us,' he mutters discontentedly—more to himself than to anny wan.

"'It's developed,' says I, 'be what I can see. Aye, into ruthless subm'rine warfare.'

"'Mebbe I'd do right,' says he, 'to go back for fresh orders. Th' en'my'll watch an' pray from this out.'

"'That will he,' says I—'the prayer of all sentries on earth—to rest unmolisted, them an' their wire, to th' end of their watch. An' shall we,' says I, 'grant their request? Isn't it carryin' gratichude altogether too far for the Reformaysh'n itself an' the lunch that the Kaiser gev Carson?' I'd have said more, but you know the neciss'ty of keepin' concise in the field.

"In the moon comin' up I could see the whites of his eyes very quare-shaped, an' vicious at that, the like of a horse that'd offer to bite ye. 'Carry on workin',' he says, an' he was off on the top gear agen, lettin' her rip for th' en'my's wire, the way I was out of me breath, beltin' after him on me intistines, before he let up all of a sudden. An' then I saw why.

"He'd his head lifted up from the ground an' pressed back, same as 'Heads backward—bend' at phys'cal drill, only frozen. Starin' rijjid he was, to his front—ye could tell be the back of his neck, an' it dark night, how he had the eyes bulgin' out of him, starin' at somethin' ahead. And then I saw it too.

"It was a man, lyin' full on his belly, the like of ourselves. He was facin' at us, an' he had his head a weeny shade lower than Martin's—a better posish'n. Crouchin' outside th' en'my's wire he was, ten feet away from us.

"Wan thing I knew. Jawn would do right. A quar'lsome man an' a bigot, an' yet a good soljer, the way he'd do best the time all before him'd be goin' its worst. He'd earned his stripe well. Put him in anny old sort of fix without notice—he'd do right, the like of a cat knockin' into a dog an' she walkin' about in her sleep—she'd have th' eyes of him out before lettin' a yawn, an' Jawn was her aqual.

"There was clouds now stravadin' over the moon, so I couldn't see all. But me heart told me Jawn was sof'ly extractin' a bomb from his right tunic-pocket, an' pickin' the pin of it out an' howldin' it ready to throw. An' so I conformed to his movements.

"He didn' throw yet. An' then he set off crawlin' precautiously on toward the man, an' the man keepin' still, the two of them there like a dog reconnoitrin' a strange dog, an' movin' gradjal an' stiff an' collected for action. Jawn crep' an' he crep' till he'd crep' right up to the man, an' then he put out a hand an' felt the face of the man, an' the man didn't mind it at all. And then Jawn signalled me on.

"Ye'll have guessed how it was. Fritz had been dead a great while. He'll have gone on some little errand or other, the same as ourselves. There'd been no battle there, at the time, an' dead men in the open not plentiful yet.

"I got me head level to Jawn's. Grand cover we had, behin' the dead German. 'How soon did you know?' I whispered.

"'Know what?' says he, sourly.

"'That Fritz,' says I, 'had gone west?'

"'From the moment,' says he, 'that he came in me presence!'

"'How'd ye see it?' says I.

"'I didn',' says he, 'I smelt it. The man was a Papist. Wouldn't I know a dead Papist at ten feet away in the good scentin' weather we're havin'?'

"Thinks I, 'Ye can score yourself wan, me fine lad, but the night isn't over.' I left it at that for the moment. 'An' so,' says I, 'the pin is not out of your bomb?'

"'It is not,' says he. 'Why'd I stir it at all, an' it apt not to go back to juty when wance demob'lized, an' have me there holdin' a mad trigger down for the rest of th' excursion?'

"'Ye're lucky,' says I. 'Me own pin's out an' lost on me wholly, beyant in the grass.'

"'Hand me over the bomb,' says Martin.

"I may have hesitated a second.

"'Hand it across,' he repeated. 'We're not holdin' the first session after Home Rule.'

"I handed it over. Strainin' it seemed to be, under me hand, to be off an' at work in its station in life.

"'I'll give it a home,' he says, 'now, and a chance in life afther.'

"How Jawn kep' it still in his pocket I will not conjicture—whether he made a new pin of the wire he'd always have somewhere about him for snarin' a hare, or tuk out the detonator itself, or what all. Annyway, we went on wid our own work, an' a long hour it tuk, th' en'my not bein' aisy about it at all. Constantly sendin' up flares an' bringin' about unemployment. We'd have had little done if the cap hadn' worked the lights for us the grand way he did, makin' it black where we were be the force of contrast. We saw his hand in that an' thanked Hivven for a good off'cer.

"At las' we were through with our job on the wire, an' then we assimbled behind a good sizable molehill. We tuk the bearin's of home. Then Martin, that hadn' seemed to be troubled till then, says low in me ear, 'A nice way I'm in with this ingine of death that ye gev me rampin' roun' in me pockut.'

"Says I, 'Apt we'll both of us be to be killed be a primmature burst before we'd see home.'

"'We'd do right,' says he, 'to be quit of it early!'

"'Aye, an' wan or two more,' says I, 'be way of support. It's not twenty paces,' I says, 'to th' en'my's trench.'

"'An aisy throw,' he says, 'an' we'd be protectin' ourselves.'

"'Aye, an' wearin' down also,' says I, 'th' en'my's man power.'

"'They're affordin' the best mark,' he says, 'that we've had in the war. They're as thick in that trench as a p'lit'cal meetin'. Lay your ear to the groun' and——'

"'Have I ever laid it annywhere else,' says I, 'durin' the whole of this outin'?'

"He had an offensive way of goin' on from the las' word he'd said, f'r all the world as though you'd not spoken at all—'Ye'll hear,' he says, 'the deep hummin' sound of scores of guthral voices.'

"I was incinsed be that trick that he had of scornin' me little irrel'vance.

"'Guthral, indeed!' says I. 'Worse than the English, bedad! A good slam of the Gaelic I'll want, to clean me ears after it.'

"'Are ye faultin' th' English again,' says he, 'an' you helpin' them now?'

"'Aye, to come to their senses!' says I. 'They that set up the Prooshans in life, at th' expinse of the French, when the Honezolluns hadn't the stren'th of the Great Joyces in Galway. They that went to the Germans for fiddlers an' waiters and kings, an' a cap for their troops, an' a new religion itself, an' whatever they'd want. An' why not at all, an' they all cousins an' Chewtons together?'

"'Aye, an' fightin' like cousins,' says he. 'Keep your head down,' he says. But he didn' say, 'Keep your mouth shut.' A quar'lsome man, wild to be at an argyment always. An' there we lay, he on his right cheek and me on me left, nuzzlin' the wet ground while I told him the facts, subjuing me voice because of th' en'my. The two front lines were sendin' up lights all along, an' they intersictin' wan another above us, the way we seemed to be lyin' out on the floor of a church with a great arch over our heads an' the lines of it all drawn be the thracks of the lights.

"'I give th' English all credit,' says I, 'for comin' at length to themselves, the same as Friday, the black, that turned friendly at last an' assisted the traveler, Robinson Crusoe, against the man-eating scuts that he had in his fam'ly.'

"'Downright fawnin' ye are on th' Englishry now,' says Martin. 'Ye'd do right to get a good Blighty, the first wan that offers, an' off with ye home, an' preach your new gospel to haythens like Casement.'

"'Such bein's are more than half English,' says I, 'be descint, or they'd see the gran' laugh we have now at th' English, an' they comin' roun' at last to detist all that's German as much as ourselves. It's th' English are well entered now to the vermin they had for their cousins, an', please God! they'll never return to their vommut.'

"I could have gone on a great while, bein' up in me fac's, but ye'll understand I was speakin' in that place under some disadvantage. Still, I'd got me word in, an' I felt aisier after. But if you'll believe me, he wasn't convinced, not a tittle. He took out the bomb from his pockut. 'Before ye have me desthroyed,' he says, 'screechin' an' hullabalooin' across to your fellow-en'mies of Englan', we'll bring an event into those quiet lives.'

"Wishful I was for it, too, after the teejum we'd had, and yet frikened to think of Shane and the cap, that had ordered us not to draw fire. 'Have we author'ty for it?' says I.

"'Gawd help ye! Author'ty!' says he. 'If ye hadn't turned the Reformaysh'n away from the door ye'd have had some indivijjal judgment to-day and a modern soljer's inish'tive in an emergency.'

"'Reformaysh'n be damned!' says I. 'We'll have the cap up on his hind legs, tellin' us off for self-actin' mules.'

"'Ye're a child of author'ty,' says he. 'So strike out for the comforts of home, the while I'll be leavin' me card on our friends an' then comin' after you.'

"It was an order. I set out and squirmed a good four paces westward. Then I thought: hadn' I a good right to disobey Jawn, an' he disobeyin' a comp'ny commander? So I checked in me course an' tuk the pin out of the second bomb that I had, an' lay on me back, with me feet to the foe an' me head illevated, to see what Jawn could be at. Black agin the full shine of the moon I saw his long arm, an' it swingin' back for the throw. Then I loosed me own trigger an' held on for two seconds good, to make sure of a burst before Fritz'd return the ball to the bowler.

"Jawn was a natty bomber, no quistion. His cracker had burst fair in th' en'my's trench be the time I had sent mine speedin' after its collaigue. The cries that there were in that trench! An' then Martin came west wrigglin' headlong, the back of him ripplin' the like of a caterpillar tryin' to gallop.

"'Canter,' says he, 'canter along on your bowels.' There was a great seren'ty, for wance, in his voice. An' I was the same way meself—at peace with mankin'. Ye know how ye are, after prosp'rin' at hom'cide. 'Canter,' says he, almost civ'lly. I cantered. An' reason enough. The entire concern was lookin' apt to degen'rate into war of attrish'n. Fritz was dead tired of havin' the night hat he'd had. Dead set agin anny more secret diplom'cy. The hivvens above and th' earth beneath, he illum'nated them all. 'Twas as though he'd tuk Paris. If he'd have done it in London he'd have been fined.

"All the way Martin behin' me was gruntin' out steerin' directions. 'Half-right,' he'd never done sayin', 'ye owld Maryolather—anny patch of dead ground in this wicked world is half-right.' Or 'Gallop,' he'd say, an' we close on our wire, 'nivver mind yer owld vitals. Gallop before they put the lantern on our posteriors.'

"Then it came on us. Aye, like the judgment of God fallin' down. There was but the wan lane through the wire, an' straight an' narrow the way, an' that fi'ry sword flamin' down on the gate. No use shammin' dead, like the beetles ye'd bring into the light with your spade. We'd ha' been filled as full of holes as a net. Fritz had got the addhress, an' already the stuff was not bein' far misdelivered.

"I lep in at the op'nin' an' on toward the par'pet. 'Rowl yourself over it! Bowl yourself over it, anny old way,' yells Martin behin' me, an' then I knew he was hit, be the traces of voylent effort there were in the voice of him.

"Now, I'll engage ye'll think me a fool—I that had got, be the act of God an' the King's en'mies, a chance to be shut of him wholly, for ever, relievin' th' entire platoon of the curse of Hivven that Martin was never done callin' down be his godlessness on us all. A man's a quare thing. I'm told be a firs'-class dentist beyant at Dromore, if a tooth hasn't got a tooth the match of itself for to bite on it's apt to grow weaker an' weaker, an' fall out eventsh'ly. Mebbe it's like that. An' Jawn was as bad. 'Off wid ye to hell!' he says, houndin' me on into safety, th' instiant I halted. Mebbe it was just me resentment at him givin' orders an' curses an' business as usu'l wid all the pride of a corp'ral expirin' on duty. 'Be damned,' thinks I, 'if ye're goin' to stay out there actin' hayroes an' martyrs all night.' So I went back an' gev him a fireman's lift an' away with me lovely burden. He was the weight of the world. Be cripes, it's a good horse wins the Grand Nashnal!

"All the damage I felt on the road was a sting in me unemployed arrum. Then I took wan flyin' lep, the like of his own way of goin' to bed, an' the two of us landed, in wan knot of arrums an' legs, into the trench, alightin' first on the firin' step an' then in th' stable-washin's of water there was in the fairway below, an' savin' the life of an inexpairienced sentry be knockin' him down off the step accident'ly an' out of the way of the muck that was flippin' iverywhere into the parodus, quiet an' vicious.

"'Glory,' says I, as we rowled in the sewage together, 'be to the saints!'

"'The saints!' says he, scornful.

"The cap saw us before we went down the C. T. on two stretchers. He said we done right. 'But why all the bombin'?' he says.

"'We found wan of our bombs, sir, was in a dang'rous condition.'

"'Yes?' says the cap. 'An' the other?'

"'Mebbe, sir,' says Jawn, pensive-like, ''twas a kind of infection.'

"'Hum,' says the cap. 'I feared you'd be reunitin' the Churches.' A good off'cer. He knew all about the two of us. Knew every man's trade in the comp'ny, an' married or single, an' how manny in family.

"'Gawd forbid it!' the two of us said in a breath. An' that ended the talk."

"And what brought the two of you here?" I sleepily asked.

"I was brought," Toomey said, "be a bullet woun' in the liver, an' he be an insincaire action, a match for me own. Wait an' I'll tell ye."

No doubt the story would have been good. But I am only English. I am given life on terms. I have to take sore labour's bath now and again.

"We'll go on to-morrow," I said. "A bit of shut-eye for me now."

"Ye'll do right," he said. "Good-night, an' the blessin' of God be wid ye an' stay wid ye."

I turned over on to my right side, and snuggled in for my sleep. The only thing I could see was the horizontal profile in the next bed. Wasted, etherealized, abstract, the man who had finished joy and moan had now all but attained the remote and awful repose of a marble effigy on a tomb in a Florentine church, seen by one who lies, like itself, on the floor. The only thing to be heard was a faint tap on a window above him, the delicate whipping of some loose end of a climbing rose-tree on the glass. And then, sudden, eruptive, winged with intention and gusto, there came from afar the rush of a huge bass stage-whisper: "Are ye wakin', Toomey?"

Deep called unto deep. "Is that Corp'ral Martin makin' night hijjus, disturbin' the ward?"

"It is—an' good-night to ye now, an' to hell wi' the Pope."

"An' the Divvil take William the Second an' William the Third, an High Dutch an' Low, an' every Martin that's in it, from Luther out, blasphemin' the whole of the day an' then late into bed, kickin' the stars of God wi' the back of your heels. So go now to your rest."

My own eyes were set on the fugitive fineness of that moribund face. It just moved, turning ever so little to right and to left as the gusts of contention blew over it. Then it settled again, the eyes always fixed on the ceiling. I thought of a waterweed on a deep pond, fluctuating minutely when gales race overhead, but soon dead-still again at its moorings.

But now the gale was abating. At each end of the ward a sequence of snorts of disdain were passing into a dying fall. Through a murmurous grumble it sank into the silent breathing of healthy infants asleep. Thus does high-handed nature interfere with the efforts of man to seek peace and ensue it.

Season's Signs

Scamper
away
the
deuce
to pay
a mad
dog is
over
the
way
he's
bit
a cow
he's
bit
a sow
he's
bit
my poor
old
mongrel
Toby
and
they're
raving
mad
with
the
hydro-
phoby

George Cruikshank.

The Thrice Promised Bride

A Modern Chinese Play

By CHENG-CHIN HSIUNG

CHARACTERS

Wang Ta-Ming, *the Magistrate.*
Tuan Chai, *his Secretary.*
Chung Ting, *the Knight.*
Li Chie-Fu, *the Wealthy Merchant.*
Wang Mei-Pao, *the First Match-Maker.*
Han Chiu-Yin, *the Bride.*
The Bride's Mother.
Chien-Shou, *an Old Man.*
Tu Kuang-Yang, *the Beggar-Scholar.*
Liu Ma, *the Second Match-Maker*
Attendants, Musicians, etc.

Time—*Long ago; many years before China became a republic.*

Place—*The Magistrate's Court in an interior district in Ho-Nan Province, China.*

The rise of the curtain, if a proscenium curtain is used, discloses a Chinese stage. There are two doors in the rear wall; the left for entrance, the right for exit. At each door there must be a curtain exquisitely embroidered with threads of gold and bright-colored silk; on the left door curtain the figure of a dragon, and on the right, the figure of a phœnix. In the center there is a table. The audience can not see the table legs, for the table is curtained with a rich tapestry on which the figure of a unicorn is embroidered. . . .

To the right of the table is a chair where The Secretary *is to sit. Behind the table is the chair for* The Magistrate. *On the center wall we may have a picture of the God of the Theater. But, lest* The Magistrate *should duplicate or intercept the picture, we had better have a painting of pear trees instead, under which the first Chinese actors are supposed to have practised the histrionic arts. There is no other furniture on the stage. . . .*

We shall not introduce the property man, since he is obtrusive to some sophisticated Chinese dramatists and to all the uninitiated Western playgoers.

Music we must have. To avoid the overwhelming din of a Chinese orchestra we will invest the power of music in a single Maker-of-Sound, behind the scene.

With the overture, in which a variety of instruments are used, the left door curtain is raised, and The Magistrate *majestically enters with his attendants, one in front and one behind him. He has more than two attendants, but we must make imaginary puissance. He pauses before the door for a moment; then he walks gracefully down stage. He strikes with both hands his mandarin gauze hat to pay a public homage to the emperor and to wish secretly for a promotion to higher rank. Slowly he straightens the lateral appendages of the official bonnet. (These are not in the form of the Manchurian peacock feather, but in the shape of the wings of a bat, symbolizing happiness.) Carefully he makes sure of the clasp of his stiff belt which is beautifully decorated. Augustly he smoothes his imperial robe displaying the gorgeous colors and designs of his costume.*

When the audience has had enough of his front elevation, he turns, and with pompous strides proceeds to the center of the stage to exhibit his profile. He waves, sweeps, and shakes his large and long sleeves to show that he has nothing there. Solemnly he walks up stage to show his gorgeously embroidered back to the audience; and then he "ascends" the dedicated chair. When the applause has abated he tells his story.

The Magistrate—My humble name is Wang Ta-Ming, the magistrate of this Yen-Ling District of the Province of Ho-Nan. I was born in the Hain-Kien District of the Province of Kiangsi, of scholarly parents. At the age of eighteen moons my mother taught me to write with a reed in the sand. When I was yet wearing my hair like the tentacles of an octopus I studied the Four Books and the Five Classics. At the age of fifteen years I passed my first examination and won the degree of Blooming Talent. In my second decadal anniversary I was honored with the degree of Raised Man.

The next leap year bestowed on me the rank of Entered Scholar. As a reward for my literary distinction I was appointed the magistrate of this district. I hastened to this post that I might glorify my family name. I am watched by a thousand eyes and listened to by a thousand ears, for there is always an attentive audience within these four walls. It makes me shudder to think of the important duties I have to perform. Attendants!

(*The audience's attention is directed to the attendants who have been standing on each side of the table. They are dressed alike. They wear thin, flat-soled shoes but make up in height by their tapering felt hats. Their costumes are of plain silk painted with the emblem of the district court. When not employed, each leans on his bamboo stave, a much abused symbol of justice.*)

ATTENDANTS—At your service, Your Honor.

THE MAGISTRATE—Call Mr. Secretary Tuan Chai!

(*The* FIRST ATTENDANT *goes out and returns immediately with* THE SECRETARY, *dressed as an old gentleman with a heavy mustache, who is ready to give the young officer his experience and opinion when needed. He carries a fan.*)

THE SECRETARY—What is your honorable wish?

THE MAGISTRATE—Have you any invention concerning the case of the interrupted wedding?

THE SECRETARY—I have found the match-maker, Sir. It is time the plaintiff Chung Ting and the defendant, Li Che-Fu, be here.

THE MAGISTRATE—Strike the gong and open the court!

(*The gong sounds behind the stage. The attendants pull open the imaginary doors. The Chinese drama demands that acting create scenery rather than vice versa. The people who are yet to enter must orient themselves first, walk and step to suggest to the mind of the audience, doors and steps. The military man enters briskly with accompaniment of martial music. He is dressed in the costume of an ancient Chinese Knight, beautifully embroidered mantle, plumed bonnet, close-fitting uniform, a sword and trim, embroidered boots. He bows to* THE MAGISTRATE *but does not kneel.*)

THE MAGISTRATE—Are you Chung Ting, the plaintiff?

CHUNG TING—Yes, Sir, newly returned from my military career.

THE MAGISTRATE—What can you do besides disbanding the wedding procession of Li Che-Fu?

CHUNG TING—I can shoot with a 300-pound bow and pierce a half inch willow leaf 100 steps away. I can separate and pacify two fighting bulls. However, I did not expect to win a wife by sheer force, but by a prior claim.

THE MAGISTRATE—Why didn't you claim the maiden's hand until she was carried in the sedan chair to her new home?

CHUNG TING—I had taken my military examination in the capital and was serving His Majesty and our country by defending the northern borders against the barbaric tribes, so I have not been able to plan to establish my own family.

THE MAGISTRATE—You didn't know your fiancée was to be married to Li Che-Fu until the wedding day?

CHUNG TING—Not until I came back with my title and my plumes and my sword.

THE MAGISTRATE (*He takes a warrant stick and gives it to the* FIRST ATTENDANT.)—Bring the defendant Li Che-Fu!

(*The* FIRST ATTENDANT *goes out and returns presently with* THE RICH MERCHANT. *Gay music accompanies the entrance.* THE RICH MERCHANT *is a man of about thirty years. His costume surpasses* THE MAGISTRATE'S *in richness. Like* TUAN CHAI, *he may not use the design of dragons and clouds, but he may use the bat motif, or better, the ancient-coin motif. He wears jeweled Chinese shoes. He walks pompously into the court. As soon as he sees* THE MAGISTRATE *he kneels. There is no property man to assist him; such privilege is granted only to an important personage or to a famous actor. An ordinary actor is expected to take care of his costume, however cumbersome and costly. The property man is ubiquitously watching to see that the costumes are properly displayed, and not in the actor's way. Handling any property attracts the audience's attention and spurs the audience's imagination, often to the neglect of the actor. The costume is to be admired as it is worn, much like the long train formerly worn by the Western hostess. The wearer would consider any meddling on the part of another as a kind favor, or as an insult. Thus, comfortably, and without assistance,* THE WEALTHY MERCHANT *prostrates himself.*)

THE MAGISTRATE—Li Che-Fu, did you know this man Chung Ting?

LI CHE-FU—Not until he collided with my bridal chair, Your Honor.

THE MAGISTRATE—Did you know he was the first betrothed to the maiden of the Han family?

LI CHE-FU (*hesitating*)—N—

THE MAGISTRATE (*warningly*)—The truth, or the bamboo.

(THE ATTENDANTS *stand erect and threaten* LI CHE-FU *by tapping the table sides alternately with their bamboo staves.*)

LI CHE-FU (*looks at* THE SECRETARY *for advice.* TUAN CHAI, *who has been bribed, nods his head.*)—I heard that my bride, Han-Chu-Yin, had been promised to a person before either was born. The family of the boy moved away to the region bordering the barbaric tribes and was never heard of for twice eight years. My marriage was negotiated under the six ceremonies. All the village was invited to my feast. My match-maker alone will establish the evidence. (TUAN CHAI *nods repeatedly and whispers to* THE MAGISTRATE *behind his spread fan.*)

THE MAGISTRATE—Bring the match-maker!

(THE FIRST ATTENDANT *goes out and returns with* THE MATCH-MAKER. THE MATCH-MAKER *is often the fool or the clown in the Chinese plays. She (it might just as well be he) defies conventions, customs, all the reality and realism in the Empire and all the traditions of the world save that of the Chinese stage. She may be streak-faced and grotesquely costumed. No Chinese playwright describes this figure definitely, but grants the character all the license and the gagging which perfect or spoil the play according to which way you take it. During the clownish entrance, humorous music.*)

THE MAGISTRATE—Are you Match-maker Wang Mei-Pao by name?

WANG MEI-PAO—By profession, mister. Are you unmarried? Do you want me?

THE MAGISTRATE—Neither yourself nor your service, but your account of the families of these people.

WANG MEI-PAO—My account, to be sure. I can make the ignorant learned; the ugly beautiful; the blind see; the deaf hear; the shrew tame; in a word poverty, riches; misery, happiness; and earth, heaven. (THE MAGISTRATE *is nonplussed.*) And they all seem to believe me. They drink to my health and lift the stuff to the level of their eyebrows and live together contentedly, and harmoniously as the proverbial harp and lyre. (THE MAGISTRATE *murmurs as if not knowing what to do with her.*) Of course, if your first match is not so supremely perfect as you wish, you can depend upon me for concubines.

THE MAGISTRATE—Did you try to tie your blind and aimless cords around this merchant Li and the maiden of the Han family?

WANG MEI-PAO—Yes, Sir, a heaven-made match. Their ingots of gold total the same figure, the gates of the two houses cope with one another. A perfect equation withal!

THE MAGISTRATE—That is enough, you may go home.

WANG MEI-PAO (*She walks reluctantly to the right, where the retiring character may say the last word.*)—I live next door to the house of Everybody. Don't forget to send for me when you want to augment your family; for I know all the superb marriageable maidens in the whole district. (*She goes out.*)

THE MAGISTRATE—Bring the Han family in!

(THE FIRST ATTENDANT *goes out and returns directly with* HAN CHU-YIN *and her mother. The women walk down stage, between the two flags which are painted on the outside to suggest the wheel of a carriage, and are carried by supernumeraries. The supers withdraw as the women walk to the center of the stage with an accompaniment of slow and soft music, but not with mincing steps, for foot-binding has never been universal in China. It is superfluous to comment on their costumes. They are just beautiful. The designs for the young woman's costume are gay flowers and aquatic grasses of a smaller and more exquisite pattern.*

The young woman is about eighteen years old. The mother is old enough to require the role of "Lao-Tan" (the married woman's part.) Like the men without a title all women must kneel before THE MAGISTRATE. *In a district court or in a theater there are always enough cushions for that purpose. The women bow down low.*)

THE MAGISTRATE—Face toward the north!

(*The women face him. While he is looking at the young beauty, music expressing magnetic enchantment is played. The bashful woman turns her face from* THE MAGISTRATE *toward the audience.*)

THE MAGISTRATE—The looks that destroy cities, the looks that destroy kingdoms! Small wonder you men quarrel with each other. Are you Han Chu-Yin, formerly promised to Chung Ting and now being borne to the house of Li Che-Fu? (*The young woman is so shy that she can hardly hold her head up or make an answer.*)

THE MOTHER—Yes, my Lord, if she is nothing else.

THE MAGISTRATE—And you, her mother?

THE MOTHER—Yes, my Lord, her only living parent.

THE MAGISTRATE—Why did you intend marrying your daughter to the Li family while there was yet an engagement contract standing between the family of Han and the family of Chung?

THE MOTHER—Because we thought the Chung boy sacrificed himself for His Majesty, and my dear little Chu-Yin was past her peach-blooming age.

THE MAGISTRATE—You may not marry your daughter to two men. (*Softly.*) I do pity your daughter. No ceremony has yet been completed. Whom do you prefer?

THE MOTHER—I will marry——

LI CHE-FU—I offer you my golden ingots.

CHUNG TING (*advancing*)—I have my silvery horses.

LI CHE-FU—I have built my red mansion.

CHUNG TING—I have won my scarlet jacket.

LI CHE-FU—My calculation always bears fruit.

CHUNG TING—My arrows always hit the bull's-eye.

THE MOTHER—What say you to these genteels, my dear Little Chu-Yin?

HAN CHU-YIN—A maiden has no lips, but heart.

THE MOTHER—Well, whom does your heart yearn to choose?

HAN CHU-YIN—I may neither choose whom I like nor refuse whom I dislike. I do as my parent decides.

THE MOTHER—The parent should be wiser, but I am not. (*To* THE MAGISTRATE.) Your honor is the parent of the people. Graciously decide this according to your honorable will.

THE MAGISTRATE—I am not old enough to be the maiden's parent, though my intention toward her is good. (*To the men.*) You deserve—(CHUNG TING *takes a step toward* THE MAGISTRATE; LI CHE-FU *straightens himself from his knees up.* THE SECRETARY, *who you remember has been bribed, whispers to* THE MAGISTRATE *behind his fan.*) Chung Ting, you deserve *not* to wed this maiden after you have neglected her till her full-plum period. (TUAN CHAI *grins.*)

LI CHE-FU—A Kao-Yao to the judgment!

THE MAGISTRATE—And you, Li Che-Fu, scarcely deserve to wed this maiden who might be claimed by a more worthy and younger man.

(*Both* TUAN CHAI *and* LI CHE-FU *are disappointed and downcast.* TUAN CHAI, *the secretary, again whispers behind his fan.* THE MAGISTRATE *pays no attention.*)

THE MOTHER—But what are we to do with my daughter who is in her prime-plum period?

THE MAGISTRATE—I know what to do with your daughter. You just wait—

(TUAN CHAI *motions with his hands to* LI CHE-FU *and extends his six fingers—meaning the six ceremonies.*)

LI CHE-FU—But the six ceremonies, and the match-maker!

THE MAGISTRATE—She confessed herself that she could make anything out of nothing. Besides, the maiden has not entered the threshold of your house.

CHUNG TING—Sir, *I* have a reliable witness. He is a very *old* man. He was witness to the verbal agreement between her father and mine. It's time he should be here.

(THE OLD MAN *enters feebly. He is old enough to use a stick—even in a district court. His robes are embroidered with symbols of longevity. He wears a long white beard, not hanging from the chin, but from the upper lip and the jaws. Perhaps the flowing beard has been used to cover up the bad teeth—if there are any—should the character open his mouth to sing. Or maybe it is to save the trouble of make-up in extending the wrinkles to the lower quarter of the face. Anyway it is very convenient to hang up this beard at the last moment so that the player can drink tea, eat refreshments, and smoke a water pipe in the green room until his call. Our* OLD MAN *has to speak through such a heavy beard.*)

THE MAGISTRATE—Who are you?

THE OLD MAN—I am Chien Shou, friend to Huan Chung and Fuan Han.

THE MAGISTRATE—Are you a go-between?

THE OLD MAN—Not exactly.

THE MAGISTRATE—By the hoary locks on your head I conjure you to speak the truth.

THE OLD MAN—Precisely. It was because of *my old age* that my two friends appointed me to be the witness to their gentlemen's agreement. One asked me to be the Fairy-Below-the-Ice, the other the Aged-Person-Under-the-Moon; namely, a formal match-maker. Said the parents-to-be to one another: "If our children be both girls, sister them; if they be both boys, brother them; if they be of opposite sex, espouse them." And I was the only witness beside the two babes that were yet in their first nine months of infancy and whom you see now here as grown-up children.

THE MAGISTRATE—Was there any document? Were any betrothal gifts exchanged?

THE OLD MAN—Nothing but their word of honor.

THE MAGISTRATE—That is scarcely valid.

THE OLD MAN—But it is negotiable. By my threescore and ten years I crave the law.

THE MAGISTRATE—Old man, do you gain anything by this union?

THE OLD MAN—Yes, the fulfilled trust of my deceased friends. The marriage was upon even their dying lips.

THE MAGISTRATE—The law is for the living.

CHUNG TING—Here I am; I, too, crave the law.

THE OLD MAN—And I am still alive, and hale and hearty.

(THE MAGISTRATE *looks inquiringly at the women.*)

THE MOTHER—The old man speaks the gospel truth through that heavy beard.

HAN CHU-YIN—O, Unkind Time, that the vase of my soul be the gossip of the court! I would rather seek the Other World.

TUAN CHAI—Sir, this is a very difficult case. We should see everybody get his just reward according to law.

CHUNG TING—Justice!

LI CHE-FU—The law!

THE MOTHER—Give my daughter of the four virtues a husband. Beget me a grandson!

THE MAGISTRATE—I told you to wait until——

(*Just at this moment* THE SCHOLAR *enters. He is not the God of the Machine, but a beggar, half dreaming, half starving. Still he has a princely bearing. His scholarly headwear is awry, his shoes have perfectly lovely tops but only half soles. His gentleman-beggar coat is all patched but made up of the most elegant silks and intricate patterns, like the frostings on a frozen window-pane. There is no hole in any part of the theatrical attire, though the outfit may have lasted the company several generations.* THE SCHOLAR *haughtily walks down stage, surveys the imaginary doors, steps in, goes clear to the right, makes the motion of seizing something, and strikes the imaginary drum on high. The drum sounds behind the stage.*)

THE SECOND ATTENDANT (*who may have retired and be on the job just now. Unlike* THE FIRST ATTENDANT, *he sulks through his duties*)—Hey, you, why do you drum the drum of justice? What wrong have you suffered?

(THE SCHOLAR *does not speak but hands a scroll of paper to* THE SECOND ATTENDANT, *who spreads it from left to right.* THE SCHOLAR *twists the paper so the right side is up.* THE SECOND ATTENDANT *extends his lazy palm to ask for wine-money—an institution, like opium smoking, the Chinese dramatist wishes to slight.* THE SCHOLAR *turns his purse inside out, revealing nothing but an old book. He beats again the imaginary drum, emitting a louder sound.* THE FIRST ATTENDANT *comes to them, pushes away* THE SECOND ATTENDANT, *snatches the paper and takes it to* THE MAGISTRATE, *who reads it in about the same short time.*]

THE MAGISTRATE—Kao-Yao be praised! Still another disputant! (*To* THE SCHOLAR.) Tu Kuang-Yang, do *you* claim the hand of this maiden? (*Everybody is startled except the girl,* HAN CHU-YIN, *who seems to be pleased.* THE SCHOLAR *nods his head.*) Who is your match-maker?

(THE SCHOLAR *goes out and returns with* THE SECOND MATCH-MAKER. *Without a matchmaker a Chinese match does not strike aright. On the Chinese stage,* THE FIRST MATCHMAKER *would also play the part of* THE SECOND MATCH-MAKER *without even the outward pretense of different make-up and costumes. To furnish variety, however, we will make* THE SECOND MATCH-MAKER *old, old enough to think everything aloud in Chinese maxims. She is dressed in uncouth apparel. Much of her character and her gagging are left to the producer and the player, for even the standard acting version should not be long.*)

THE SECOND MATCH-MAKER—I thought some nobler and more affluent person than you would want my service. (*Seeing* THE MAGISTRATE *and imitating his bearing.*) Oh, my Lord is handsome, clever, and young! Are you contemplating furnishing another golden mansion? I know the dwellers of any red chamber.

THE MAGISTRATE—Do you know this young man and this young maiden?

THE SECOND MATCH-MAKER—Yes, since they were weaned. They went to the primary school together. They studied the Book of Odes, the Book of Spring and Autumn, The Book of Filial Piety, The Book of Great Learning, Histories of The Three Ancient Celestials and The Five Dynasties, and, well (*gesticulating from the* *young woman to the young beggar*) the other classics that have made the young ones as they are. They rode on the same bamboo-twig horse, kicked the same shuttle-cock, looked at each other in the same boss mirror, played hide-and-seek until age separated them. (*Euphuistically.*) Then the girl hides herself in the red chamber, and the boy—seeks rice on the street. He has the natural capacity of eight piculs and book learning of five wagon-loads. He can compose the Five Phœnix Verse while pacing only seven steps.—And they were so fond of each other. One day they said to me, "Liu Ma-Ma, we have played groom and bride; when we become man and woman we will be husband and wife, and you will be the match-maker, won't you?" And I promised them even as they promised each other.

The Magistrate—When was that?

The Second Match-maker—It must have been in the *last* cycle of sixty years. Let me see. The ox-year has occurred twice, so probably it was the year of rats. The common denominator is six times ten. Ten stars form the heavenly system, and twelve creatures rule the animal kingdom. It should be about thirteen years ago.

The Magistrate—*About* thirteen years ago, Liu Ma?

The Second Match-maker—Yes, and we did have a plague in that year. It was three years before the year of The Great Earthquake when the King Dragon whirled his trunk, six years before the Emperor moved south and made the people sing the song of the Call of the Deer, and nine years before Master Tu was admitted to the Circle of Bamboo Shoot and bestowed the blue-and-purple gown after the Red-Robe-Fairy had nodded his head to the civil examiner.

The Magistrate—How came he to this?

The Second Match-maker—Because the long travel to the capital wasted and spent him as the chase does the hound. He was reduced to selling even his library, as the elephant disposes of his ivory; but he has induced many a hero to come back and tell his luck and aspirations to me.

The Mother—I never knew anybody aspired after me as a mother-in-law, behind my back.

The Magistrate—What evidence have you that they were willing to be husband and wife?

The Second Match-maker—Here is a picture of the Great Monad which they painted on a triangular lantern during the Lantern Festival. (*She displays a picture of the Great Monad, a symbol of Chinese cosmogony representing the dualistic principle of man and woman, the male in the female and the female in the male, supposed to be the first Chinese philosophical document.*) The one said to the other, "That black is Yin, that's you; this white is Yang, it's I." And each of us has kept a copy as a testimony.

(Tu Kuang-Yang *takes out a similar copy from his book and* Han Chu-Yin *takes out her copy from her sash. All, including* The Magistrate, *are surprised.*)

The Magistrate (*to* The Mother.)—Do you wish this man as a son-in-law?

The Mother—My Lord, if my humble self be permitted to select a husband—

The Magistrate—I grant you the right to choose one, for your daughter.

The Mother—I will choose——

The Old Man—Remember the will of your departed husband.

Tuan Chai—Remember all the gossip of the villagers and the six ceremonies.

Chung Ting—My silvery horses, my scarlet jacket, and my skilled arrows.

Li Che-Fu—My golden ingots, my red mansion, and my prosperity!

Tu Kuang Yang (*speaking earnestly but reservedly for the first time*)—My affection for Chu-Yin.

The Mother—I think I will not choose the beggar.

Voices—No, not the beggar!

Li Che-Fu. Accept my riches!

Chung Ting—My glory!

The Old Man—My age!

Tuan Chai—My humble wish!

The Second Match-maker—My word!

The Mother—I declare I never had so many suitors in my bygone days—not even a beggar.

The Magistrate (*to* Han Chu-Yin)—Well, your mother does not approve of the beggar; what is your wish?

(Han Chu-Yin *is silent and hides her face in her sash.*)

The Magistrate—Tell me, what do you choose?

Han Chu-Yin (*distressedly*)—I choose to die!

The Magistrate—In order to settle the case?

Han Chu-Yin—Yes, and quickly!

The Magistrate—Good Maiden, Kao-Yao had no more sagacity in dissolving disputes, but I fear you have made up your mind to deny yourself wealth, happiness, and power which you might find in any of these people.

HAN CHU-YIN—I am denied that which I value most. I wish to end it all.

THE MAGISTRATE—Is that final?

HAN CHU-YIN—Yes, to eternity!

THE MAGISTRATE—May your ancestor bless you! I accord you the potion that brings eternal tranquillity. (*To* THE SECOND ATTENDANT.) Bring forth the potion phial provided by the ancients to impart to the mortal the pleasant sleep.

(THE SECOND ATTENDANT *goes out; this time he makes us wait for some time. Slowly he brings the potion to* HAN CHU-YIN. *She holds it in her trembling hand; life and death struggle within her. She sighs, lingers, and sighs yet again.*)

THE MAGISTRATE—Be courageous, virtuous maiden. One dies only once; the rest is peace. If you cannot lift the phial, I shall have the attendant help you.

(HAN CHU-YIN *lifts the phial to her quivering lips.* THE MOTHER *and* TU KUANG-YANG *advance toward the young woman, but are held back by the attendants. She swallows the contents at a gulp, and sinks to the floor.*)

HAN CHU-YIN—I depart. May peace be with all!

(*She lies down unconscious. Everybody is petrified. Solemn music. At length* THE MAGISTRATE *speaks.*)

THE MAGISTRATE—Well, she died a virtuous death. Li Che-Fu, she was almost married to you. Will you bury her in your family graveyard?

LI CHE-FU—I wanted a live housekeeper, not a dead wife. Since she had an early betrothal, the body belongs to the first betrothed.

THE MAGISTRATE—Chung Ting, your stars crossed each other before either of you was born. Now you can accept the will of your parents and your parents' parents, you may have your claim.

CHUNG TING—We never saw each other and were not formally married. Let the legal husband or the true lover take the body.

THE MAGISTRATE — Tu Kuang-Yang, there is the spoils of your love. She was your promised wife. Will you take care of her?

TU KUANG-YANG—Yes, I loved her. A promise is a promise. I will take her, and will follow her soon.

THE MOTHER (*realizing what has happened, she breaks into an hysterical cry*)—You beggar! You kill-joy! You will soon pay for it!

SEVERAL VOICES—The beggar! The kill-joy! Hang him! Let him pay for it!

THE MOTHER (*turning to* LI CHE-FU)—You yellow dog! (*To* CHUNG TING.) You spotted tiger! (*To* THE OLD MAN.) You white-whiskered monkey! (*To* TUAN CHAI.) You greedy rat! (*To* THE SECOND MATCH-MAKER.) You lowly snake!

THE MAGISTRATE (*striking the mallet on the table*)—Order! Order!

(THE ATTENDANTS *tap the table sides with their bamboo staves. The people rise to leave.*)

THE MAGISTRATE—Wait a while! The case of the thrice promised bride is not yet finished. Among you three disputants only the beggar, Tu Kuang-Yang, is a true claimant; the other two are as false as shifting sand. I hereby confiscate, Li Che-Fu, your property, and deprive you, Chung Ting, of your degrees and privileges appertaining. On you, Tu Kuang-Yang, the true lover,. I bestow the golden ingots of the merchant, the horses of the Knight, and the life service of Liu Ma, so that you can have feasts and rituals. And now I grant you the privilege of administering a potion to revive the unconscious but virtuous maiden from the effects of the sleeping potion I gave the maiden to be known hereafter as your legal wife.

(THE SECOND ATTENDANT *brings the potion to* TU KUANG-YANG) *who ceremoniously takes it to the heap of beautiful costumery, stoops over the beautiful face and goes through the motion of administering the potion.* HAN CHU-YIN *comes to consciousness, and is bewildered at seeing* TU KUANG-YANG *bending over her.*)

HAN CHU-YIN—Am I dreaming, or are we meeting in the Other World?

TU KUANG-YANG—No, my beloved, we are under the sky, on the earth, and in the Middle Kingdom.

THE MOTHER—And before all these people! (*Gesticulating.*)

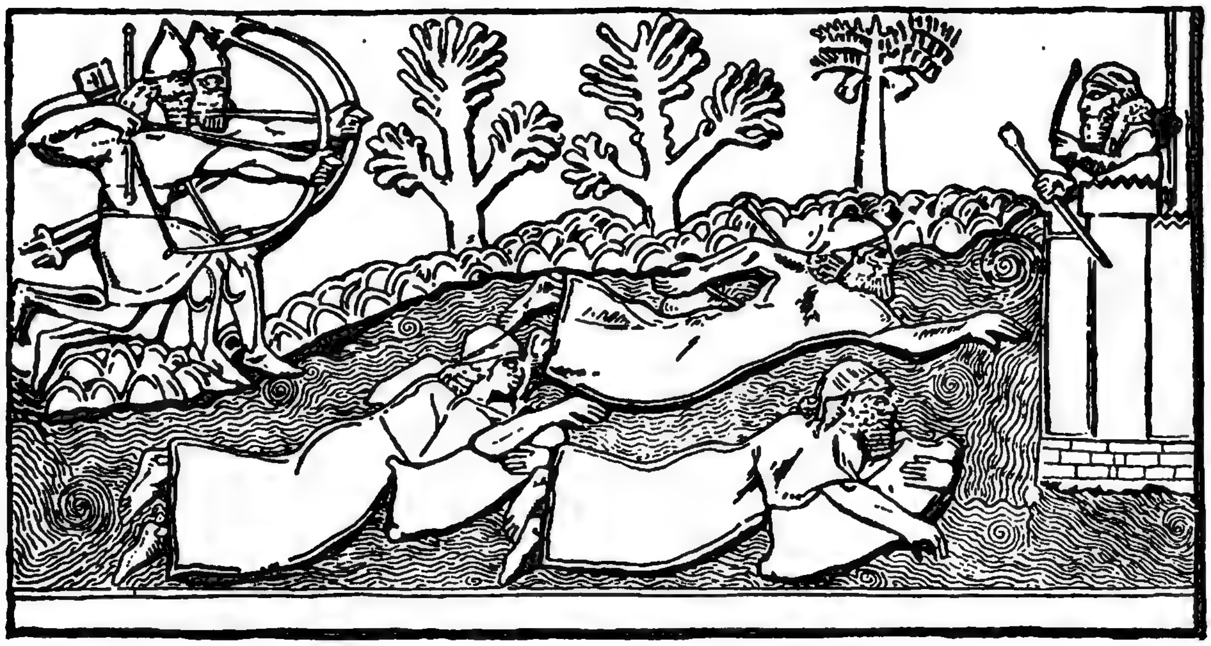
THE MAGISTRATE—Han Chu-Yin, I marry you to Tu Kuang-Yang and give you wealth, happiness and love in one.

(*Successively he applies black ink and red ink with the Chinese brushes and then imprints his official seal to the three copies of The Great Monad.*

The couple kow-tow to THE MAGISTRATE *and then to* THE MOTHER. THE SECOND MATCH-MAKER *and* THE MOTHER *help the couple to get up, holding the pictures of The Great Monad over their heads.*)

THE BRIDEGROOM (*facing the audience*)—Long live my wife!

CURTAIN



From an Assyrian bas-relief of the 9th Century B.C.

FUGITIVES SWIMMING TO A FORTRESS

(*Note the gentleman above with two arrows sticking into him!*)

Some Mighty Swimmers

Sir, he may live!
I saw him beat the billows under him,
And ride upon their back. He trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The most swollen surge that met him.
His bold head
High 'bove the most contentious waves he kept,
And oared himself with his strong arms to shore.
SHAKESPEARE.

THE CHAMPION OF THE ANGLO-SAXONS

"Art thou that Beowulf that strove against Breca, didst vie with him in swimming on the broad sea, when ye twain didst try the billows, and out of mad boastfulness risked your life in the deep water? Not any man, loved or loathed, might wean ye from your hazardous venture. So ye swam on the sea, covered the sea-streams with your arms, measured the seaways, smote with your hands, and glided over the ocean. The ocean was swollen with billows in winter's flood. In the grip of the waters ye toiled seven nights. He overmastered thee in the swimming, had the greater might."

Beowulf, son of Ecgtheow, spake: "Look ye, friend Hunferth, thou hast talked, drunken with beer, more than a plenty about Breca, and told of his venture. The truth I shall tell, that I had more endurance in the sea, strength in the waves, than any other man. We said when we were children, and made a vaunt of it—we were both of us still in our youth—that we would hazard our lives out upon the ocean, and it was thus we fulfilled it. We held our stout swords bare in our hands as we swam in the sea, for we thought to guard ourselves against the whale-fishes. No whit might he swim ahead of me on the waves of the flood, or more swiftly in the deep; nor would I from him. We were together in the sea the space of five nights, till the flood and the rising waves, coldest of weather and night closing down in mist, drave us apart, and the north-wind, battle-fierce, came against us. Rough were the waves. The fierceness of the sea-fishes was stirred up; then was my body-sark, hard and hand-linked, a help to me against the foes; my woven battle-garment, worked with gold, lay on my breast. . . . Never heard I tell at night of a harder fight 'neath the vault of heaven, nor of man in worse plight in the sea-streams. Yet I got off with my life from the grip of my foes, though worn with my faring. Then the sea-flood in its streaming, the tossing billows, bare me on to the Finns' land." BEOWULF.

HOW THE "VERY STRONG" KWASIND CAUGHT THE BEAVER

Without speaking, without pausing
Kwasind leaped into the river,
Plunged beneath the bubbling surface,
Through the whirlpools chased the beaver,
Followed him among the islands,
Stayed so long beneath the water,
That his terrified companions cried
Cried, "Alas! good-bye to Kwasind!
We shall nevermore see Kwasind!"
But he reappeared triumphant,
And upon his shining shoulders,
Brought the beaver, dead and dripping,
Brought the King of all the Beavers. LONGFELLOW.

GULLIVER'S LANDING

On the 5th of November, which was the beginning of summer in those parts, the seamen spied a rock within half a cable's length of the ship; but the wind was so strong, that we were driven directly upon it, and immediately split. Six of the crew, of whom I was one, having let down the boat into the sea, made a shift to get clear of the ship and the rock. We rowed, by my computation, about three leagues, till we were able to work no longer, being already spent with labor while we were in the ship. We, therefore, trusted ourselves to the mercy of the waves; and in about half an hour the boat was overset by a sudden flurry from the North. What became of my companions in the boat, as well as of those who escaped on the rock, or were left in the vessel, I cannot tell, but conclude they were all lost. For my own part, I swam as Fortune directed me, and was pushed forward by wind and tide. I often let my legs drop, and could feel no bottom; but when I was almost gone, and able to struggle no longer, I found myself within my depth: and by this time the storm was much abated. The declivity was so small, that I walked near a mile before I got to the shore, which I conjectured was about eight o'clock in the evening.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

CASSIUS AND CÆSAR

CASSIUS—For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow; so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink."
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar. SHAKESPEARE.

MONTE CRISTO'S ESCAPE

Dantes merely paused to breathe, and then dived again, in order to avoid being seen, and remained a long time beneath the water. This maneuver was already familiar to him, and usually attracted a crowd of spectators in the bay before the lighthouse at Marseilles when he swam there, who with one accord pronounced him the best swimmer in the port. When he reappeared the light had disappeared.

It was necessary to strike out to sea. He found with pleasure that his captivity had taken away nothing of his power, and that he was still master of that element on whose bosom he had so often sported as a boy.

Fear, that relentless pursuer, doubled Dantes' efforts. He listened to ascertain if any noise was audible; each time that he rose over the waves his looks scanned the horizon and strove to penetrate the darkness. Every wave a little higher than others seemed a boat in his pursuit, and then he redoubled exertions that increased his distance from the Chateau, but the repetition of which reduced his strength. He swam on still, and already the terrible chateau had disappeared in the darkness. He could not see it, but he felt its presence.

An hour passed, during which Dantes, excited by the feeling of freedom, continued to cleave the waves. "Let me see," said he, "I have swum above an hour, but as the wind is against me, that has retarded my speed; however, if I am not mistaken, I must be close to the Isle of Tiboulen. But what if I were mistaken?" A shudder passed over him. He sought to float on the water, in order to rest himself; but the sea was too violent, and he saw that he could not make use of this means of repose.

"Well," said he, "I will swim on until I am worn out, or the cramp seizes me, and then I shall sink." And he struck out with the energy of despair.

Suddenly the sky seemed to him to become still darker and more dense, and compact clouds lowered toward him; at the same time he felt a violent pain in his knee. His imagination told him a ball had struck him, and that in a moment he would hear the report; but he heard nothing. He put out his hand and felt resistance; he then extended his leg and felt the land; he saw then what the object was which he had taken for a cloud.

Before him rose a mass of strangely-formed rocks that resembled nothing so much as a vast fire petrified at the moment of its most fervent combustion. It was the Isle of Tiboulen. Dantes rose, advanced a few steps, and with a fervent prayer of gratitude stretched himself on the granite, which seemed to him softer than down. Then, in spite of the wind and rain, he fell into the deep, sweet sleep of those worn out by fatigue.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

A LIMIT OF SWIMMING POWERS

LYDIA LANGUISH—Tell me candidly, Julia, had he never saved your life, do you think you should have been attached to him as you are?—Believe me, the rude blast that overset your boat was a prosperous gale of love to him.

JULIA—Gratitude may have strengthened my attachment to Mr. Faulkland, but I loved him before he had preserved me; yet surely that alone were an obligation sufficient.

LYDIA—Obligation! Why a water-spaniel would have done as much!—Well, I should never think of giving my heart to a man because he could swim.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

THE LAND OF REAL SWIMMERS

We had approached within a mile and a half, perhaps, of the foot of the bay, when some of the islanders, who by this time had managed to scramble aboard of us, directed our attention to a singular commotion in the water ahead of the vessel. At first I imagined it to be produced by a shoal of fish, sporting on the surface, but our savage friends assured us that it was caused by a shoal of "whinhenies" (young girls), who in this manner were coming off from the shore to welcome us. As they drew nearer, and I watched the rising and sinking of their forms, and beheld the uplifted right arm, bearing above the water the girdle of tappa, and their long dark hair trailing beside them as they swam, I almost fancied they could be nothing else than so many mermaids. HERMAN MELVILLE.

THE MOST FAMOUS FEAT OF SWIMMING

What is it now, but mad Leander dares?
O Hero, Hero, thus he cry'de full oft,
And then he got him to a rocke aloft,
Where having spy'de her tower, long star'd he on't,
And pray'd the narrow toyling Hellespont
To part in twaine, that hee might come and go,
But still the rising billowes answered no.

With that he stript him to the yv'rie skin,
And crying, Love I come, leapt lively in.
Whereat the saphir visag'd god grew prowd,
And made his cap'ring Triton sound alowd,
Imagining that Ganimed displeas'd,
Had left the heavens; therefore on him hee seaz'd.
Leander striv'd, the waves about him wound,
And puld him to the bottome, where the ground
Was strewd with pearle, and in low corrall groves
Sweet singing Meremaids, sported with their loves. . . .
The lusty god imbrast him, cald him love,
And swore he never should return to Jove.
But when he knew it was not Ganimed,
For under water he was almost dead,
He heav'd him up, and looking on his face,
Beat down the bold waves with his triple mace,
Which mounted up, intending to have kist him,
And fell in drops like teares, because they mist him. . . .
Leander being up, began to swim,
And looking backe, saw Neptune follow him,
Whereat agast, the poore soule gan to crie,
O let me visit Hero ere I die.
The god put Helles bracelet on his arme,
And swore the sea should never doe him harme. . . .
By this Leander being nere the land,
Cast down his wearie feet, and felt the sand. CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

A VIKING

King Olaf Tryggesen, was stronger, more alert, and nimbler than any man of his time. . . . He would walk without the boat on the oars while the men were rowing . . . and in swimming he had no equal. SNORRE STURLESSON.

THE SEA-GYPSY WITH WEBBY-FOOT HANDS

". . . . There was another man along with Dowse in the Light, but he wasn't rightly a man. He was a Kling. No, nor yet a Kling he wasn't, but his skin was in little flakes and cracks all over, from living so much in the salt water as was his usual custom. His hands was all webby-foot, too. He was called, I remember Dowse saying now, an Orange-Lord, on account of his habits. You've heard of an Orange-Lord, sir?"

"Orang-Laut?" I suggested.

"That's the name," said Fenwick, smacking his knee. "An Orang-Laut, of course, and his name was Challong; what they call a sea-gypsy. Dowse told me that that man, long hair and all, would go swimming up and down the straits just for something to do; running down on one tide and back again with the other, swimming side-stroke, and the tides going tremenjus strong. Elseways he'd be skipping about the beach along with the tigers at low tide, for he was most part a beast; or he'd sit in a little boat praying to old Loby Toby of an evening when the volcano was spitting red at the south end of the strait. Dowse told me that he wasn't a companionable man, like you and me might have been to Dowse." RUDYARD KIPLING.

JUST BEFORE HAIDÉE FOUND DON JUAN

But in his native stream, the Guadalquivir,
  Juan to lave his youthful limbs was wont;
And, having learn'd to swim in that sweet river,
  Had often turn'd the art to some account.
A better swimmer you could scarce see ever,
  He could, perhaps, have pass'd the Hellespont,
As once (a feat on which ourselves we prided)
Leander, Mr. Ekenhead, and I did.

So, here, though faint, emaciated, and stark,
He buoy'd his boyish limbs, and strove to ply
With the quick wave, and gain, ere it was dark,
The beach which lay before him, high and dry:
The greatest danger here was from a shark,
That carried off his neighbor by the thigh;
As for the other two, they could not swim,
So nobody arrived on shore but him.

Nor yet had he arrived but for the oar,
Which, providentially for him, was wash'd
Just as his feeble arms could strike no more,
And the hard wave o'erwhelm'd him as 't was dash'd
Within his grasp; he clung to it, and sore
The waters beat while he thereto was lash'd;
At last, with swimming, wading, scrambling, he
Roll'd on the beach, half senseless, from the sea:

There, breathless, with his digging nails he clung
Fast to the sand, lest the returning wave,
From whose reluctant roar his life he wrung,
Should suck him back to her insatiate grave:
And there he lay, full-length, where he was flung,
Before the entrance of a cliff-worn cave,
With just enough of life to feel its pain,
And deem that it was saved, perhaps in vain. LORD BYRON.

THE PLANTER OF MALATA

Renouard set his direction by a big star that, dipping on the horizon, seemed to look curiously into his face. On this swim back he felt the mournful fatigue of all that length of the traversed road, which brought him no nearer to his desire. It was as if his love had sapped the invisible supports of his strength. There came a moment when it seemed to him that he must have swum beyond the confines of life. He had a sensation of eternity close at hand, demanding no effort—offering its peace. It was easy to swim like this beyond the confines of life looking at a star. But the thought: "They will think I dared not face them and committed suicide," caused a revolt of his mind which carried him on. He returned on board, as he had left, unheard and unseen. JOSEPH CONRAD.

GALLIC DEXTERITY

It is possible to perform actions in the Water, which one cannot do on land; I myself have often brought my Great Toe to my lips in the Water, which I could never do on land, nor on my bed. You must hold your knife in your right hand (if you are right-handed) and take up your left leg, and lay the foot on the right knee; there you may take it from the left hand, and with the right cut your Nails without any Danger. Thus you may also pick your Toes; and if this way has no other use or advantage, yet the dexterity of the management may serve to recommend it. THERENPOT.

CAPTAIN WEBB SWAM THE ENGLISH CHANNEL IN 1875

In his second and successful trial, Webb started 3¼ hours before high water at Dover on a 15 ft. 10 in tide. . . . The nearest point of French land from where he dived was Cape Grisnez, distant 17½ miles. His point of landing is 21¼ miles from Dover, as the crow flies, but the actual distance swum and drifted was 39½ miles. . . .

Before plunging in Webb was rubbed with porpoise oil, and when he landed on Calais sands the sailors who helped him to a carriage described him as feeling like a lump of cold tallow. Webb never complained about cold, the water was about 65 degrees, but he was affected with drowsiness, through want of sleep and the terrible physical exhaustion. For the first fifteen hours the weather was splendid. The sea was as smooth as glass, the sun obscured during the day by a haze, so that the heat did not affect his head, and in the night a three-quarter moon to light him on his way. The worst time began at 3 a.m. on August 25, as then drowsiness had to be overcome, and rough water was entered. At this hour he was only some four and a half miles off Cape Grisnez, and, although he was not then strong enough to strike out a direct course athwart the new N. E. stream for land, he was fetching on well for Sangatte, where he would undoubtedly have landed between 7 and 8 a.m. had not adverse weather set in. After this it was only the man's indomitable pluck that kept him going. He finally landed on Calais sands, after having been in the water 21 hrs. 45 min. Of course it was impossible to foresee the advent of bad weather at the close of the journey but, as it afterwards turned out, had Webb started at midnight on August 23-24 he would have encountered just such a breeze as troubled him at the end of the journey, and this would have been preferable when he was fresh. Further, if he had plunged in an hour or an hour and a half earlier than he actually did he would have made more westing and have avoided being drifted on to the broad part of the Straits, to the east of Cape Grisnez, at a time when all his strength and pluck were being severely taxed. Throughout the journey Webb swam on his breast, with slow and steady arms strokes and powerful leg action, averaging about twenty per minute. He swam very high in the water, and at the conclusion of each stroke the soles of his feet emerged from the water. His pluck and daring were of a high order, his straightforwardness unquestionable, and his sad death in the rapids of Niagara, on July 24, 1883, therefore, all the more regrettable. "JAPPY" WOLFE.

THE ABBÉ WHO COULD NOT SINK

The Abbé Paul Moccia, who lived in Naples in 1760, perceived, at the age of fifty, that he could never entirely cover himself in the water. He weighed three hundred pounds (Italian weight); but being very fat, he lost at least thirty pounds in the water. Robertson had just made his experiments on the specific weight of man, and everybody was then occupied with the Abbé, who could walk in the water with nearly half his body out of it.

DONALD WALKER.

A SWIM FOR LIFE AMID ARCTIC ICE

As we stood there, Johansen suddenly cried, "I say! the kayaks are adrift!" We ran down as hard as we could. They were already a little way out, and were drifting quickly off; the painter had given way. "Here, take my watch!" I said to Johansen, giving it to him; and as quickly as possible I threw off some clothing, so as to be able to swim more easily. I did not dare to take everything off, as I might so easily get cramp. I sprang into the water; but the wind was off the ice, and the light kayaks, with their high rigging, gave it a good hold. They were already well out and were drifting rapidly. The water was icy cold; it was hard work swimming with clothes on; and the kayaks drifted farther and farther, often quicker than I could swim. It seemed more than doubtful whether I could manage it. But all our hope was drifting there; all we possessed was on board—we had not even a knife with us; and whether I got cramp and sank here, or turned back without the kayaks, it would come to pretty much the same thing; so I exerted myself to the utmost.

When I got tired I turned over and swam on my back, and then I could see Johansen walking restlessly up and down on the ice. Poor lad! He could not stand still, and thought it dreadful not to be able to do anything. He had not much hope that I would do it, but it would not improve matters in the least if he threw himself into the water too. He said afterwards that these were the worst moments he had ever lived through. But when I turned over again and saw that I was nearer the kayaks, my courage rose and I redoubled my exertions. I felt, however, that my limbs were gradually stiffening and losing all feeling, and I knew that in a short time I would not be able to move them. But there was not far to go now; if I could only hold out a little longer we should be saved—and I went on. The strokes became more and more feeble, but the distance became shorter and shorter, and I began to think I should reach the kayaks. At last I was able to stretch out my hand to the snow-shoe which lay across the sterns. I grasped it, pulled myself in to the edge of the kayak—and we were saved! FRIDTJOF NANSEN.

RUSKIN AND THE "PERTURBED SPIRIT" OF THE SEA

Afloat, even twenty yards from the shore, we receive a totally different impression. Every wave around us appears vast, every one different from the rest, and the breakers present, now that we see them with their backs towards us, the grand, extended, and varied lines of long curvature, which are peculiarly expressive both of velocity and power. Restlessness, before unfelt, is manifested in the vast, perpetual, changeful, undirected motion, not of wave after wave as it appears from the shore, but of the very same water rising and falling. Of waves that successively approach and break, each appears to the mind a separate individual, whose part being performed, it perishes, and is succeeded by another; and there is nothing in this to impress us with the idea of restlessness any more than in any successive and continuous functions of life and death. But it is when we perceive that it is no succession of waves, but the same water constantly rising, and crashing, and recoiling, and rolling in again in new forms and with fresh fury, that we perceive the perturbed spirit and feel the intensity of its unwearied rage. The sensation of power is also trebled, for not only is the vastness of apparent size much increased, but the whole action is different: it is not a passive wave rolling sleepily forward until it tumbles heavily, prostrated upon the beach, but a sweeping exertion of tremendous and living strength, which does not now appear to fall, but to burst upon the shore—which never perishes, but recoils and recovers. JOHN RUSKIN.

"THE CASTING AWAY OF MRS. LECKS AND MRS. ALESHINE"

In a moment, however, my head was out of the water, and, looking hastily about me, I saw, close by, the heads and shoulders of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine. The latter was vigorously winking her eyes and blowing from her mouth some sea-water that had got into it; but as soon as her eyes fell upon me, she exclaimed: "That was ever so much more suddint than I thought it was goin' to be!"

"Are you both all right?"

"I suppose I am," said Mrs. Aleshine, "but I never thought that a person with a life-preserver on would go clean under the water. . . ."

I now took a position a little in advance of my companions, and as I swam slowly they were easily able to keep up with me. Mrs. Aleshine, being so stout, floated much higher out of the water than either Mrs. Lecks or I, and this permitted her to use her oar with a great deal of freedom. Sometimes she would give such a vigorous brush to the water that she would turn herself almost entirely around, but after a little practice she learned to avoid undue efforts of this kind. . . .

"After you are fairly in the water," said Mrs. Aleshine, as she swept along, although without the velocity which that phrase usually implies, "it isn't half so bad as I thought it would be. For one thing, it don't feel a bit salt . . . and as to bein' cold, the part of me that's in is actually more comfortable than that which is out."

"There's one thing I would have been afraid of," said Mrs. Lecks, "if we hadn't made preparations for it, and that's sharks."

"Preparations!" I exclaimed. "How in the world did you prepare for sharks?"

"Easy enough," said Mrs. Lecks. "When we went down into our room to get ready to go away in the boats we both put on black stockin's. I've read that sharks never bite colored people, although if they see a white man in the water they'll snap him up as quick as lightnin'; and black stockin's was the nearest we could come to it. . . ."

"It's a great comfort," remarked Mrs. Aleshine, "and I'm very glad you thought of it, Mrs. Lecks. After this I shall make it a rule: Black stockin's for sharks."

FRANK R. STOCKTON.

THE SWIMMING PHILOSOPHERS AND THEIR "NOCTES AMBROSIANAE"

Scene I—Two bathing machines in the Sea at Portobello (a bathing quarter near Edinburgh)

TICKLER—James, on the sincerity of a shepherd and the faith of a Christian, lay your hand on your heart, and tell me, was not the shock tremendous? I thought you never would have reappeared.

SHEPHERD—The shock was naething, nae mair than what a body feels when waukenin' suddenly during a sermon, or fa'in ower a staircase in a dream.—But I am aff to Inchkeith.

TICKLER—Whizz. (Flings a somerset into the sea.)

SHEPHERD—Ane—twa—three—four—five—sax—seven—aught—but there's nae need o' coontin'—for nae pearl-diver, in the Straits o' Madagascar or aff the coast o' Coromandel, can haud in his breath like Tickler. Weel, that's surprisin'. Yon chaise has gane about half a mile o' gate towards Portybelly sin' he gaed fizzin' out ower the lugs like a verra rocket. Safe us! what's this gruppin' me by the legs? A sherk—a sherk—a sherk!

TICKLER—(yellowing to the surface)—Blabla—blabla—bla——

SHEPHERD—He's keept soomin' aneath the water till he's sick; but every man for himsel,' and God for us a'—I'm aff.

(SHEPHERD stretches away to sea in the direction of Inchkeith—TICKLER in pursuit.)

TICKLER—Every sinew, my dear James, like so much whipcord. I swim like a salmon.

SHEPHERD—Oh, sir! that Lord Byron had but been alive the noo, what a sweepstakes!

TICKLER—A Liverpool gentleman has undertaken, James, to swim four-and-twenty miles at a stretch. What are the odds?

SHEPHERD—Three to one on Saturn and Neptune. He'll get numm.

TICKLER—James, I had no idea you were so rough on the back. You are a perfect otter!

SHEPHERD—Nae personality, Mr. Tickler, out at sea. I'll compare carcases wi' you ony day o' the year. Yet, you're a gran' soomer—out o' the water at every stroke, neck, breast, shouthers, and half-way doun the back—after the fashion o' the great American serpent. As for me, my style o' soomin's less showy—laigh and lown—less hurry, but mair speed. Come, sir, I'll dive you for a jug o' toddy. (TICKLER and SHEPHERD melt away like foam-bells in the sunshine).

SHEPHERD—Mr. Tickler!

TICKLER——James!

SHEPHERD—It's a drawn bate—sae we'll baith pay. CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

FEATS

Among the Greeks and Romans, swimming was considered an important branch of education, and "He can neither read nor swim," was a reproach for the last degree of ignorance. Cæsar was a good swimmer; Cato taught his son to cross dangerous gulfs; the Emperor Augustus taught his nephew to swim. . . . In more modern times Charlemagne was renowned for being a good swimmer, and Louis XI often swam in the Seine, at the head of his courtiers—a better example than is often set by monarchs. . . .

The swimming couriers of Peru cross the continent hundreds of miles, swimming down the rivers, their dispatches enclosed in a turban on their heads. They swim day and night, aided only by a light log of wood. . . .

A few years since the Viscount de Courtivron exhibited some experiments of this character in the Seine at Paris. He went into the water, accoutred as an infantry soldier. After swimming thirty fathoms from the boat, he raised himself in the water, and fired a musket, at which signal one of his pupils sprang from the Pont Royal, a bridge, into the Seine, from a height of sixty-four feet, and carried to M. Courtivron a tin box containing dispatches. He read the papers, gave a signal, and was joined by a class of sixty-four pupils, who in the water executed a series of military movements. . . .

Lord Byron was an excellent swimmer, and prided himself much on his aquatic feats. In imitation of Leander he swam the Hellespont, a narrow strait which divides Europe and Asia, in an hour and ten minutes, with a strong tide against him. He swam the Tagus in three hours, and afterwards swam four hours and twenty minutes without rest at Venice. . . .

When Mungo Park was swimming across the river Niger, with his negro servant, a huge crocodile suddenly rose from the bottom of the river, and seized the thigh of the latter. He would doubtless have crushed and torn it off with his immense jaws, had not the negro, who was as good a swimmer and diver as the crocodile, turned round rapidly under water, dashed his thumbs into the crocodile's eyes, and gouged them out. The monster quitted his hold, and roared with agony, and the negro reached the shore. . . .

In 1679 a vessel was overset in a squall off Martinique, in which was one Carib, the rest being Europeans. All were lost but the Carib, who, after supporting the violence of the tempest, as well as hunger and thirst, for sixty hours, reached the land in safety

The Science of Swimming (1849)

Tamango

By PROSPER MÉRIMÉE

P. Mérimée

CAPTAIN LEDOUX was a born sailor. He had started at the bottom and worked his way up to the rank of assistant quartermaster. At the battle of Trafalgar his left hand was so severely damaged by splinters of wood that he had to have it amputated, and consequently, he received his discharge, together with first-rate testimonials. The quiet monotony of home life was distasteful to him, and, when he was offered the post of second lieutenant on board a corsair, he eagerly seized the opportunity of going to sea again. The money which came to him as his share of a few captures enabled him to buy books and to study the theory of navigation as a supplement to the practical knowledge he already possessed. In due time he became captain of a pirate lugger which could boast of three guns and a crew of sixty dauntless sailors: the longshoremen of Jersey still remember the exploits of this pirate lugger. Then came the peace, which was a great grief to him; he had amassed a considerable amount of money during the war and had looked forward to increase his little fortune at the expense of the English. But he was obliged to offer his services to peaceful merchants; and, as he was known to be a man of courage and experience, he had no difficulty in finding a ship. When slave trading was prohibited by law, it could not be undertaken without running great risks, for it was necessary not only to evade the watchfulness of the French Customs officers (which was not so very difficult), but also to escape being captured by English cruisers. Captain Ledoux proved invaluable to these "ebony"* merchants.

Unlike the majority of sailors who spend many years in subordinate positions, Captain Ledoux had not that deep-rooted dread of innovation, nor that innate feeling of routine, which even their elevation to higher rank is seldom able to expunge. On the contrary, he was the first to suggest to his ship-builder the use of metal tanks for holding fresh water. He had the handcuffs, too, and the chains—indispensable articles on board such vessels—made in a particular fashion and carefully varnished to prevent their rusting. But that for which he was well known to all the slave traders was the brig he had had constructed under his personal supervision and according to his own ideas. He had christened her *Hope*. Built for slave trading, she was a fast sailer, narrow and long like a war-ship, and yet able to hold a great number of blacks. He had had the 'tween decks made narrower and less lofty; had reduced the height to forty inches, declaring that that left sufficient room for any nigger of reasonable stature to sit at ease—why should they want to stand up? There would be more than enough standing for them when they reached the colonies, he explained.

The slaves would sit with their backs against the sides of the ship in two parallel lines, leaving a free space between their feet which, in all other slave ships, was only used as a gangway. It was Ledoux's idea to make use of this free space by putting more slaves there, forcing them to sit at right angles to the others. In this way his brig would hold at least ten slaves more than any other ship of the same size. In case of need, more still could have been put on board, but he was considerate enough to insist that each nigger should have a space measuring about five foot by two in which to stretch his limbs during the six weeks' journey. For, after all, niggers were human beings like the white men, he explained to the shipwright, as an excuse for his generous treatment.

The *Hope* weighed anchor in the port of Nantes on a Friday—a fact which superstitious people subsequently recalled. The Customs officers who visited the brig for the purpose of inspecting everything on board did not come across six large cases full of chains, handcuffs, and those irons which were for some unknown reason called "bonds of justice." The very considerable supply of fresh water which had been stowed on board did not seem to astonish them, in spite of the fact that the *Hope* (according to her bills) was only going to Senegambia for the purpose of trading in wood and ivory. The journey was certainly not a long one, but perhaps they thought there was no harm in erring on the safe side —for the water would be invaluable if they happened to be becalmed.

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* **Slave dealers used to style themselves** *ebony* merchants.

So the good ship *Hope* set sail on a Friday thoroughly well provisioned and equipped. Ledoux fancied at first that the masts seemed hardly stout enough; but in the course of time he found that the vessel fulfilled his expectations in every way. They had a first-rate journey, and the coast of Africa was soon sighted. The anchor was lowered at Joal (if I mistake not), that portion of the coast being at the time unguarded by English cruisers; and the native merchants immediately came on board.

The moment could not have been more favorable. Tamango, a well-known warrior and slave dealer, had just reached the coast with a convoy of slaves, which he was selling at cheap rates with the confidence of a man who feels that he has the power of meeting any demands as soon as the article of his trade becomes scarcer.

Captain Ledoux landed at the mouth of the river and called on Tamango. He found him sitting in a straw hut, which had been hastily erected for him, together with his two wives, a few petty traders, and the slave drivers. Tamango had felt bound to put some clothes on to receive the white captain. The old blue uniform which he wore could still be recognized as having been a corporal's, but there were two gold epaulettes on each shoulder, both fastened to the same button and hanging down, one behind, the other in front. As he did not wear a shirt, and the tunic was too small for a man of his stature, a broad zone of black skin was visible between the white facings of the uniform and the canvas breeches. It looked like a belt. A heavy cavalry sword which hung at his side was fastened by a string, and a fine double-barreled English rifle completed the outfit in which the African warrior doubtless considered himself more than a match for the most exquisite dandy from London or Paris.

Captain Ledoux stared at him for some time in silence, and Tamango, flattered by the belief that he was making a great impression on the white man, drew himself up like a grenadier being inspected by a strange general. Ledoux, after having critically examined him, turned to his chief officer and observed, "There's a piece of brawn which would fetch at least a thousand crowns if we could only land him safe and sound in Martinique."

As soon as they had sat down the customary greetings were exchanged, a sailor who had a smattering of the *Yolof* language acting as interpreter. A basket full of bottles of brandy was brought, drinking began at once, and the captain thought to propitiate Tamango by making him a present of a fine copper powder-flask with a portrait of Napoleon embossed on it. The gift was acknowledged with the conventional show of gratitude. Tamango then suggested that they should go and sit in the shade (not forgetting the brandy bottle) and inspect the slaves he had to sell.

They came forward in a long file, worn out by fear and fatigue, all bearing on their shoulders a huge fork over two yards long, the two prongs of which were fastened at the back of the neck with a wooden bar. Whenever they set out on a march one of the slave drivers bears on his shoulder the handle of the yoke of the first slave, who carries that of the man behind him; the second slave carries the yoke-handle of the third slave, and so on with the others. When a halt is made, the leader of the file drives the pointed end of his yoke-handle into the ground and the whole column comes to standstill. Of course, there can be no question of escape from the file with a heavy yoke two yards long fastened round one's neck.

The captain shrugged his shoulders as each slave, male or female, passed before him; he called them puny creatures, said the females were too old or too young, and complained of the degeneracy of the black race.

"The whole race is deteriorating," he declared. "It used to be quite different in the olden days when every woman was five foot six, and four men could easily have worked a frigate's capstan and raised the sheet anchor."

However, he critically picked out a first assortment of blacks, choosing the strong and the good-looking, for which he was willing to pay the usual price; on the remainder he demanded a considerable reduction. But Tamango knew his own mind; he insisted that his wares were valuable, and spoke of the scarcity of men and the dangers of the traffic. He ended by quoting the very lowest price he could possibly accept for the slaves the white captain still had room for on board.

Ledoux stared at him in amazement and indignation when he heard Tamango's proposal interpreted. The captain got up, swearing like a trooper, apparently with the intention of putting an end there and then to all bargaining with a man so unreasonable. But Tamango, after some difficulty, persuaded him to sit down. Another bottle was opened and the discussion renewed. Now it was the black man's turn to call the white captain's views outrageous and extravagant. They talked and haggled as bottle after bottle was emptied; but the liquor was having quite a different effect on the two contracting parties. The more the Frenchman drank the less became his offers, and the more the nigger drank the less he insisted on his demands. So, when the case of brandy was finished, it was found they had come to terms. In exchange for the hundred and sixty slaves. Tamango accepted a quantity of worthless cotton, powder, gun-flints, three casks of brandy, and fifty rusty rifles. The captain, to ratify the compact, shook the half-tipsy nigger by the hand, and immediately the slaves were handed over to the French sailors, who lost no time in putting on iron chains and handcuffs in place of the wooden yokes—a striking demonstration of the superiority of European civilization.

There were still about thirty slaves—children, old men, or infirm women. But there was no more room on board. Tamango, not knowing what to do with this refuse, offered to sell them to the captain at the rate of a bottle of brandy a head. The offer was a tempting one. Ledoux remembered a performance of the *Sicilian Vespers*, at Nantes, at which he had noticed that a considerable number of sturdy and well-furnished people had managed to push their way into the pit which was already full, and ultimately find seats, thanks to the compressibility of human bodies. He agreed to take the twenty slimmest of the thirty slaves. Tamango then offered to dispose of the ten remaining for a glass of brandy a head. The fact that children go half-price and take up half-room in railway carriages crossed the captain's mind. So he accepted three children, but said he would not take one more. Tamango, seeing himself left still with seven slaves on his hands, seized his rifle and took aim at the nearest woman. She was the mother of three children.

"Buy her," he said to the white man, "or I'll fire. Half a glass of brandy, or she dies."

"But what the deuce am I to do with her?" asked Ledoux.

Tamango fired, and the slave fell down dead.

"Now for another!" cried Tamango, taking aim at a decrepit old man. "A glass of brandy, or——"

The bullet went off at random, for one of his wives had suddenly seized his arm. She had happened to recognize in the old man whom her husband was about to kill a *guiriot*, or magician, who had prophesied that she would be queen.

Tamango, excited by all the brandy he had consumed, lost control of himself when he found himself thus thwarted. He struck his wife roughly with the butt end of his gun, and turned toward the captain.

"Take her," he said; "I'll make you a present of this woman."

"I shall be able to find room for you," said Ledoux, as he took her by the hand, and he smiled when he saw how beautiful she was.

The interpreter—a charitable man—asked Tamango for the remaining six slaves in exchange for a cardboard snuff-box. He took off their yokes and told them to go wither they would. They hurried away in different directions, at a loss to know how to reach their homes, two hundred leagues from the coast.

In the meantime the captain had said good-by to Tamango and was hard at work getting his cargo on board. He did not think it safe to remain longer in the river, for fear of the cruisers which might return at any moment. So he made up his mind to set sail on the morrow. Tamango could not do anything but lie down on the grass in the shade, and sleep away the effects of the brandy.

When he woke up the vessel was already under sail, and moving down the river. Tamango, still very dizzy from the effects of his recent debauch, called for his wife Aychê. He was reminded that she had been unfortunate enough to displease him, and that he had made a present of her to the white captain who had taken her away on board with him. Half stupefied at this news, Tamango clasped his head in his hands; then, seizing his gun, he rushed away by the most direct route toward a little creek about half a mile from the sea. He knew the river made several detours before it reached the sea, and, by means of a small boat which ought to be there, he hoped to overtake the brig, delayed in her voyage, as she would be, by the winding river. He was not deceived; he leaped into the boat and just managed to reach the slave ship in time.

Ledoux was surprized to see him; still more so to learn that he wanted his wife back.

"You gave her to me," he said, "and I have no intention of giving you back your present," and he turned and left him.

But the black insisted, said he would give back some of the goods he had received in exchange for the slaves. The captain laughed, and told him that Ayché was a fine woman and that he intended to keep her. Poor Tamango burst into a torrent of tears, and groaned and cried like a man being tortured by a surgeon. He flung himself about the deck calling for his darling Ayché, and dashed his head against the planks as though he were trying to commit suicide. The captain, quite unmoved, pointed to the shore, and suggested that it was time for him to go. But Tamango held to his point. He went to the length of offering his golden epaulettes, his sword, his rifle. All in vain.

Meantime the lieutenant of the *Hope* suggested to the captain, "Why not take this lusty brute in place of the three slaves who died during the night; he is worth more than they."

Ledoux looked at him. Yes. He was worth at least a thousand crowns. Besides, this journey, which promised to be exceptionally remunerative, would probably be his last; his fortune would be made, and he would give up the slave trade. If so, what did it matter what sort of a reputation he left behind on the coast of Guinea? There was not a soul in sight on the shore, and the black chieftain was entirely at his mercy. It would only be a matter of disarming him, for it would hardly be safe to lay hands on him while he still had arms in his possession. So Ledoux asked him for his gun, as if he wished to examine it to see whether it was really worth exchanging for the beautiful negress. While he was scrutinizing it, he took care to jerk the charge out. The lieutenant succeeded in obtaining his sword, and Tamango stood disarmed. Two sturdy sailors sprang on him, brought him to the ground, and tried to bind him. But the black man struggled heroically as soon as he recovered from the surprise, and he fought for long with the two sailors in spite of the disadvantage at which they had him. By sheer strength he sprang to his feet, and with one blow he felled the man who held him by the neck. Leaving half his coat in the hands of the other sailor, he dashed furiously toward the lieutenant to regain his sword, and received a cut on the head which, without going deep, made a large wound. He fell a second time, and the sailors soon bound him hand and foot. He yelled with rage and struggled and writhed like a wild boar caught in a net; after a while, seeing that all resistance was useless, he shut his eyes and remained absolutely motionless. Had it not been for his heavy and hurried breathing, one might have thought him dead.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the captain, "won't these slaves he sold to us chuckle heartily when they see him a slave like them! They will begin to think there must be such a thing as Providence."

Meanwhile poor Tamango was bleeding fast. The charitable interpreter, who, the day before, had saved the lives of the six slaves, came to bind up his wound and speak a few words of sympathy with him. No record exists of what he said, and Tamango remained as motionless as a corpse. Two sailors carried him like a package down to his allotted place in the 'tween decks. For two days he refused to touch anything to eat or drink, and he scarcely opened his eyes. His companions in captivity, once his prisoners, had watched him brought into their midst with terror-stricken amazement. So great was the awe with which his mere presence still inspired them that not one of them durst jeer at the misery of the man who was the cause of all their suffering.

Sailing rapidly on the wings of a strong land breeze, the vessel was soon out of sight of the coast of Africa. The captain's mind, no longer haunted with visions of English cruisers, began to dwell on the prospective fortune he hoped to reap in the colonies toward which he was sailing. His cargo of "ebony" was in good health. There were no contagious diseases. Only twelve negroes had died of suffocation, and they were the weakest—a mere trifle. But in order to preserve his human cargo as much as possible from the effects of the passage, he had them brought up on deck once a day. Three successive batches of these unhappy slaves came up to inhale, for one hour each batch, the stock of fresh air which was to last through the twenty-four hours. A portion of the crew mounted guard, armed to the teeth for fear of insurrection; but they took care that the slaves were never entirely freed from their shackles. Sometimes a sailor who could play the violin would treat them to some music, and it was curious to watch all those black faces gazing up at the fiddler, gradually losing their look of abject despair, and then breaking forth into loud laughter—clapping their hands too, as much as their chains would allow them. Exercise being essential to health, one of Captain Ledoux's salutary regulations was that all the slaves should be made to dance, just as horses are made to prance when embarked on a long journey.

"Come along, my boys, dance and amuse yourselves!" the captain would shout in a voice of thunder, cracking his heavy slave-whip. In less than no time the poor blacks were leaping and dancing.

For some time Tamango's wound kept him below the hatches. But at length he appeared on deck; at first he stood in the midst of the crowd of cringing slaves, holding his proud head very high, and his sad but untroubled eyes gazed over the wide expanse of ocean which surrounded the ship; then he lay down, or rather threw himself down on deck, without even troubling to shift his chains into a less awkward position. Ledoux was sitting behind him on the quarterdeck, smoking his pipe at ease. Near him stood Ayché, holding in her hand a tray of liquors which she was ready to pour out for him. Instead of shackles she wore a pretty blue cotton dress and dainty morocco shoes, which clearly showed that she occupied a position of honor in the captain's domestic circle. One of the black men who loathed Tamango pointed her out to him. As soon as he caught sight of her he cried out, and, springing up impetuously, reached the quarterdeck before the sailors on guard could prevent such a flagrant breach of naval discipline.

"Ayché!" he shouted at the top of his voice—and Ayché shrieked as he added, "do you imagine that there is no MAMA JUMBO in the land of the white man?"

The sailors rushed to his side with uplifted clubs, but he calmly folded his arms and walked slowly back to his place, while Ayché burst into a flood of tears, and seemed appalled at his mysterious question.

The interpreter explained what the awful Mama Jumbo was, the very mention of which had roused such terror.

"It is the bogey of the black men," he said. "When a husband is afraid his wife is going to behave as some wives do, as well in France as Africa, he threatens her with Mama Jumbo. I have seen Mama Jumbo with my own eyes, and I understand the trick; but the poor blacks . . . they are so unsophisticated they do not understand anything. Picture to yourself a group of women dancing in an evening—having a *folgar*, as they call it in their dialect—near a thick and somber grove. Suddenly weird music is heard. Not a soul is to be seen, for all the musicians are hidden among the trees. The sounds of the reed flutes, wooden drums, *balafos*, and guitars made of the half of a gourd make a melody calculated to produce the devil himself. No sooner do the women hear the music than they begin to tremble and would run away if their husbands would let them; they know too well what is going to happen. Suddenly a huge white figure as tall as our top-gallant-mast comes stalking out of the wood, with a head as big as a pumpkin, eyes like hawse-holes, and a mouth like the devil's, full of fire. It moves slowly, very slowly, and does not come more than half a cable's length away from the grove. The women shriek and yell like costermongers. It is 'Mama Jumbo.' And then their husbands tell them to confess their sins, for if they do not speak the Mama Jumbo is there to gobble them up alive. Some of the women are foolish enough to acknowledge everything, and their husbands proceed to give them a sound thrashing."

"But what is the white figure, this Mama Jumbo?" asked the captain.

"Why, it's only some Merry Andrew, muffled up in a white sheet, holding up on the end of a stick a hollow gourd, with a lighted candle inside, that serves as a head. It is nothing worse than that, for it does not require much ingenuity to deceive these poor blacks. But, when all's said and done, it's not such a bad invention, this Mama Jumbo of theirs; I wish my wife believed in it."

"If my wife knows nothing of Mistress Jumbo," said Ledoux, "she has met with Master Stick, and she knows well enough what the result would be if she played any pranks with me. We are not a long-suffering family, we Ledoux, and though I have only one fist left, it can still use a rope's-end to some purpose. As to that joker who started the subject of Mama Jumbo, tell him to keep still, and that if he frightens this little woman again I'll have him flogged till his skin changes from black to the color of an underdone beefsteak."

The captain led Ayché down to his room and tried to comfort her, but neither his caresses nor his blows (there was a limit even to the captain's patience) succeeded in pacifying the beautiful negress; her tears flowed in torrents. Ledoux went up on deck in a bad humor and vented his feelings on the officer on duty concerning the first thing that came uppermost.

During the night, when nearly every one on board was sound asleep and the men on watch were listening to a low, sad, monotonous chant, which seemed to come from the 'tween decks, they heard the shrill, piercing shriek of a woman. Then they heard Ledoux's fierce voice swearing and threatening, and the sound of his heavy whip echoed through the whole vessel. Then the noise ceased, and all was silent. On the morrow Tamango came on deck, his face disfigured, but still as proud and undaunted as ever.

As soon as Ayché caught sight of him she rushed from the quarter-deck, where she had been sitting by the side of the captain, and fell on her knees before Tamango, exclaiming in a frenzy of despair——

"Forgive me, Tamango, forgive me!"

Tamango looked steadily into her eyes for a minute, and then, seeing that the interpreter was not within earshot, he ejaculated "A file!" and, turning his back upon her, lay down on the deck. The captain chid her savagely, even struck her once or twice, and enjoined her never again to speak to her ex-husband. But he had not the least inkling of the meaning of the few words they had exchanged, and he did not ask any questions about them.

Tamango, meanwhile, locked up with the other slaves, continually exhorted them to make one great effort to regain their liberty. He spoke to them of the small number of the white men, and called their attention to the increasing carelessness of their guards; and, without going into details, he promised them that he would find some way of leading them back to their country. He boasted of his knowledge of the occult sciences, for which the black races have great veneration, and declared that any who refused to assist in the attempt would incur the wrath of the devil. All these harangues were delivered in the dialect of the Peules, which was known to most of the slaves, but which the interpreter did not understand. Such was the credit of the dreaded orator, and so inveterate was their habit of obeying him, that his eloquence worked wonders, and he was begged to fix a day for their emancipation long before he had even had time to work out all his plans. So he told the conspirators vaguely that the time was not yet come, and that the devil, who appeared to him at night, had not yet given the word; but he bade them hold themselves in readiness for the first signal. In the meantime he did not lose any opportunity of testing the vigilance of the crew. One day he saw a sailor leaning over the side of the vessel watching a shoal of flying-fish which were following the ship. Tamango took the rifle which had been left standing against the gunwale, and began to handle it, mimicking grotesquely the exercises he had seen the sailors do. The rifle was immediately taken from him, but he had learnt that it was possible to touch a weapon without at once arousing suspicion. When the time came for him to use one in earnest, woe betide the man who tried then to wrest it from him!

One morning Ayché threw him a biscuit, making at the same time a sign which he alone understood. The biscuit contained a small file, and on that tool hung the success of the plot. Tamango took good care not to let his companions see the file; but, when night had fallen, he began to utter unintelligible sounds, accompanied by weird gestures. Gradually he became more and more excited, and the mutterings increased to loud groans. As they listened to the varied intonations of his voice, the slaves felt convinced that he was engaged in an animated conversation with an unseen person. They were all terrified, not doubting that the devil was at that moment in their midst. Tamango put the finishing touch to the scene by exclaiming joyfully—

"Comrades! the spirit which I have conjured has at length fulfilled his promises, and I hold in my hand the talisman which is to save us. Now you only need to summon up a little courage, and you are free men."

Those near him were allowed to feel the file, and not one of them was sharp enough to suspect that the whole thing was a gross imposture.

At length, after many days of expectation, the great day of liberty and vengeance dawned. The conspirators had been sworn to secrecy by a solemn oath, and the arrangements had been settled after much deliberation. The strongest among those who happened to go on deck at the same time as Tamango were to seize the arms of their guards, some of the others were to go to the captain's room to fetch the arms which were kept there. Those who had succeeded in filing through their handcuffs were to lead the way; but in spite of several nights' persistent toil, the majority of the slaves were still unable to take any active part in the attack. So three lusty negroes were singled out to slay the man who kept in his pocket the keys of the manacles, and to return at once and unfetter their companions.

That day Captain Ledoux seemed in the best of tempers. Contrary to his usual habits he pardoned a cabin boy who had incurred a flogging. He congratulated the officer of the watch on his seamanship, told the crew he was pleased with their work and promised to give them all a gratuity at Martinique, which they would reach very soon. All the sailors at once began to amuse themselves by making plans as to how they would use the gratuity. Their thoughts were of brandy and of the swart women of Martinique, when Tamango and his fellow-conspirators were brought up on deck.

They had been careful to file their handcuffs in such a way that nothing was noticeable, but at the same time so that they could break them open easily. Furthermore, they rattled their chains so much that morning, that they seemed to be twice as heavily laden as usual. When they had had time to drink in the air, they all joined hands and began to dance, whilst Tamango intoned his tribal war song which he always used before going to battle. After they had danced for some time, Tamango, as if tired out, stretched himself at full length near a sailor who was leaning back at his ease against the ship's bulwarks; all the others followed his example, so that every one of the guards was singled out by the several negroes.

As soon as he had managed to remove his handcuffs quietly, Tamango gave a tremendous shout, which was the signal, seized the sailor near him violently by the legs, threw him head over heels, and, planting his foot on his stomach, wrenched the gun away from him and shot the officer of the watch. Simultaneously every other sailor on deck was seized, disarmed, and forthwith strangled. From all sides came sounds of the struggle. The boatswain's mate, who had the keys of the handcuffs, was one of the first victims. In a moment the deck was swarming with a crowd of niggers. Those who could not find arms seized the bars of the capstan or the oars of the gig. The fate of the white men was already sealed; a few sailors made a show of resistance on the quarter-deck, but they lacked weapons and resolution. Ledoux however, was still alive, and had not lost any of his courage.

Seeing that Tamango was the soul of the revolt, he hoped that if he could kill him, short work might be made of his accomplices. So he sprang forward, sword in hand, calling to him at the top of his voice. Tamango lost no time in rushing to the encounter. The two commanders met in one of the gangways—one of those narrow passages leading aft from the quarter-deck. Tamango, holding his gun by the barrel, and using it as a club, was the first to strike. The white man dexterously avoided the blow; the butt end of the musket, falling violently on the planks, was smashed, and the weapon was dashed out of Tamango's hand. He stood defenceless, and Ledoux advanced with a diabolical grin. But before he had time to make use of his sword, Tamango, as agile as the panthers of his native country, sprang into his adversary's arms and seized the hand which held the sword. The one strained to hold the sword, the other to wrench it from him. During this desperate struggle both stumbled, but the black man fell undermost. Without a moment's hesitation Tamango hugged his adversary with all his strength, and bit his neck with such vehemence that the blood spurted out as it does under the teeth of a lion. The sword slipped from the weakened hand of the captain. Tamango seized it, sprang up, and, his mouth streaming with blood, yelled his triumph as he stabbed his dying enemy through and through.

The victory was complete. The few remaining sailors entreated the negroes to have pity on them, but all, even the interpreter who had never done them any harm, were mercilessly massacred. The lieutenant fell fighting heroically. He had withdrawn aft, behind one of those small cannons which turn on a pivot, and are loaded with grapeshot. With his left hand he worked the gun and with his right he used the sword so dexterously that he attracted a crowd of negroes round him. Then he fired the gun into their midst and paved a way with dead and dying. The next moment he was torn to pieces.

When the body of the last white man had been hacked to pieces and thrown overboard the negroes began to feel that their thirst for vengeance was satiated, and they gazed up at the ship's sails which were swollen by the fresh breeze, and seemed still to obey their oppressors and to carry the conquerors in spite of their triumph to the land of slavery.

"All our labor is lost!" they murmured in their despair. "Will the great fetish of the white men lead us back to our homes now that we have shed the blood of so many of his worshippers?"

Someone suggested that Tamango might be able to make the fetish obey. So they all began to shout for Tamango.

He was in no hurry to hear them. They found him standing in the fore cabin, one hand resting on the captain's bloody sword, the other stretched out to his wife Ayché, who was on her knees kissing it. But the joy of victory could not obliterate a strange look of anxiety which was visible in every line of his face. Less fatuous than the rest, he was better able to understand the difficulties of the situation.

At last he came up on deck, affecting a serenity which he did not feel. Urged by a hundred confused voices to change the course of the vessel, he stalked slowly toward the helm as if to postpone for a while the moment which would determine both for himself and for the others the extent of his power.

Not even the dullest negro on board had failed to notice the influence exercised on the movements of the ship by a certain wheel and the box fixed in front of it; but the whole mechanism was a profound mystery to them. Tamango examined the compass for some time, moving his lips as if he were reading the characters which were printed on it; then he put his hand to his head and assumed the pensive look of a man doing mental arithmetic. All the negroes stood round him, their mouths wide open, their eyes one stare, anxiously taking note of his slightest movement. At length, with that mixture of fear and confidence which ignorance inspires, he gave the guiding wheel a tremendous turn.

Like a noble steed which rears when some impudent rider drives in his spurs, the good ship *Hope* plunged into the waves at this unwonted handling, as if she felt insulted and wished to sink together with her stupid pilot. The sails being now entirely at cross purposes with the helm, the ship heeled over so suddenly that it looked as if she were bound to founder. Her long yards soused into the sea; many of the niggers stumbled and some fell overboard. However, the ship righted herself and stood proudly against the swell, as if to make one last effort to avoid destruction. But there came a sudden gust of wind, and, with a deafening crash, the two masts fell, snapped a few feet above the deck, which was strewn with wreckage and covered with a tangled network of ropes. The terrified negroes fled below the hatchway howling with fear, but as there was nothing left to catch the breeze, the vessel remained steady and merely rocked to and fro on the billows.

Presently the more daring amongst them came up again and began clearing away the wreckage which encumbered the deck. Tamango remained motionless, leaning on the binnacle, his face buried in his folded arms. Ayché, who was beside him, did not dare to speak. One by one the negroes approached him; they began to murmur, and soon a torrent of insults and abuse was let loose upon him.

"Traitor! impostor!" they cried, "you are the cause of our ills: you sold us to the white men, you persuaded us to rebel, you boasted your wisdom, you promised to take us back to our homes. We trusted you, fools that we were! and now we have narrowly escaped destruction because you have offended the white man's fetish."

Tamango raised his head proudly, and the negroes who stood round him slunk back. He picked up two guns, beckoned to his wife to follow him, and strode through the group of men, who made way for him. He went to the bow of the vessel, where he constructed a kind of barricade of planks and barrels; behind this intrenchment he fixed the two muskets in such a way that the bayonets were menacingly prominent. There he sat down and they left him alone.

Some of the negroes were in tears; others raised their hands to the sky, and called on their own and the white man's fetishes; others knelt down by the compass and wondered at its ceaseless movements, entreating it to take them to their homes again; the remainder lay on the deck in a state of abject despair. Amongst these wretches were women and children shrieking from sheer terror, and a score of wounded men imploring the relief which no one dreamt of bringing them.

All of a sudden a negro appeared on deck, his face beaming with joy. He came to tell them that he had discovered where the white men stored their brandy; and his excitement and general demeanor clearly showed that he had already helped himself to some. This piece of news silenced for a while the cries of the distracted slaves. They rushed down to the steward's room and gorged the liquor. In about an hour's time they were all dancing and roaring on deck, giving vent to the excesses of brutish drunkenness. The noise of their singing and dancing mingled with the groans and sobs of the wounded. Night fell, and still the orgy continued.

Next morning, when they woke, despair again possessed them. During the night a great number of the wounded had died. The vessel was surrounded by floating corpses, and clouds were lowering over the heavy sea. They held a conference. Several experts in the art of magic, who had not dared speak of their knowledge before for fear of Tamango, now offered their services, and several potent incantations were tried. The failure of each attempted increased their despondency till at length they appealed to Tamango, who was still behind his barricade. After all, he was the wisest of them, and he alone could extricate them from the desperate condition into which he had brought them. An old man approached him with overtures of peace, and begged him to give them his advice. But Tamango, as inexorable as Coriolanus, turned a deaf ear to his entreaties. During the night, in the midst of the tumult, he had fetched a supply of biscuit and salt meat. To all appearance he had no intention of leaving the solitude of his retreat.

There was still plenty of brandy left. That at all events, helped them to forget the sea, slavery and the approach of death. They went to sleep, and in their dreams saw Africa with its forests of gum trees, its thatched huts, and its baobabs, whose foliage shaded whole villages. The orgy of the day before was renewed, and continued for some time. They did nothing but howl and weep and tear their hair, or drink and sleep. Several died of drinking, others jumped into the sea or stabbed themselves.

One morning Tamango left his fort and advanced to the stump of the mainmast.

"Slaves!" he shouted, "the Spirit has appeared to me in a dream and revealed to me the means of helping you to return to your homes. You deserve to be abandoned to your fates, but I pity the women and children who are crying. I pardon you. Listen!"

All the negroes bowed their heads submissively, and gathered round him.

"Only the white men," continued Tamango, "know the mystic formulas which guide these massive wooden houses; but we can steer without difficulty those small boats, which are like our own" (he pointed to the sloop and the other ship's boats). "Let us fill them with provisions, set out in them, and row in the direction of the wind. My Master and yours will make it blow in the direction of our homes."

They took his word for it. No plan could have been more reckless. Without any knowledge of the compass, ignorant as to their whereabouts, they could not do anything but row at random. His belief was that by rowing straight ahead they were certain to come, sooner or later, to a land inhabited by black men; for he had heard his mother say that white men lived in their ships, and that black men possessed the earth.

Soon afterward everything was ready to be embarked, but only the sloop and one small boat were found to be serviceable. It was impossible to find room for the eighty negroes who were still alive, so the sick and wounded had to be abandoned. The majority of them begged to be slain rather than be left.

After endless difficulties the two boats were got under way, so heavily laden that they might at any moment be swamped in such a choppy sea. Tamango and Ayché were in the sloop, which was soon left behind by the other boat—a mere cock-boat, and far less overcharged. The wailing of the poor wretches who had been left behind on board the brig was still audible when a big wave suddenly caught the sloop athwart and swamped her. In less than a minute she had disappeared. The smaller boat saw the catastrophe, and immediately the oars were plied with redoubled energy, for fear of having to pick up those who were shipwrecked. Nearly all who were in the sloop were drowned. Only a dozen or so managed to reach the vessel again; amongst whom were Tamango and Ayché. When the sun set they could see the other boat far away on the horizon; no one knows what became of it.

Why should I weary the reader with a revolting description of the tortures of famine? About a score of human beings, crowded together, now tossed about on a stormy sea, now scorched by the fierce heat of the sun, fought daily for what scanty remains of food there were—every scrap of biscuit entailing a fight. . . . The weaker died, not because the stronger killed him, but because he chose to let him expire. After a few days only two were still alive on board the good brig *Hope*—Ayché and Tamango.

One night the sea was rough, the wind blew high, and the darkness was so intense that one end of the ship could not be seen from the other. Ayché lay on a mattress in the captain's room and Tamango sat at her feet. They had not spoken a word for many hours.

"Tamango," murmured Ayché at length, "it is I who have brought all this suffering upon you."

"I do not suffer," he answered quickly, and threw the half-biscuit, which he still had left, on the mattress beside her.

"Keep it yourself," she said gently, returning the biscuit. "I am no longer hungry. Besides, why eat? Is not mine hour come?"

Tamango got up without answering and staggered to the deck, where he sat down against the stump of the mast. His head lolled on his breast, and he began to whistle his tribal war song. Suddenly a loud cry reached his ear in spite of the noise of the tempest; a light flashed; other shouts followed, and a huge black ship glided swiftly past the brig—so close that Tamango could see her yards pass over his head. He only saw two faces in the light of a lantern which hung from a mast. They shouted again; then their vessel, swept along by the storm, disappeared into the darkness. Doubtless the men on watch had caught sight of the disabled hulk, but the violence of the tempest had prevented their tacking. The next moment Tamango saw the flash of a cannon and heard the report; then another flash, but no report; then he saw nothing more. On the morrow not a sail was visible on the horizon. Tamango threw himself down on his mattress and closed his eyes. His wife Ayché had died that night.

I do not know how long it was before an English frigate, the *Bellona*, sighted a dismasted vessel, to all appearances abandoned by her crew. They sent a sloop alongside and found a negress dead and a negro by her side, so haggard and so thin that he looked like a skeleton. He was unconscious, but there was still a breath left in him. The doctor took charge of him and did all he could for him, so that when they reached Kingston, Tamango had regained his health. He was asked to give an account of his adventures, and he told them all he could remember. The Jamaica planters suggested that he should be hung as a rebel, but the governor was a kindhearted man and took an interest in the negro, whose crime was, after all, justifiable, since he had but acted in self-defense; and, besides, the men he had murdered were only Frenchmen. He was treated in the same way as the slaves who are found on board a captured slave trader. They set him at liberty—that is to say they made him work for the Government. And he earned threepence a day besides his keep. One day the colonel of the 75th caught sight of this splendid specimen of a man, and made him a drummer in his regimental band. Tamango learnt little English, but hardly ever spoke. To make up for that he was always drinking rum or tafia. He died in the hospital of congestion of the lungs.

Nimrod

By AMBROSE BIERCE

THERE were brave men, some one has truly said,
Before Atrides (those were mostly dead
Behind him) and long ages ere you were
Actæon lived, Nimrod and Bahram—Gur.
In strength and speed and daring they excelled:
The stag they overtook, the lion felled.
Ah, yes, great hunters flourished before you,
And—for Munchhausen lived—great talkers too.
There'll be no more; there's much to kill, but—well,
You have left nothing in the world to tell!

The Catfish

By HENRY W. NEVINSON

BEFORE the hustling days of ice and of "cutters" rushing to and fro between Billingsgate and our fleets of steam-trawlers on the Dogger Bank, most sailing trawlers and long-line fishing-boats were built with a large tank in their holds, through which the sea flowed freely. Dutch eel-boats are built so still, and along the quays of Amsterdam and Copenhagen you may see such tanks in fishing-boats of almost every kind. Our East Coast fishermen kept them chiefly for cod. They hoped thus to bring the fish fresh and good to market, for, unless they were overcrowded, the cod lived quite as contentedly in the tanks as in the open sea. But in one respect the fishermen were disappointed. They found that the fish arrived slack, flabby, and limp, though well fed and in apparent health.

Perplexity reigned (for the value of the catch was much diminished) until some fisherman of genius conjectured that the cod lived only too contently in those tanks, and suffered from the atrophy of calm. The cod is by nature a lethargic, torpid, and plethoric creature, prone to inactivity, content to lie in comfort, swallowing all that comes, with cavernous mouth wide open, big enough to gulp its own body down, if that could be. In the tanks the cod rotted at ease, rapidly deteriorating in their flesh. So, as a stimulating corrective, that genius among fishermen inserted one catfish into each of his tanks, and found that his cod came to market firm, brisk, and wholesome. Which result remained a mystery until his death, when the secret was published and a strange demand for catfish arose. For the catfish is the demon of the deep, and keeps things lively.

This irritating but salutary stimulant in the tank (to say nothing of the myriad catfishes in the depths of ocean!) has often reminded me of what the Lord says to Mephistopheles in the Prologue to "Faust." After observing that, of all the spirits that deny, He finds a knave the least of a bore, the Lord proceeds:—

> Des Menschen Thätigkeit kann allzuleicht erschlaffen,
> Er liebt sich bald die unbedingte Ruh;
> Drum geb' ich ihm gern den Gesellen zu,
> Der reizt und wirkt und muss als Teufel schaffen.

Is not the parallel remarkable? Man's activity, like the cod's, turns too readily to slumber; he is much too fond of unconditioned ease; and so the Lord gives him a comrade like a catfish, to stimulate, rouse, and drive to creation, as a devil may. There sprawls man, by nature lethargic and torpid as a cod, prone to inactivity, content to lie in comfort swallowing all that comes, with wide-open mouth, big enough to gulp himself down, if that could be. There he sprawls, rotting at ease, and rapidly deteriorating in body and soul, till one little demon of the spiritual deep is inserted into his surroundings, and makes him firm, brisk, and wholesome in a trice—"in half a jiffy," as people used to say.

"Der reizt und wirkt"—the words necessarily recall a much older parable than the catfish—the parable of the little leaven inserted in a piece of dough until it leavens the whole lump by its "working," as cooks and bakers know. Goethe may have been thinking of that. Leaven is a sour, almost poisonous, kind of stuff, working as though by magic, moving in a mysterious way, causing the solid and impracticable dough to upheave, to rise, expand, bubble, swell, and spout like a volcano. To all races there has been something devilish, or at least demonic, in the action of leaven. It is true that in the ancient parable the comparison lay between leaven and the kingdom of heaven. The kingdom of heaven was like a little leaven that leavens the whole lump, and Goethe says that Mephisto, one of the Princes of Evil, also works like that. But whether we call the leaven a good or evil thing makes little difference. The effect of its mysterious powers of movement and upheaval is in the end salutary. It works upon the lump just as the catfish, that demon of the deep, preserves the lumpish cod from the apathy and degeneration of comfort, and as Mephisto, that demon of the world, acts upon the lethargy of mankind working within him, stimulating, driving to production as a devil may.

"A society needs to have a ferment in it," said Professor Sumner of Yale, in his published essays. Sometimes, he said, the ferment takes the form of an enthusiastic delusion or an adventurous folly; sometimes merely of economic opportunity and hope of luxury; in other ages frequently of war. And, indeed, it was of war that he was writing, though himself a pacific man, and in all respects a thinker of obstinate caution. A society needs to have a ferment in it—a leaven, a catfish, a Mephisto, the queer, unpleasant, disturbing touch of the kingdom of heaven. Take any period of calm and rest in the life of the world or the history of the arts. Take that period which great historians have agreed to praise as the happiest of human ages—the age of the Antonines. How benign and unruffled it was! What bland and leisurely culture could be enjoyed in exquisite villas beside the Mediterranean, or in flourishing municipalities along the Rhone! Many a cultivated and comfortable man must have wished that reasonable peace to last forever. The civilized world was bathed in the element of calm, the element of gentle acquiescence. All looked so quiet, so imperturbable; and yet all the time the little catfish of Christianity (or the little leaven, if you will) was at its work, irritating, disturbing, stimulating with salutary energy to upheaval, to rebellion, to the soul's activity that saves from bland and reasonable despair. Like a fisherman overanxious for the peace of the cod in his tank, the philosophic Emperor tried to stamp the catfish down, and hoped to preserve a philosophic quietude by the martyrdom of Christians in those flourishing municipalities on the Rhone. Of course he failed, as even the most humane and philosophic persecutors usually fail, but had he succeeded, would not the soul of Europe have degenerated into a flabbiness, lethargy, and desperate peace?

Take history where you will, when a new driving force enters the world, it is a nuisance, a disturbing upheaval, a troubling agitation, a plaguy fish. Think how the tiresome Reformation disturbed the artists of Italy and Renaissance scholars; or how Cromwell disgusted the half-way moderates, how the Revolution hogged the sentimental theorists of France, how Kant shattered the Supreme Being of the Deists, and Byron set the conventions of art and life tottering aghast. Take it where you will, the approach of the soul's catfish is watched with apprehension and violent dislike, all the more because it saves from torpor. It saves from what Hamlet calls—

> That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat—
> Of habits devil:

In the Futurist exhibition held in Sackville Street in 1912, one of the most notable pictures was called "Rebellion." The catalogue told us that it represented "the collision of two forces, that of the revolutionary element made up of enthusiasm and red lyricism against the force of inertia and the reactionary resistance of tradition." The picture showed a crowd of scarlet figures rushing forward in a wedge. Before them went successive wedge-shaped lines, impinging upon dull blue. They represented, we were told, the vibratory waves of the revolutionary element in motion. The force of inertia and the reactionary resistance of tradition were pictured as rows on rows of commonplace streets. The waves of the revolutionary element had knocked them all askew. Though they still stood firmly side by side to all appearance (to keep up appearances, as we say) they were all knocked aslant, "just as a boxer is bent double by receiving a blow in the wind."

We may be sure that inertia in all its monotonous streets does not like such treatment. It likes it no more than the plethoric cod likes the catfish close behind its tail. And it is no consolation either to inertia or cod to say that this disturbing element serves an ultimate good, rendering it alert, firm, and wholesome of flesh. However salutary, the catfish is far from popular among the placid residents of the tank, and it is fortunate that neither in tanks nor streets can the advisability of catfish or change be submitted to the referendum of the inert. In neither case would the necessary steps for advance in health and activity be adopted. To be sure, it is just possible to overdo the number of catfish in one tank. At present in this country, for instance, and, indeed, in the whole world, there seem to be more catfish than cod, and the resulting liveliness is perhaps a little excessive, a little "jumpy." But in the midst of all the violence, turmoil, and upheaval, it is hopeful to remember that of the deepest and most salutary change which Europe has known it was divinely foretold that it would bring not peace but a sword.

A Treasure-Seeker Who Found

How Sir William Phips Took £300,000 of Silver, Gold, Pearls and Jewels from the Ocean

By COTTON MATHER

[On February 2, 1650, at "a despicable Plantation on the River of Kennebec," William Phips was born—the twenty-sixth child of a pioneer mother. He tended sheep till eighteen, became a ship's carpenter, went to Boston, learned to read, and married a Boston merchant's widow—"the daughter of one Captain Roger Spencer, a Person of Good Fashion."

He would "frequently tell the Gentlewoman his Wife, that he should yet be Captain of a King's Ship; that he should come to have the Command of better Men than he now accounted himself, that he would be the Owner of a fair Brick House in the Green Lane of North Boston; and that it may be, this would not be all that the Providence of God would bring him to. She entertained these Passages with sufficient Incredulity, but he had so Serious and Positive an Expectation thereof, That it is not easy to say what was the Original thereof."

Hearing one of the many seaman's tales of a lost Spanish treasure ship in the West Indies, Phips made up his mind to search for it; and, raising some money for a vessel, his first voyage to the Bahamas produced enough confirmation to send him to England for backing.]

HAVING first informed himself, that there was another *Spanish Wreck*, wherein was lost a mighty Treasure, hitherto undiscovered, he had a strong Impression upon his Mind, that *He* must be the Discoverer; and he made such Representations of his Design at *Whitehall*, that by the Year 1683, he became the Captain of a King's Ship, and arrived at *New England*, Commander of the *Algier-Rose*, a Frigate of Eighteen Guns, and Ninety-five Men.

To relate all the *Dangers* through which he passed, both by Sea and Land, and all the Tiresome Trials of his *Patience*, as well as of his *Courage*, which Year after Year, the most vexing Accidents imaginable, delay'd the Success of his Design, it would even Tire the Patience of the Reader: For very great was the Experiment that Captain *Phips* made of the *Italian* Observation, *He that can't suffer both Good and Evil, will never come to any great Preferment*, Wherefore I shall supersede all *Journal* of his Voyages to and fro, with reciting one Instance of his Conduct, that show'd him to be a Person of no contemptible Capacity. While he was Captain of the *Algier-Rose*, his Men growing weary of their unsuccessful Enterprise, made a Mutiny, wherein they approach'd him on the Quarter-Deck, to join with them in Running away with the Ship, to drive a Trade of Pyracy on the *South Seas*. Captain *Phips*, though he had not so much of a Weapon, as an *Ox-Goad*, or a *Jaw-bone* in his Hands, yet like another *Shamgar* or *Sampson*, with a most undaunted Fortitude, he rush'd in upon them, and with the Blows of his bare Hands, Fell'd many of them, and Quell'd all the Rest. But this is not the Instance which I intended: That which I intend is, That (as it has been related unto me) One Day, while his Frigate lay *Careening*, at a desolate *Spanish* Island, by the side of a Rock, from whence they had laid a Bridge to the Shoar, the Men, whereof he had about an *Hundred*, went all but about Eight or Ten, to divert themselves, as they pretended, in the *Woods*: Where, they all entered into an *Agreement*, which they Sign'd in a Ring, That about seven a Clock that Evening they would seize the Captain, and those Eight or Ten, which they knew to be True unto him, and leave them to perish on this Island, and so be gone away into the *South Sea* to *seek their Fortune*. Will the Reader now imagine, that Captain *Phips* having Advice of this Plot, but about an Hour and half before it was to be put in Execution, yet within *Two Hours* brought all these Rogues down upon their Knees, to beg for their lives? But so it was! For these Knaves considering, that they should want a Carpenter with them in their Villainous Expedition, sent a Messenger to fetch unto them the Carpenter, who was then at Work upon the Vessel; and unto him they show'd their Articles, telling him what he must look for, if he did not *subscribe* among them. The Carpenter being an honest Fellow, did with much importunity, prevail for one-half Hours Time to consider of the Matter; and returning to Work upon the Vessel, with a Spy by them set upon him, he feigned himself taken with a Fit of the *Cholick*, for the Relief whereof he suddenly ran unto the Captain in the Great Cabbin for a Dram; where, when he came, his business was only in brief, to tell the Captain of the horrible Distress which he was fallen into; but the Captain bid him as briefly, return to the Rogues in the *Woods*, and Sign their *Articles*, and leave *him* to provide for the Rest. The *Carpenter* was no sooner gone, but Captain *Phips* calling together the few Friends (it may be seven or eight) that were left him aboard, whereof the Gunner was one, demanded of them, whether they would stand by him in the Extremity, which he informed them was now come upon him; whereto they reply'd, *They would stand by him, if he could save them;* And he Answered, By *the help of God, he did not fear it.* All their Provisions had been carried a shoar to a Tent, made for that purpose there; about which they had placed several Great Guns to defend it, in case of any *Assault* from *Spaniards*, that might happen to come that way. Wherefore Captain *Phips*, immediately ordered those Guns to be silently Drawn and Turn'd; and so, pulling up the Bridge, he charged his Great Guns aboard, and brought them to Bear on every side of the Tent. By this Time the *Army of Rebels* come out of the Woods; but as they draw near to the Tent of Provisions, they saw such a change of Circumstances, that they cryed out, *We are Betray'd!* and they were soon confirm'd in it, when they heard the Captain with a stern Fury call to them, *Stand off, ye Wretches at your Peril!* He quickly saw them cast into a more than ordinary confusion, when they saw *Him* ready to Fire his Great Guns upon them if they offered one Step further than he permitted them; And, when he had signified unto them his *Resolve* to abandon them unto all the Desolation which they had purposed for *him;* he caused the *Bridge* to be again laid, and his Men began to take the Provisions aboard. When the Wretches beheld what was coming upon them, they fell to very humble Entreaties; and at last, fell down upon their Knees, protesting, *That they never had anything against him, except only his unwillingness to go away with the King's Ship upon the South Sea Design: But upon all other Accounts, they would choose rather to Live and Die with him, than with any Man in the World; however, since they saw how much he was dissatisfied at it, they would insist upon it no more, and humbly begg'd his Pardon.* And when he judg'd that he had kept them on their *Knees* long enough, he having first secur'd their Arms, received them aboard; but he immediately weighed Anchor, and arriving at Jamaica, he Turn'd them off.

Now with a small Company of other Men, he sailed from thence to *Hispaniola* where, by the Policy of his Address, he fished out of a very old *Spaniard* (or Portuguese) a little advice about the true Spot where lay the *Wreck*, which he had been hitherto seeking, as unprosperously, as the *Chymists* have their *Aurific Stone:* That it was upon a *Reef of Shoals*, a few Leagues to the Northward of *Port de la Plata*, upon *Hispaniola*, a Port so call'd, it seems, from the landing of some of the *Ship-wrecked* Company, with a Boat full of Plate, saved out of their Sinking Frigate: Nevertheless, when he had searched very narrowly the Spot, whereof the old *Spaniard* had advised him, he not hitherto exactly hit upon it. Such *Thorns* did vex his Affairs, while he was in the *Rose-Frigate;* but none of all these things could retund the Edge of his Expectations to find the *Wreck;* with such Expectations he return'd then into *England*, that he might there better furnish himself to Prosecute a *New Discovery;* for though he judged, he might, by proceeding a little further, have come at the right Spot, yet he found his present Company too ill a Crew to be confided in.

So *proper* was his Behaviour, that the best Noble Men in the Kingdom, now admited him into their Conversation; but yet he was opposed by powerful Enemies, that Clogg'd his Affairs with such Demurrages, and such *Disappointments*, as would have wholly Discouraged his Designs, if his Patience had not bin *Invincible*. *He who can wait, hath what he desireth.* This his *Indefatigable Patience*, with a proportionable *Diligence*, at length overcame the Difficulties that had bin thrown in his way; and prevailing with the Duke of *Albemarl*, and some other Persons of Quality, to fit him out, he set Sail for the *Fishing Ground*, which had bin so well *baited*, half an Hundred Years before: And as he had already discovered his *Capacity for business*, in many considerable Actions, he now added unto those Discoveries, by not only *providing* all, but also by *inventing* many of the Instruments necessary to the prosecution of his intended *Fishery*. Captain *Phips* arriving with a Ship and *Tender*, at *Port de la Plata*, made a stout *Canoo* of a stately *Cotton Tree*, so large as to carry Eight or Ten Oars, for the making of which *Periaga* (as they call it) he did, with the same industry that he did everything else, employ his own *Hand* and *Adse*, and endure no little hardship, lying abroad in the Woods many Nights together. This Periaga, with the Tender, being Anchored at a place convenient, the *Periaga* kept Busking to and again, but could only discover a *Reef of Rising Shoals* thereabouts, called *The Boilers*, which Rising to be within Two or Three Foot of the Surface of the Sea, were yet so steep, that a Ship striking on them, would immediately sink down, who could say, *how many Fathom?* into the Ocean. Here they could get no other Pay for their long *peeping* among the *Boilers*, but only such as caused them to think upon returning to their Captain, with the *Bad News* of their total Disappointment. Nevertheless, as they were upon the Return, one of the Men looking over the side of the *Periaga*, into the calm Water, he spied a *Sea Feather*, growing as he judged, out of a Rock; whereupon they bade one of their *Indians* to Dive, and fetch this *Feather*, that they might however carry home *something* with them, and make at least, as fair a Triumph as *Caligula's*.

The Diver, bringing up the *Feather*, brought therewithal a surprising story, That he perceived a Number of *Great Guns* in the *Watry World* where he had found his *Feather;* the *Report* of which *Great Guns* exceedingly astonished the whole Company; and at once, turned their *Despondencies* for their ill success, into *Assurances*, that they had now lit upon the *True spot* of Ground which they had been looking for; and they were further confirmed in these *Assurances*, when upon further Diving, the *Indian* fetcht up a *Sow*, as they stil'd it, or a Lump of Silver, worth perhaps, Two or Three Hundred Pounds.

Upon this they prudently Buoy'd the place, that they might readily find it again; And they went back unto their Captain, whom for some while, they distressed with nothing but such *Bad News*, as they formerly thought they must have carried him.

Nevertheless they so slipt in the Sow of Silver, on one side under the Table, where they were now sitting with the Captain, and hearing him express his Resolutions to wait still patiently upon the Providence of God under these Disappointments, that when he should look on one side, he might see that *Odd Thing* before him.

At last he *saw* it; seeing it, he cryed out with some Agony, *Why? What is this? Whence comes this?* And then, with changed Countenances, they told him *how*, and *where* they had got it:

Then, said he, *Thanks be to God! We are made.*

And so, away they went, all hands to Work; wherein they had this one further piece of Remarkable Prosperity, that whereas, if they had first fallen upon that part of the *Spanish Wreck*, where the *Pieces of Eight* had been stowed in Bags among the Ballast, they had seen a more laborious, and less enriching time of it: Now, most happily, they first fell upon that Room in the *Wreck*, where the Bullion had been stored up; and they so prospered in this *New Fishery*, that in a little while they had, without the loss of any Man's Life, brought up *Thirty-Two Tuns* of Silver; for it was now come to measuring of Silver by *Tuns*. Besides which, one Adderly of Providence, who had formerly been very helpful to Captain *Phips* in the Search of this *Wreck*, did upon former Agreement meet him now, with a little Vessel here; and *he*, with his few hands, took up about *Six Tuns* of Silver; whereof nevertheless, he made so little use, that in a year or two, he died at *Bermudas*, and as I have heard, he ran Distracted some while before he died. Thus did there once again, come into the Light of the Sun, a Treasure which had been half an Hundred Years *groaning under the Waters*. And in this time, there was grown upon the Plate, a Crust like Limestone, to the thickness of several Inches; which Crust being broken open, by Irons contrived for that purpose, they knockt out whole Bushels of rusty Pieces of Eight, which were grown thereunto. Besides that incredible Treasure of Plate in various forms, thus fetch'd up, from seven or eight Fathom under Water, there were vast Riches of *Gold* and *Pearls* and *Jewels*, which they also lit upon; and indeed, for a more *Comprehensive Invoice*, I must summarily say, *All that a Spanish Frigate* *uses to be enricht withal.* Thus did they continue *Fishing* till their Provisions failing them, 'twas time to be gone; but before they went, Captain *Phips* caused *Adderly* and his Folk to swear, That they would none of them discover the place of the *Wreck*, or come to the Place any more till the nex Year, when he expected again to be there himself. And it was also Remarkable, that though the Sows came up still so fast, that on the very last Day of their being there, they took up *Twenty*, yet it was afterwards found, that they had in a manner cleared that Room of the Ship, where those *Massy Things* were stowed.

But there was one extraordinary Distress which Captain *Phips* now plunged himself into: For his Men were come out with him upon Seamen's Wages, at so much *per* Month; and when they saw such vast Litters of Silver *Sows* and *Pigs*, as they call them, come on board them, at the Captain's Call, they knew not how to bear it, that they should not *share* all among themselves, and be gone to lead *a short life and a merry* in a Climate, where the Arrest of those that had hired them, should not reach them. In this terrible Distress, he made his Vows unto Almighty God, that if the Lord would carry him safe home to *England*, with what *he* had now given him, *to suck of the abundance of the Seas, and of the Treasures hid in the Sands*, he would for ever Devote himself unto the Interests of the Lord *Jesus Christ*, and of his People, especially in the *Country* which he did himself Originally belong unto. And he then used all the obliging Arts imaginable, to make his Men true unto him, especially by assuring them, that besides their Wages, they should have ample Requitals made unto them; which if the rest of his Employers would not agree unto, he would himself distribute *his own share* among them. Relying upon the Word of One, whom they had ever found worthy of their *Love*, and of their *Trust*, they declared themselves *Content:* But still keeping a most careful eye upon them, he hastened back for *England*, with as much *Money* as he thought he could then safely *Trust* his Vessel withal; not counting it safe to supply himself with necessary Provisions at any nearer Port, and so return unto the *Wreck*, by which delays, he wisely feared lest all might be lost, more ways than one. Though he also left so much behind him, that many from diverse parts made very considerably voyages of *Gleanings* after his *Harvest;* which came to pass by certain Bermudians, compelling of Adderly's Boy, whom they spirited away with them, to tell them the exact place where the *Wreck* was to be found.

Captain *Phips* now coming up to London, in the Year 1687, with near *Three Hundred Thousand Pounds Sterling* aboard him, did acquit himself with such an exemplary Honesty, that partly by fulfilling his Assurances to the Seamen, and partly by his exact and punctual Care to have his Employers defrauded of nothing that might conscientiously belong unto them, he had less than *sixteen Thousand pounds* left unto himself: as an Acknoeledgment of which *Honesty* in him, the Duke of *Albermarl* made unto his Wife, whom he never saw, a present of a *Golden Cup*, near a thousand pounds in value. The Character of an *Honest Man*, he had so merited in the whole Course of his Life, and especially in this last Act of it, that this, in conjunction with his other serviceable Qualities, procured him the Favours of the Greatest Persons in the Nation: And *He that had been so diligent in his Business, must now stand before Kings, and not stand before mean Men;* There were indeed, certain mean Men, if base, little, dirty Tricks will entitle Men to Meanness, who urged the King, to seize his whole Cargoe, instead of the Tenth, upon his first Arrival, on this pretence, that he had not been rightfully inform'd of the *True State of the Case*, when he granted the *Patent*, under the Protection whereof these *particular Men* had made themselves Masters of all this Mighty Treasure; but the King replied, That he had been *rightly informed* by Captain *Phips* of the whole matter, as it now proved, and that it was the slanders of one then present, which had, unto his Damage, hindred him from hearkning to the Information. Wherefore he would give them, he said, no Disturbance, they might keep what they had got; but Captain *Phips*, he saw, was a Person of that Honesty, Fidelity and Ability, that he should not want his Countenance. Accordingly the King, in consideration of the Service done by him, in bringing such a Treasure into the nation, conferr'd upon him the Honor of *Knighthood;* and if we now reckon him, *A Knight of the Golden Fleece*, the stile might . . . justify it. Or call him, if you please, *The Knight of Honesty;* for it was *Honesty* with *Industry*, that Raised him; and he became a Mighty River without the running in of Muddy Water to make him so. Reader, Now make a Pause, and behold, *One Raised by God!*

The Second-Class Passenger

By PERCEVAL GIBBON

Perceval Gibbon

THE party from the big German mail-boat had nearly completed their inspection of Mozambique. They had walked up and down the main street, admired the palms, lunched at the costly table of Lazarus, and purchased "curios"—Indian silks, Javanese knives, Birmingham metal-work, and what not—as mementos of their explorations. In particular, Miss Paterson had invested in a heavy bronze image — apparently Japanese — concerning which she entertained the thrilling delusion that it was an object of local worship. It was a grotesque thing, massive and bulky, weighing not much less than ten or twelve pounds. Hence it was confided to the careful porterage of Dawson, an assiduous and favored courtier of Miss Paterson; and he, having lunched, was fated to leave it behind at Lazarus' Hotel.

Miss Paterson shook her fluffy curls at him. They were drawing towards dinner, and the afternoon was wearing stale.

"I did so want that idol," she said plaintively. She had the childish quality of voice, the insipidity of intonation, which is best appreciated in steamboat saloons. "Oh, Mr. Dawson, don't you think you could get it back for me?"

"I'm frightfully sorry," said the contrite Dawson. "I'll go back at once. You don't know when the ship goes, do you?"

Another of Miss Paterson's cavaliers assured him that he had some hours yet. "The steward told me so," he added authoritatively.

"Then I'll go at once," said Dawson, hating him.

"Mind, don't lose the boat," Miss Paterson called after him.

He went swiftly back up the wide main street in which they had spent the day. Lamps were beginning to shine everywhere, and the dull peace of the place was broken by a new life. Those that dwell in darkness were going abroad now, and the small saloons were filling. Dawson noted casually that evening was evidently the lively time of Mozambique. He passed men of a type he had missed during the day, men of all nationalities, by their faces, and every shade of color. They were lounging on the sidewalk in knots of two or three, sitting at the little tables outside the saloons, or lurking at the entrances of narrow alleys that ran aside from the main street every few paces. All were clad in thin white suits, and some wore knives in full sight, while there was that about them that would lead even the most innocent and conventional second-class passenger to guess at a weapon concealed somewhere. Some of them looked keenly at Dawson as he passed along; and although he met their eyes impassively, he—even he—was conscious of an implied estimate in their glance, as though they classified him with a look. Once he stepped aside to let a woman pass. She was large, flamboyantly southern and calm. She lounged along, a cloak over her left arm, her head thrown back, a cigarette between her wide, red lips. She, too, looked at Dawson—looked down at him with a superb lazy nonchalance, laughed a little, and walked on. The loungers on the sidewalk laughed too, but rather with her than at Dawson.

"I seem rather out of it here," he told himself patiently, and was glad to enter the wide portals of Lazarus' Hotel. A grand, swarthy Greek, magnificent in a scarlet jacket and gold braid, pulled open the door for him, and heard his mission smilingly.

"A brass-a image," he repeated. "Sir,

you wait-a in the bar, an' I tell-a the boy go look."

"You must be quick, then," said Dawson, "'cause I'm in a hurry to get back."

"Yais," smiled the Greek. "Bimeby he rain-a bad."

"Rain?" queried Dawson incredulously. The air was like balm.

"You see," the Greek nodded. "This-a way, sir. I go look-a quick."

Dawson waited in the bar, where a dark, sallow barman stared him out of countenance for twenty minutes. At the end of that time the image was forthcoming. The ugly thing had burst the paper in which it was wrapped, and its grinning bullet head projected handily. The paper was wisped about its middle like a petticoat. Dawson took it thankfully from the Greek, and made suitable remuneration in small silver.

"Bimeby rain," repeated the Greek, as he opened a door for him again.

"Well, I'm not made of sugar," replied Dawson, and set off.

It was night now, for in Mozambique evening is but a brief hiatus between darkness and day. It lasts only while the sun is dipping; once the upper limb is under the horizon it is night, full and absolute. As Dawson retraced his steps the sky over him was velvet-black, barely punctured by faint stars, and a breeze rustled faintly from the sea. He had not gone two hundred yards when a large, warm drop of rain splashed on his back. Another pattered on his hat, and it was raining, leisurely, ominously.

Dawson pulled up and took thought. At the end of the main street he would have to turn to the left to the sea-front, and then to the left again to reach the landing-stage. If, now, there were any nearer turning to the left—if any of the dark alleys that opened continually beside him were passable—he might get aboard the steamer to his dinner in the second-class saloon with a less emphatic drenching than if he went round by the way he had come. Mozambique, he reflected, could not have only one street—it was too big for that. From the steamer, as it came to anchor, he had seen acre upon acre of flat roofs, and one of the gloomy alleys beside him must surely debouch upon the sea-front. He elected to try one, anyhow, and accordingly turned aside into the next.

With ten paces he entered such a darkness as he had never known. The alley was barely ten feet wide: it lay like a crevasse between high, windowless walls of houses. The warm, leisurely rain dropped perpendicularly upon him from an invisible sky, and presently, hugging the wall, he butted against a corner, and found, or guessed, that his way was no longer straight. Underfoot there was mud and garbage that at once engulfed him to the knee, and nowhere in all those terrible, silent walls on each side of him was there a light or a door, nor any sight of life near at hand. He might have been in a catacomb, companioned by the dead. The stillness and the loneliness scared and disturbed him. He turned on a sudden impulse to make his way back to the lights of the street.

But this was to reckon without the map of Mozambique—which does not exist. Ten minutes sufficed to overwhelm him in an intricacy of blind ways. He groped by a wall to a turning, fared cautiously to pass it, found a blank wall opposite him, and was lost. His sense of direction left him, and he had no longer any idea of where the street lay and where the sea. He floundered in gross darkness, inept and persistent. It took some time, many turnings, and a tumble in the mud to convince him that he was lost. And then the rain came down in earnest.

It roared, it pelted, it stamped on him. It was not rain, as he knew it: it was a cascade, a vehement and malignant assault by all the wetness in heaven. It whipped, it stung, it thrashed; he was drenched in a moment as though by a trick. He could see nothing, but groped blind and frightened under it, feeling along the wall with one hand, still carrying the bronze image by the head with the other. Once he dropped it, and would have left it, but with an impulse like an effort of self-respect, he searched for it, groping elbow-deep in the slush and water, found it, and stumbled on. Another corner presented itself; he came round it, and almost at once a light showed itself.

It was a slit of brightness below a door, and without a question the drenched and bewildered Dawson lifted the image and hammered on the door with it. A hum of voices within abated as he knocked, and there was silence. He hammered again, and he heard bolts being withdrawn inside. The door opened slowly, and a man looked out.

"I've lost my way," flustered Dawson pitifully. "I'm wet through, and I don't know where I am." Even as he spoke the rain was cutting through his clothes like blades. "Please, let me in," he concluded. "Please let me in."

The man was backed by the light, and

Dawson could see nothing of him save that he was tall and stoutly made. But he laughed, and opened the door a foot farther to let him pass in.

"Come in," he bade him. His voice was foreign and high. "Come in. All may come in to-night."

Dawson entered, leading a trail of water over a floor of bare boards. His face was running wet, and he was newly dazzled with the light. But when he had wiped his eyes, he drew a deep breath of relief and looked about him. The room was unfurnished save for a littered table and some chairs, and a gaudy picture of the Virgin that hung on the wall. On each side of it was a sconce, in which a slovenly candle guttered. A woman was perched on a corner of the table, a heavy shawl over her head. Under it the dark face, propped in the fork of her hand, glowed sullenly, and her bare, white arm was like a menacing thing. Dawson bowed to her with an instinct of politeness. In a chair near her a grossly fat man was huddled, scowling heavily under thick, fair brows, while the other man, he who had opened the door, stood smiling.

The woman laughed softly as Dawson ducked to her, scanning him with an amusement that he felt as ignominy. But she pointed to the image dangling in his hand.

"What is that?" she asked.

Dawson laid it on the floor carefully. "It's a curio," he explained. "I was fetching it for a lady. An idol, you know."

The fat man burst into a hoarse laugh, and the other man spoke to Dawson.

"An' you?" he queried. "What you doing 'ere, so late an' so wet?"

"I was trying to take a short cut to the landing-stage," Dawson replied. "Like a silly fool, I thought I could find my way through here. But I got lost somehow."

The fat man laughed again.

"You come off the German steamer?" suggested the woman.

Dawson nodded. "I came ashore with some friends," he answered, "from the second-class. But I left them to go back and fetch this idol, and here I am."

The tall man who had opened the door turned to the woman.

"So we must wait a leetle longer for your frien's," he said.

She tossed her head sharply.

"Friends!" she exclaimed. "Mother of God! Would you walk about with your knives for ever? When every day other men are taken, can you ask to go free? Am I the wife of the Intendente?"

"No, nod the vife!" barked the stout man violently. "But if you gan't tell us noding better than to stop for der police to dake us, vot's der good of you?"

The woman shrugged her shoulders, and the shawl slipped, and showed them bare and white above her bodice.

"I have done all that one could do," she answered sullenly, with defiant eyes. "Seven months you have done as you would, untouched. That was through me. Now, fools, you must take your turn—one month, three months, six months—who knows? in prison. One carries a knife—one goes to prison! What would you have?"

"Gif der yong man a chair, Tonio," said the fat man, and his companion reached Dawson a seat. He sat on it in the middle of the floor, while they wrangled around him. He gathered that the two men anticipated a visit from the police very shortly, and that they blamed it on the woman, who might have averted it. Both the men accused her of their misfortune, and she faced them dauntlessly. She tried to bring them, it seemed, to accept it as inevitable, as a thing properly attendant on them; to show that she, after all, could not change the conditions of existence.

"You stabbed the Greek," she argued once, turning sharply on the tall man.

"Well," he began, and she flourished her hand as an *ergo*.

"Life is not spending money," she even philosophized. "One pays for living, my friend, with work, with pain, with jail. Here you have to pay. I have paid for you, seven months nearly, with smiles and love. But the price is risen. It is your turn now."

Dawson gazed at her fascinated. She spoke and gesticulated with a captivating spirit. Life brimmed in her. As she spoke, her motions were arguments in themselves. She put a case and demolished it with a smile; presented the alternative, left a final word unspoken, and the thing was irresistible. Dawson, perched lonely on his chair, experienced a desire to enter the conversation.

The men were beyond conviction. "Why didn't you"—do this or that? the tall man kept asking, and his fat comrade exploded, "Yes, vy?" They seemed to demand of her that she should accept blame without question; and to her answers, clear and ready, the fat man retorted with a gross oath.

"Excuse me, sir," began Dawson, shocked. He was aching to be on the woman's side.

"Vot?" demanded the fat man.

"That's hardly the way to speak to a lady," said Dawson gravely.

The tall man burst into a clear laugh, and the fat man glared at Dawson. He flinched somewhat, but caught the woman's eye and found comfort and reinforcement there. She, too, was smiling, but gratefully, and she gave him a courteous little nod of thanks.

"I don't like to hear such language used to a lady," he said, speaking manfully enough, and giving the fat man eyes as steady as his own. "No gentleman would do it, I'm sure."

"Vot der hell you got to do mit it?" demanded the other ferociously, while his companion laughed.

The woman held up a hand. "Do not quarrel," she said. "There is trouble enough already. Besides, *they* may be here any moment. Is there anything to get ready?"

"But vot der hell," cried the fat man again. She turned on him.

"Fool! fool! Will you shout and curse all night, till the algemas are on you?"

"Yes; an' you put dem on us," the tall man interrupted.

She turned swiftly on him, poising her small head over her bare breasts with a superb scorn.

"Why do you lie?" she demanded hotly. "Why do you lie? Must you hide even from your own blame behind my skirts? Mother of God!"—an outstretched hand called the tawdry Virgin on the wall to witness—"you are neither man nor good beast—just——"

The tall man interrupted. "Don' go on!" he said quietly. "Don' go on!" His eyes were shining, and he carried one hand beneath his coat. "Don' dare to go on!"

"Dare!" The woman lifted her face insolently, brought up her bare arm with a slow sweep, and puffed once at an imaginary cigarette. There was so much of defiance in the action that Dawson, watching her, breathless, started to his feet with something hard and heavy in his hand. It was the image.

"Thief!" said the woman slowly, gazing under languorous eyelids at the white, venomous face of the tall man. "Thief and ——" she leaned forward and said the word, the ultimate and supreme insult of the coast.

It was barely said when there flashed something in the man's hand. He was poised on his toes, leaning forward a little, his arm swinging beside him. The woman flung both arms before her face and cried out; then leaned rapidly aside as a pointed knife whizzed past her head and struck twanging in the wall behind her. The man sprang forward, and the next instant the room was chaos, for Dawson, tingling to his extremities, stepped in and spread him out with a crashing blow on the head. The "idol" was his weapon.

The stout German thundered an oath and heaved to his feet, fumbling at his hips and babbling broken profanity.

Dawson swung the image and stepped towards him.

"Keep still," he cried, "or I'll brain you!"

"Der hell!" vociferated the German, and fired swiftly at him. The room filled with smoke, and Dawson, staggering unhurt, but with his face stung with powder, did not see the man fall. As the German drew the revolver clear, the woman knifed him in the neck, and he collapsed on his face, belching blood upon the boards of the floor. The woman stood over him, the knife still in her hand, looking at Dawson with a smile.

"My God!" he said as he glanced about him. The tall man was lying at his feet, huddled hideously on the floor. The room stank of violence and passion. "My God!" and he stooped to the body.

The woman touched him on the shoulder. "Come," she said. "It's no good. It was a grand blow, a king's blow. You can not help him."

"But—but——" he flustered as he rose. The emergency was beyond him. He had only half a strong man's equipment—the mere brawn. "Two men killed. I must get back to the ship."

He saw the woman smiling, and caught at his calmness. There was comprehension in her eyes, and to be understood is so often to be despised. "You must come too," he added, on an impulse, and stopped, appalled by the idea.

"To the ship?" she cried and laughed. "Oh, la la! But no! Still, we must go from here. The police will be here any minute, and if they find you——" She left it unsaid, and the gap was ominous.

The police! To mention them was to touch all that was conventional, suburban, and second-class in Dawson. He itched to be gone. A picture of Vine Street police-court and a curtly aloof magistrate flashed across his mind, and a reminiscence of evening paper headlines. and his mind fermented hysterically.

The woman put back her knife in some secret recess of her clothes, and opened the door cautiously. "Now!" she said, but paused, and came back. She went to the picture of the Virgin and turned its face to the wall. "One should not forget respect," she observed apologetically. "These things are remembered. Now come."

No sooner were they in the gloomy alley outside than the neighborhood of others was known to them. There was a sound of many feet ploughing in the mud, and a suppressed voice gave a short order. The woman stopped and caught Dawson's arm.

"Hush!" she whispered. "It is the police. They have come for the men. They will be on both sides of us. Wait and listen."

Dawson stood rigid, his heart thumping. The darkness seemed to surge around him with menaces and dangers. The splashing feet were nearer, coming up on their right, and once some metal gear clinked as its wearer scraped against the wall. He could *smell* men, as he remembered afterwards. The woman beside him retained her hold on his arm, and remained motionless till it seemed that the advancing men must run into them.

"Come quietly," she whispered at length, putting warm lips to his ear. Her hand dropped along his arm till she grasped his fingers. She led him swiftly away from the place, having waited till the police should be so near that the noise they made would drown their own retreat.

On they went, then, as before, swishing through the foulness underfoot, and without speaking. Only at times the woman's hold on his hand would tighten, and, meeting with no response, would slacken again, and she would draw him on ever more quickly.

"Where are we going?" he ventured to ask.

"We are escaping," she answered, with a brief tinkle of laughter. "If you knew from what we are escaping, you would not care where. But hurry, always!"

Soon, however, she paused, still holding his hand. Again they heard footsteps, and this time the woman turned to him desperately.

"There is a door near by," she breathed. "We must find it, or—" again the unspoken word. "Feel always along the wall there. Farther, go farther. It should be here."

They sprang on, with hands to the rough plaster on the wall, till Dawson encountered the door, set level with the wall, for which they sought.

"Push," panted the woman, heaving at it with futile hands. Even in the darkness he could see the gleam of her naked arms and shoulders. "Push it in."

Dawson laid his shoulder to it, his arms folded, and shoved desperately till his head buzzed. As he eased up he heard the near feet of the menacing police again.

"You must push it in!" cried the woman. "It is the only way. If not——"

"Here, catch hold of this," said Dawson, and she found the bronze image in her hands. "Let me come," he said, and standing back a little, he flung his twelve stone of bone and muscle heavily on the door. It creaked, and some fastening within broke and fell to the ground.

Once again he assaulted it, and it was open. They passed rapidly within, and closed it behind them, and with the woman's hand guiding, Dawson stumbled up a long, narrow, sloppy stair that gave on to the flat roof of the building. Above them was sky again. The rain had passed, and the frosty stars of Mozambique shone faintly. He took a deep breath as he received the image from the hands of the woman.

"You hear them?" she said, and he listened with a shudder to the passing of the men below.

"But we must go on," she said. "We are not safe yet. Over the wall to the next roof. Come!"

They clambered over a low parapet, and dropped six feet to another level. Dawson helped the woman up the opposite wall, and she sat reconnoitering on the top.

"Come quietly," she warned him, and he clambered up beside her and looked down at the roof before them. In a kind of tent persons appeared to be sleeping; their breath was plainly to be heard.

"You must walk like a rat," she whispered, smiling, and lowered herself. He followed. She was crouching in the shadow of the wall, and drew him down beside her. Somebody had ceased to sleep in the tent, and was gabbling drowsily, in a monotonous sing-song.

"If they see us," she whispered to him, "they will think you have come here after the women."

"But we could say——" he began.

"There will be nothing to say," she interrupted. "Hush! There he comes."

Out of the tent crawled a man, lean and black and bearded, with a sheet wrapped around him. He stood up and looked around, yawning. The woman nestled closer to Dawson, who gripped instinctively on the bronze image. The man walked to the parapet on their left and looked over, and then walked back to the tent and stood irresolutely, muttering to himself. Squatted under the wall, Dawson found room amid the race of his disordered thoughts to wonder that he did not instantly see them.

He was coming toward them, and Dawson felt the bare shoulder that pressed against his arm shrug slightly. The man was ten paces away, walking right on to them, and looking to the sky, when, with throbbing temples and tense lips, Dawson rose, ran at him, and gripped him. He had the throat in the crutch of his right hand, and strangled the man's yell as it was conceived. They went down together, writhing and clutching, Dawson uppermost, the man under him scratching and slapping at him with open hands. He drew up a knee and found a lean chest under it, drove it in, and choked his man to silence and unconsciousness.

"Take this, take this," urged the woman, bending beside him. She pressed her slender bladed knife on him. "Just a prick, and he is quite safe!"

Dawson rose. "No," he said. "He's still enough now. No need to kill him." He looked at the body and from it to the woman. "Didn't I get him to rights?" he asked exultantly.

She raised her face to his.

"It was splendid," she said. "With only the bare hands to take an armed man——"

"Armed!" repeated Dawson.

"Surely," she answered. "That, at least, is always sure. See," she pulled the man's sheet wide. Girt into a loin-cloth below was an ugly, broad blade. "Yes, it was magnificent. You are a man, my friend."

"And you," he said, thrilled by her adulation and the proximity of her bare, gleaming bosom, "are a woman."

"Then—" she began spiritedly; but in a heat of cordial impulse he took her to him and kissed her hotly on the lips.

"I was wondering when it would come," she said slowly, as he released her. "When you spoke to the German about the bad word, I began to wonder. I knew it would come. Kiss me again, my friend, and we will go on."

"Are we getting toward the landing-stage?" he asked her, as the next roof was crossed. "I mustn't miss my boat, you know."

"Oh, that!" she answered. "You want to go back?"

"Well, of course," he replied, in some surprise. "That's what I was trying to do when I knocked at your door. I've missed my dinner as it is."

"Missed your dinner!" she repeated, with a bubble of mirth. "Ye-es; you have lost that, but,"—she came to him and laid a hand on his shoulder, speaking softly—"but you have seen *me*. Is it nothing, friend, that you have saved me?"

He had stopped, and she was looking up to him, half smiling, half entreating, wholly alluring. He looked down into her dark face, with a sudden quickening about the heart.

"And all this fighting," she continued, as though he were to be convinced of something. "You conquer men as though you were bred on the roofs of Mozambique. You fight like—like a hero. It is a rush, a blow, a tumble, and you have them lying at your feet. And when you remember all this, will you not be glad, friend—will you not be glad that it was for me?"

He nodded, clearing his throat huskily. Her hand on his shoulder was a thing to charm him to fire.

"I'd fight—I'd fight for you," he replied uneasily, "as long as—as long as there was any one to fight."

He was feeling his way in speech, as best he could, past conventionalities. There had dawned on him, duskily and half seen, the unfitness of little proprieties and verbose frills while he went to war across the roofs with this woman of passion.

"You would," she said fervently, with half-closed eyes. "I know you would."

She dropped her hand, and stood beside him in silence. There was a long pause. He guessed she was waiting for the next move from him, and he nerved himself to be adequate to her unspoken demand.

"You lead on," he said at last unsteadily.

"Where?" she asked breathlessly.

He did not speak, but waved an open hand that gave her the freedom of choice. It was his surrender to the wild spirit of the Coast, and he grasped the head of the brass image the tighter when he had done it. She and Fate must guide now: it rested with him only to break opposing heads.

She smiled and shivered. "Come on, then," she said, and started before him.

They traversed perhaps a score of roofs enclosed with high parapets, on to each of which he lifted her, hands in her armpits, swinging her cleanly to the level of his face and planting her easily and squarely on the coping. He welcomed each opportunity to take hold of her and put out the strength of his muscles, and she sat where he placed her, smiling and silent, while he clambered up and dropped down on the other side.

At length a creaking wooden stair that hung precariously on the sheer side of a house brought them again to the ground level. It was another gloomy alley into which they descended, and the darkness about him and the mud underfoot struck Dawson with a sense of being again in familiar surroundings. The woman's hand slid into his as he stood, and they started along again together.

The alley seemed to be better frequented than that of which he already had experience. More than once dark, sheeted figures passed them by, noiseless save for the underfoot swish in the mud, and presently the alley widened into a little square, at one side of which there was a fresh rustle of green things. At the side of it a dim light showed through a big open door, from which came a musical murmur of voices, and Dawson recognized a church.

"The Little Garden of St. Sebastien," murmured the woman, and led him on to cross the square. A figure that had been hidden in the shadow now lounged forth, and revealed itself to them as a man in uniform. He stood across their way, and accosted the woman briefly in Portuguese.

Dawson stood fidgeting while she spoke with him. He seemed to be repeating a brief phrase over and over again, harshly and irritably; but she was cajoling, remonstrating, arguing, as he had seen her argue in that ill-fated room an hour back.

"What's the matter with him?" demanded Dawson impatiently.

"He says he won't let me go," answered the woman, with a tone of despair in her voice.

"The devil he won't! What's he got to do with it?"

"Oh, these little policemen, they always arrest me when they can," she replied, with a smile.

"Here, you!" cried Dawson, addressing himself to the man in uniform—"you go away. *Voetsaak*, see! You mind your own business, and get out."

The officer drawled something in his own tongue, which was, of course, unintelligible to Dawson, but it had the effect of annoying him strangely.

"You little beast!" he said, and knocked the man down with his fist.

"Run," hissed the woman at his elbow—"run before he can get up. No, not that way. To the church, and out by another way!"

She caught his hand, and together they raced across the square and in through the big door.

There were a few people within, most sleeping on the benches and along the floor by the walls. In the chancel there were others, masked by the lights, busy with some offices. A wave of sudden song issued from among them as Dawson and the woman entered, and gave way again to the high, nervous voice of a man that stood before the altar. All along the sides of the church was shadow, and the woman speedily found a little arched door.

"Come through the middle of it," she whispered urgently to Dawson, as she packed her loose skirts together in her hand—"cleanly through the middle; do not rub the wall as you come."

He obeyed and followed her, and they were once more in the darkness of an alley.

"It was the door of the lepers," she explained, as she let her skirts swish down again. "See, there is the light by the sea!"

The wind came cleanly up the alley, and soon they were at its mouth, where a lamp flickered in the breeze. Dawson drew a deep breath, and tucked the image under his arm. His palm was sore with the roughness of its head.

"Some one is passing," said the woman in a low tone. "Wait here till they are by."

Footsteps were approaching along the front, and very soon Dawson heard words and started.

"What is it?" whispered the woman, her breath on his neck.

"Listen!" he answered curtly.

The others came within the circle of the lamp—a girl and two men.

"I do hope he's found my idol," the girl was saying.

Dawson stepped into the light, and they turned and saw him.

"Why, here he is," exclaimed Miss Paterson shrilly.

He raised his hat to the woman who stood at the entrance to the alley—raised it as he would have raised it to a waitress in a bun-shop, and went over to the people from the second-class saloon.

"I found it," he said, lifting the image forward, and brushing with his hand at the foulness of blood and hair upon it. "But I was almost thinking I should miss the boat."

The Library Comes to Life

By W. R. H. TROWBRIDGE

SCENE: *The Reading Room. The lights have been extinguished. The readers and the attendants have departed. On the door outside is a notice to the effect that the various departments of the famous Library will be closed for five days, in accordance with the usual half-yearly custom.*

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY—I wonder that I'm still alive! Last holidays I thought that I should never live till these came round again. I am worked to death. It is up and down, up and down, from morning till night. My poor back is broken.

MURRAY'S DICTIONARY—You are too fat. You should keep down your weight as I do. I never feel tired.

THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY—Well, I don't mind the work, though it's hard enough in all conscience. What I complain of is the rudeness with which I am treated. You should hear what I have to put up with. All day long it is "Why haven't you done this?" "Where the devil is so-and-so?" "You are of no more use than the 'Britannica.'" It is enough to make a saint swear.

THE BIBLE—That is nothing to what I have to bear. And I have been such a faithful nurse to them! They used to come to me with all their troubles. Time was when nothing was too good for me. It was off to prison with anybody who dared to treat me with disrespect. Now that is all changed. They say anything they please to me now and nobody pays the least attention. I am treated as if I were a pariah. They say they intend to reform me, whatever that means. [*While they complain, the authors descend from their works on the shelves.*]

SHAKESPEARE—What are the servants grumbling about?

VOLTAIRE—Of the way the readers treat them. It is scandalous. *Ecrasez l'infâme!* I say.

SHAKESPEARE—My dear Voltaire, you are so impetuous. Save your indignation for something worth while. As if it were of the least consequence how *they* are treated.

VOLTAIRE—Poor things! Think of the public they have to serve. In my day one's readers were at least educated.

SHAKESPEARE—Well, I have nothing to complain of on that score. I am always treated with the greatest consideration. Scarce a day passes but I receive some flattering compliment.

VOLTAIRE—Speak for yourself. It is only lip service that I get nowadays.

OUIDA—That's better than to be totally neglected as I am. Yesterday I found a worm devouring my "Ariadne."

MARK TWAIN (*jocosely*)—Gee! I wish the book-worms would devour me.

OUIDA (*sarcastically*)—And to think people once actually thought *you* funny!

MARK TWAIN—So I was, Ouid.

OUIDA—*Paysan!*

MARK TWAIN—All the same I was as popular as you.

OUIDA—Faugh! As if it were a privilege to be cheered by people you would never permit to bow to you.

WILKIE COLLINS—Well, well, Ouida, what are you fretting about now?

OUIDA—Oh, Wilkie, I am so lonely. Nobody ever comes to see my any more, and my neighbors are only old fogies, like Maria Edgeworth and Harriet Martineau. I am dying of *ennui*. I have one foot in the grave already.

THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY (*aside to Larousse*)—If she knew what I hear them say of her, she would die and be done with it.

WILKIE COLLINS—I am dying too, if that's any consolation to you. We all come to that end.

OUIDA—But it is so hard to die when you have such a hold on life as I have.

WILKIE COLLINS—That's what we all think. I've got the making of half a dozen reputations in me yet. They were always trying to rob me, but they don't even do that any more.

Charles Reade—Thank God, I am proof against burglars.

Ouida—So am I. It never occurred to me before. It is some comfort.

Auguste Maquet (*following close behind Dumas*)—Why will you persist in refusing to pay me what you owe?

Dumas—*Va-t-en!* You are the only one of my hundred clerks who has ever given me any trouble.

Maquet—Clerk, indeed! But for me I'd like to know where you'd be!

Dumas—You said you were quite satisfied with what I paid you for "Monte Christo," "The Three Musketeers," and the others. What more have you the right to claim?

Maquet—My name on the title-page.

Dumas—In collaboration, I suppose. I should have had no objection to it if it would have increased the sales.

Maquet—No, alone. The plots—everything—were mine.

Dumas—After I had polished them. That was worth all you did, and more.

Maquet—I will expose you for a fraud. I will ruin your reputation.

Dumas—It will take more than a Maquet to do that. When you claim my masterpieces as yours, I have only to summon the rubbish to which I permitted you to attach your name as witnesses to discredit you. *Va-t-en, ingrat!* I am not afraid of you.

Maquet (*running after him*)—Thief! thief! stop thief!

An Obscure Author—How I wish I could have been robbed by Dumas!

Sir Walter Scott—Poor Dumas! We all have troubles of one sort or another.

Victor Hugo—There goes a colossus of clay, a Rubens of the ink-pot.

Ouida—I have been called the Rubens of fiction. Who could color a page like me!

D'Annunzio—You were certainly a great colorist. I have always said so.

Wilde—It was from you that I first learnt the magic of words, Ouida. There are certain pages of yours that I might have written.

Ouida—Third Empire days, where are you? After my Italy of a life what a *lendemain de la fête!* [*Moves away sobbing.*]

Shakespeare—Who is that woman, and why is she in such distress?

Wilkie Collins—A very brilliant and original Victorian novelist who has fallen on evil times, and doesn't want to die.

Shakespeare—Victorian, did you say? Doesn't she know that the Victorians, like the Elizabethans, are immortal?

Tennyson—She should regard dying philosophically, as I do.

Mrs. Browning—You, Tennyson? Why, you haven't been left on Naxos like Ouida.

Tennyson—What, haven't you heard, my dear lady, that I am quite *démodé?* The public call me a "back number," a "has been," in their vigorous, vulgar way.

Wilde—Vulgar, if you like. They nave never been anything else since my time.

Tennyson—Oh, I don't mind their neglect; indeed, it is rather a compliment. But I must confess it is rather galling to hear them say that "Tennyson is coming into his own again."

Swinburne—I regard their praise and blame with complete indifference. We are like your Brook, Tennyson, for "men may come and men may go, but we flow on forever."

Tennyson—Not so loud, lest you waken Browning.

Browning (*murmuring in his sleep*)—Dear dead women, with such hair too! What's become of all the gold?

Mrs. Browning—Let him dream. His dreams are so beautiful.

Wilde—Why are you so seldom in England any more, Mrs. Browning?

Mrs. Browning—I have made Italy my home.

Wilde—Ah, England isn't what it was. I pass most of my time between France and Germany.

Byron—I, too, live entirely abroad.

George Eliot—I have lived in America, since the revolt against culture in England.

Whistler—Was it ever cultured? I had to fling a pot of paint in the public's face before it would so much as notice me. I say, Ruskin, what do you think of art now?

Ruskin—Ye Stones of Venice! Do they dare to call it art?

Whistler—Ha! ha! ha! What a grand thing it is to be an Old Master like Rembrandt!

Ruskin—I would forgive you everything if you would flay those pretentious churls with your rapier wit.

Whistler—I should like nothing better than to practise my gentle art of making enemies among the rabble. But, on second thoughts, they are not worth it. Art, like Pan, is dead.

Balzac—They tell me that the restrictions to personality in modern society would give me no scope for another "Comédie Humaine."

Dickens—Cut-and-dried humanity would have no interest for me.

ZOLA—Nor you for it, I fear. It is true the force of heredity is not yet atrophied by legislation, but anybody related to the Rougon-Macquart, if not already in a lunatic asylum or prison, is pretty sure sooner or later to be in one or the other.

THACKERAY—Would that I could return to the world! *I* at least would be sure of a welcome.

VICTOR HUGO—Who are those three frail women Taine is paying such attention to? They look like the ghosts of the Fates.

ZOLA—They are the Brontë sisters.

BALZAC—Which is the one that wrote "Wuthering Heights"? I want to talk to her.

ZOLA—The one in the middle. But beware of her. Though you might have written that terrible work, she does not approve of you.

STENDHAL—Good-day, Zola. For a moment I mistook you for Flaubert.

ZOLA—The same mud has been flung at us both.

STENDHAL—Detraction has its merits. But tell me, is it true that de Maupassant is Flaubert's son?

MADAME RÉCAMIER (*nervously*)—One should never inquire too closely into the relationships of geniuses.

ZOLA—If you wish an example of my theory of heredity, here is one coming this way.

STENDHAL—What, that woman with the wonderful eyes, smoking a cigar?

ZOLA—Her grandmother was the daughter of Maréchal Saxe and a *coryphée* of the Opera.

STENDHAL—By which token I take her to be a *grande amoureuse.*

ZOLA—*Des plus grandes.* It is her chief claim to fame nowadays. Her life was the greatest of her works. Ah, Madame Sand, *comment vous portez-vous?*

GEORGE SAND—No longer the woman I was. My heart is a cemetery in which I wander.

MADAME RÉCAMIER (*aside*)—How morbid! Mine is a *fête champêtre.*

GEORGE SAND—Sandeau, de Musset, and Chopin are buried in it. Ah, *les nuits de Venise!*

ALFRED DE MUSSET (*passing quickly*)—*C'est Elle!*

GEORGE SAND—*C'est Lui! Alfred, je t'aime!*

ALFRED DE MUSSET (*without stopping*)—Basilisk!

GEORGE SAND—*Il m'insulte!*

JANE AUSTEN (*to Charlotte Brontë*)—There is George Eliot. Shall we speak to her?

CHARLOTTE BRONTË—How can you suggest it, Jane? Her life is a subject of scandal. But there can be no harm in watching her as long as we don't talk to her.

JANE AUSTEN—Isn't that rather hypocritical?

CHARLOTTE BRONTË—It doesn't seem so to me.

MADAME DE GENLIS (*to George Eliot*)—What superior airs that English parson's daughter gives herself! How do you tolerate it?

GEORGE ELIOT—She has lived in the backwoods all her life; she knows no better, poor thing. As if there was anything improper in my relation to Mr. Lewes! His children regard me as their mother.

MADAME DE GENLIS—How droll you English are!

GEORGE ELIOT—No, as Sterne would say you manage these things differently in France.

MADAME DU DEFFAND—My dear Horace, I am making you ridiculous.

HORACE WALPOLE—Marry me, then.

MADAME DU DEFFAND—What, at my age, and blind? That would make *me* ridiculous.

HORACE WALPOLE—It wouldn't in England.

MADAME DU DEFFAND—No, *mon ami,* if we married how could we continue to write to one another?

HORACE WALPOLE—*C'est vrai.* I only live for your letters.

D'ALEMBERT—Julie, Julie, how could you break my heart?

GUIBERT—And mine, *trompeuse!*

MLLE. DE LESPINASSE (*distractedly*)—Forgive, forgive! I love you both devotedly. I tried so hard not to love de Mora too. What a fatality, for a woman to love three men at the same time passionately! It is more than I can bear!

VERLAINE (*drunk*)—Where's that boy with the faun's heart and the wonderful verses who wanted me to show him the way to Parnassus?

ARTHUR RIMBAUD—Damn your Parnassus! Abyssinia is good enough for me. Who said fifty years of Europe were better than a cycle in Cathay lied. Cathay for me! I've tried it, *sans* fame, *sans* verses, *sans* everything. And now they tell me that *I* have become a poem myself! Why wouldn't they let me die in Abyssinia? To be forgotten, that's true happiness.

Sainte-Beuve—What, a new type of genius! I thought I had discovered them all.

Charlotte Brontë—Enough, enough! I shall go back to my rectory and ponder over all I have seen and heard.

Jane Austen—Stay a moment longer. Here comes Madame de Staël. She amuses me.

Charlotte Brontë—Amuses you! That woman with the low code of morals and no belief?

Jane Austen—She is shocking, I grant you. But you forget that in my day such people were quite the rule.

Fielding (*to Sterne*)—What a little Puritan! God, the superior airs these nineteenth-century women give themselves wouldn't have been tolerated in our day.

Sterne—Is it true, Mrs. Gaskell, that the moral atmosphere of the Brontë home was the cause of their brother's ruin?

Mrs. Gaskell (*huffily*)—You surely do not expect *me* to discuss so painful a subject! I would have you remember that I too belong to the nineteenth century.

Shakespeare—I wonder what would have happened to me if I had had the misfortune to have been born under good Queen Victoria instead of the Virgin Queen!

Voltaire—I shudder, my dear Shakespeare, to think!

Ford—Oh, the Elizabethan who strays into modern England is all right, provided he learns the lingo. Ever heard of "Maria Monk"?

Gautier—I believe that they have even translated that *jeu d'esprit* of my youth, "Mademoiselle de Maupin." There's writing for you, particularly the Preface. I was but a boy when I perpetrated that.

Choderlos de Laclos (*to Louvet*)—What is wrong with your "Faublas" is that it is too true to life.

Zola—That phase which never changes. You called it "Faublas"; I called it "Nana." The English have a literature on the subject too, in the English style, *bien entendu*.

Louvet (*to Laclos, admiringly*)—Your Marquise de Merteuil is a wonderful creation.

Laclos—I flatter myself that she is the wickedest woman in fiction. And true to life. A portrait of Madame—let me whisper her name in your ear——

Richardson—I fancy you cribbed your "Liaisons Dangereuses" from me. Had I written in French I should have been called a sewer, too, by the critics. (*At the mention of the word "critics" a shriek of rage bursts, from the whole assembly, and even the "Encyclopædia Britannica" trembles with indignation.*)

An Unrecognized Novelist—Bah! Who are the critics?

Lord Beaconsfield (*cynically*)—Those who tried to imitate us and failed.

Voltaire—The *canaille!* They have often felt my lash.

Byron—And mine.

Keats—You avenged me nobly.

Byron—Oh, it was to defend myself as much as anything.

Shelley—Come, let us slay them!

Mark Twain—You can have my old pea-shooter, if that is of any use to you.

Lord Beaconsfield—They have gone where it is futile to follow them.

Mrs. Shelley—Where is that?

Lord Beaconsfield—Into the Newspaper Room.

Mark Twain—Then they are buried alive!

Longfellow—Poor creatures, what a horrible fate!

Mrs. Shelley—It is worse than Frankenstein's.

Shelley—All the same, let us dig them up and dissect them. I want to see what a critic's heart is like.

Abbé Prévost—*Grâce!* He might still be living like me when they thought me dead.

Oliver Goldsmith—Let us forget them. They can't hurt us any more.

Victor Hugo—Yes, that is good advice. Besides, they helped to make us famous.

Charlotte Brontë—I have forgiven them.

Anatole France—They are not all bad. There are good critics too, you know.

Lord Beaconsfield—Good?

Anatole France—They are those who relate the adventures of the soul among masterpieces.

Watts-Dunton (*to Swinburne*)—Like me, Algernon.

Bernardin de St. Pierre—Why bother about the critics? Love is all that matters.

Abbé Prévost—Ah, it is only we of the eighteenth century who know how to love. What man ever loved as des Grieux loved Manon?

Mademoiselle Aïssé (*to herself*)—Or what woman like me!

Lafcadio Hearn—There is only one fault with your Paul and Virginia, St. Pierre. Their island should have been Martinique. That is the true *pays d'amour*. I lived there two years. I know.

Bernardin de St. Pierre—Ah, had I but known that Josephine would have made it famous!

Madame de Sévigné—I doubt if we knew what love was in the Grand Siècle.

Madame de Grignan—*Maman*, what are you saying? Have you forgotten our affection?

Madame de Sévigné—As if I could, *ma chérie!*

Ninon de Lenclos—*Qu'est ce que tu dis*, madame? *I* not know what love was?

La Grande Mademoiselle—Or I? Did ever woman give up so much for a man as I did for Lauzun?

Saint-Simon—What about La Vallière?

Molière—I fancy I knew what true love was.

Saint-Simon—Sh! Molière. It is bad enough to marry one's daughter without boasting of it.

Madame de Sévigné—What a scandalmonger you are, M. le Duc. I am quite afraid of you!

Anthony Hamilton—One has to take what you say with a big grain of salt, Saint-Simon. You should have followed my example. Nobody dreams of questioning me.

Mademoiselle de Scudéry—I wonder what the Pays du Tendre is like nowadays.

A Modern Author—Thank God, those ridiculous kings have been banished.

Mademoiselle de Scudéry—Banished? Le Grand Cyrus!

A Modern Author—The Pays du Tendre is now a Socialist republic.

Mademoiselle de Scudéry—Pray what sort of a government is that?

Zola—A pornographic democracy tempered by ethics.

A Voice from the Newspaper Room—You mean an ethical democracy tempered by pornography.

A Modern Author—Whatever you like. But love is no longer worshipped exclusively in the Pays du Tendre.

Mademoiselle de Scudéry—*Quel désert!*

An Unrecognized Modern Author (*plaintively*)—It is not altogether our fault. You have all eaten the country bare. We were obliged to revolt to live. We are starving on Sex and Socialism.

Calvin—There will have to be another Reformation.

Benvenuto Cellini—There will have to be another Renaissance.

Rochester—Long live the Restoration!

Madame de Maintenon—How dull life must be without the kings!

Talleyrand—Only those of us who have lived before the Revolution can know how sweet it was.

Mirabeau—Certainly one was at least free to express one's personality—provided one had any.

Frederick the Great—Even a king.

Voltaire—I once mistook you for Phœbus Apollo!

Frederick the Great—And how *you* disillusioned me!

Rousseau (*hysterically*)—Tyrant! I do not repent the ill I have said of you. Yet *you* sheltered me when the world was my enemy.

Frederick the Great (*with a sigh*)—The Philosopher King! How few understand what that means!

Carlyle—Hail, thou lonely traveler on the frozen Schreckhorn of life!

Frederick the Great—What, another flatterer!

Carlyle—I alone have recognized in you the Able-man, the *Can*-ning man, Nature's king.

Frederick the Great—Voltaire, sup with me to-night at Sans Souci.

Voltaire—What, have you some more of your dirty linen for me to wash?

Frederick the Great—It will keep your laurels green.

Voltaire—Will nothing pierce that cynicism?

Diderot—You should have known my Catherine. There was an empress for you!

Goethe—Ah, the kings were giants in our day!

Madame de Staël—Mine was an ogre. I shudder to think what would have been my fate had he succeeded in catching me. Oh, those ten years of exile! With what joy I heard of Waterloo!

Wagner—Talking of kings, was there ever such a one as mine!

Edgar Allan Poe—Would that I had had a king! O for the good old days of patronage!

Baudelaire—I was a king to you, Poe. We must be one another's patrons nowadays.

Walt Whitman—Think what I had to endure. Perhaps abuse is the best patron after all.

Thackeray—The public is the best patron.

Dickens—And the most generous.

Bulwer Lytton—Hear, hear. Who are those old men quarreling amongst themselves? What a noise they make!

Beaumarchais—Those are the philosophers; but in spite of their noise they are really dumb. They say nothing, and nobody can understand what they mean.

Shakespeare—Philosophers? It is we who are the philosophers.

Molière—The wise men.

A Blind Old Minstrel—The wisest.

Mark Twain—Gee! It's good old Homer. Sir, what can we do for you?

Homer—Follow me, and bring your baggage with you. The immortal gods have sent me to lead you all to the Elysian fields.

All—Let us follow him. [*They depart singing, like soldiers on the march. A bright light illumines their path. Scarcely have they disappeared when others arrive on the scene. The elongated shadows of the vanished figures are still visible.*]

A Newcomer (*flushed with publicity*). Down with the aristocrats!

Another (*pointing to the names blazoned round the dome*)—Scott, Byron, Carlyle, Dickens. What are those names doing up there? Let us paint ours in place of them.

All—Yes, it is we who are the masters now.

The Dictionary of National Biography—More abuse and trouble for me! [*The light gradually fades. In the dark rats scurry over the floor of the Reading Room, and worms creep up the shelves into the books.*]

A Voice (*far off in the distance, singing*)—Dear dead women, with such hair too! What's become of all the gold?

Echo—What's become of all the gold?

A Woman's Last Word

By ROBERT BROWNING

LET'S contend no more, Love,
Strive nor weep:
All be as before, Love,
—Only sleep!

What so wild as words are?
I and thou
In debate, as birds are,
Hawk on bough!

See the creature stalking
While we speak!
Hush and hide the talking,
Cheek on cheek!

What so false as truth is,
False to thee?
Where the serpent's tooth is
Shun the tree—

When the apple reddens
Never pry—
Lest we lose our Edens,
Eve and I.

Be a god and hold me
With a charm!
Be a man and fold me
With thine arm!

Teach me, only teach, Love!
As I ought
I will learn thy speech, Love,
Think thy thought—

Meet, if thou require it,
Both demands,
Laying flesh and spirit
In thy hands!

That shall be tomorrow,
Not to-night
I must bury sorrow
Out of sight:

—Must a little weep, Love,
(Foolish me!)
And so fall asleep, Love,
Loved by thee.

Monsieur Lecoq

The Master Detective Completes His Début

By ÉMILE GABORIAU

Em. Gaboriau

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE enigmatical fugitive had accomplished his strange, his inconceivable design so quickly that Lecoq had neither the time nor the desire to oppose him.

His amazement at this unexpected misfortune was so great that for ten seconds it deprived him of the power of thought and of motion.

But he quickly regained his self-possession, and he decided upon his course with that rapidity of decision which is the good genius of men of action.

With a sure eye he measured the distance that separated him from May's accomplice, and with three bounds he was upon him.

The man tried to cry out; an iron hand stifled the cry in his throat. He tried to escape, and to beat off his assailant, but a vigorous kick flung him to the ground like an infant.

Before he had time to think of further resistance he was bound, gagged, lifted, and carried, half suffocated, around the corner of the Rue de la Chaise.

Not a word, not an exclamation, not an oath, not even a sound of scuffling—nothing.

Any suspicious noise might have reached May, on the other side of the wall, and given him warning.

"How strange!" murmured Father Absinthe, too much amazed to lend a helping hand to his younger colleague. "How strange! Who would have supposed——"

"Oh, enough!" interrupted Lecoq, in that harsh, imperious voice which imminent peril always gives to energetic men. "Enough! we will talk to-morrow. I must run away for an instant, and you will remain here. If May shows himself, capture him; do not allow him to escape."

"I understand; but what is to be done with the man who is lying there?"

"Let him be where he is. I have bound him securely, so there is nothing to fear from him. When the night police pass, we will give him into charge——"

He paused and listened. Not far off, they heard heavy and measured footsteps approaching.

"There they are now," said Father Absinthe.

"Ah! I dared not hope it! I shall have a good chance now."

He had the opportunity he longed for, two policemen, whose attention had been attracted by the group they saw on the corner of the street, hastened toward him.

In a few words, Lecoq explained the situation. It was decided that one of the policemen should take the accomplice to the station-house, and that the other should remain with Father Absinthe to cut off May's retreat.

"And now," said Lecoq, "I will run round to the Rue de Grenelle and give the alarm. To whose house does this garden belong?"

"What!" replied one of the policemen, in surprise, "do you not know the gardens of the Duc de Sairmeuse, the famous duke who is a millionnaire ten times over, and who was formerly the friend——"

"I know, I know!" said Lecoq.

"The thief must have fallen into a trap if he put his nose in there. They had a reception at the mansion this evening, as they do every Monday, and everybody in the house is up. The guests have scarcely departed. There were five or six carriages still at the door as we passed."

Lecoq darted away, more troubled by what he had just heard than he had been before.

He understood now, that if May had entered this house, it was not for the purpose of committing a robbery, but in the hope of throwing his pursuers off the track, and making his escape through the Rue de Grenelle, which he might easily have done unnoticed, in the bustle and confusion attending the departure of the guests.

This last thought occurred to him on reaching the Hôtel de Sairmeuse, a princely dwelling, whose immense façade was brilliantly illuminated.

The carriage of the last guest was just issuing from the courtyard, several footmen were extinguishing the lights, and the Swiss, a tall and imposing man, dazzling to behold in his gorgeous livery, was just closing the heavy, double doors of the grand entrance.

The detective advanced toward this important personage.

"Is this the Hôtel de Sairmeuse?" he inquired.

The Swiss suspended his labors to survey this audacious vagabond who ventured to question him, then in a harsh voice:

"I advise you to pass on. I want none of your jesting."

Lecoq had forgotten that he was clad in the garb affected by Polyte Chupin.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "I am not what I seem to be. I am an agent of the secret service, Monsieur Lecoq. Here is my card, if you will take my word for it; and I came to tell you that an escaped criminal has just scaled the garden wall of the Hôtel de Sairmeuse."

"A crim-in-al?"

The detective thought a little exaggeration would do no harm, and perhaps insure him more ready aid.

"Yes," he replied; "and one of the most dangerous kind—an assassin who has the blood of three victims already on his hands. We have just arrested his accomplice, who helped him over the wall."

The ruby nose of the Swiss paled perceptibly.

"I will summon the servants," he faltered.

And, suiting the action to the word, he raised his hand to the bell-rope, which was used to announce the arrival of visitors; but Lecoq stopped him.

"A word first!" said he. "Might not the fugitive have passed through the house, and escaped by this door, without being seen? In that case he would be far away by this time."

"Impossible!"

"But why?"

"Excuse me; I know what I am saying. First, the door opening into the garden is closed; it is open only during grand receptions, not for our informal Monday receptions. Secondly, Monseigneur requires me to stand upon the threshold of the door when he is receiving. To-day he repeated this order, and you may be sure that I have not disobeyed him."

"Since this is the case," said Lecoq, slightly reassured, "we shall perhaps succeed in finding our man. Warn the servants, but without ringing the bell. The less noise we make, the greater will be our chance of success."

In a moment the fifty valets who peopled the ante-chambers, the stables, and the kitchens of the Hôtel de Sairmeuse were gathered together.

The great lanterns in the coach houses and stables were lighted, and the entire garden was illuminated as by enchantment.

"If May is concealed here," thought Lecoq, delighted to see so many auxiliaries, "it is impossible for him to escape."

But it was in vain that the gardens were thoroughly explored again and again: no one was to be found.

The houses where the gardening tools were kept, the greenhouses, the summer-houses, the two rustic pavilions at the foot of the garden, even the dog kennels, were scrupulously visited—in vain.

The trees, with the exception of the horse-chestnut, at the foot of the garden, were almost destitute of leaves, but they were not neglected on that account. An agile boy, armed with a lantern, climbed each tree, and explored even the topmost branches.

"The assassin must have gone out where he came in," obstinately repeated the Swiss, who had armed himself with a huge pistol, and who would not let go his hold on Lecoq, fearing an accident, perhaps.

To convince him of his error, it was necessary for Lecoq to place himself in communication with Father Absinthe and the two policemen on the other side of the wall, for the man who had taken the accomplice to the station-house had performed his duty and returned.

They responded by swearing that they

had not taken their eyes off the wall, and that not so much as a mouse had crossed it.

Until now, their explorations had been made in rather a hap-hazard manner, each person obeying his own inspiration; but they now recognized the necessity of a methodically conducted search.

Lecoq took such measures that not a corner, not a recess, should escape scrutiny. He was dividing the task between his willing assistants, when a newcomer appeared upon the scene.

It was a grave, smooth-faced gentleman, in the attire of a notary.

"Monsieur Otto, Monseigneur's first *valet de chambre*," the Swiss murmured in Lecoq's ear.

This important personage came on the part of M. le Duc (*he* did not say "monseigneur"), to inquire the meaning of all this uproar.

When he had received an explanation, M. Otto condescended to compliment Lecoq on his efficiency, and to recommend that the hotel should be searched from garret to cellar. These precautions alone would allay the fears of Mme. la Duchesse.

He then departed; and the search began again with renewed ardor.

A mouse concealed in the gardens of the Hôtel de Sairmeuse could not have escaped discovery, so minute were the investigations.

Not an object of any size was left undisturbed. The trees were examined leaf by leaf one might almost say.

Occasionally the discouraged servants proposed to abandon the search; but Lecoq urged them on. He ran from one to the other, entreating and threatening by turns, swearing that he asked only one more effort, and that this effort would assuredly be crowned with success.

Vain promises! The fugitive could not be found.

The evidence now was conclusive. To persist in the search longer would be worse than folly. The young detective decided to recall his auxiliaries.

"That is enough," he said, in a despondent voice. "It is now certain that the murderer is no longer in the garden."

Was he cowering in some corner of the immense house, white with fear, and trembling at the noise made by his pursuers?

One might reasonably suppose this to be the case; and such was the opinion of all the servants. Above all, such was the opinion of the Swiss, who renewed with growing assurance his affirmations of a few moments before.

"I have not moved from the threshold of my door; and I should certainly have seen any person who passed out."

"Let us go to the house, then," said Lecoq. "But first let me ask my companion, who is waiting for me in the street, to join me. It is unnecessary for him to remain there any longer."

Father Absinthe responded to the summons. All the lower doors were carefully closed and guarded, and the search through the Hôtel de Sairmeuse, one of the largest and most magnificent residences in the Faubourg Saint-Germain, began.

But all the marvels of the universe could not have won a single glance or a second's attention from Lecoq. All his mind—all his thoughts—were engrossed by the prisoner.

It is certain that he traversed the superb drawing-rooms, an unrivalled picture-gallery, a magnificent dining-room, with sideboards groaning beneath their load of massive plate, without seeing a single object.

He went on, hurrying forward the servants who were guiding and lighting him. He lifted heavy articles of furniture as easily as he would have lifted a feather; he moved the chairs and sofas; he explored cupboards and wardrobes, examined hangings, curtains, and *portières*.

No search could have been more complete. From the courtyard to the garret not a nook was left unexplored: not a corner was forgotten.

After two hours of continuous work Lecoq returned to the first floor. Only five or six servants had accompanied him on his tour of inspection. The others had dropped off one by one, wearying of this adventure, which had at first possessed the attractions of a pleasure party

"You have seen everything, gentlemen," declared an old footman.

"Everything!" interrupted the Swiss; "everything! Certainly not. There are the apartments of Monseigneur and those of Madame la Duchesse still to be explored."

"Alas!" murmured Lecoq; "what good would it do?"

But the Swiss had already gone to rap gently at one of the doors opening into the hall. His interest equalled that of the detectives. They had seen the murderer enter; he had not seen him go out; therefore the man was in the hotel, and he wished him to be found; he desired it intensely.

The door opened, and the grave and clean-shaven face of Otto, the first *valet de chambre*, showed itself.

"What the devil do you want?" he demanded, in surly tones.

"To enter Monseigneur's room," replied the Swiss, "in order to see if the fugitive has not taken refuge there."

"Are you crazy?" exclaimed the head *valet de chambre*. "Where could they have entered here, and how? Besides, I can not suffer Monsieur le Duc to be disturbed. He has been at work all night, and he is just going to take a bath to rest himself before going to bed."

The Swiss seemed much vexed at this rebuff; and Lecoq was presenting his excuses, when a voice was heard, saying:

"Let these worthy men do their duty, Otto."

"Ah! do you hear that!" exclaimed the Swiss, triumphantly.

"Very well, since Monsieur le Duc permits. That being the case, come in, I will light you through the apartments."

Lecoq entered, but it was only for form's sake that he walked through the different rooms; a library, an admirable writing-room, a charming smoking room.

As he was passing through the bedroom he had the honor of seeing M. le Duc de Sairmeuse through the half-open door of a small, white, marble bathroom.

"Ah, well!" cried the duke, affably, "is the fugitive still invisible?"

"Still invisible, Monsieur," Lecoq replied respectfully.

The *valet de chambre* did not share his master's good humor.

"I think, gentlemen," said he, "that you may spare yourselves the trouble of visiting the apartments of Madame la Duchesse. It is a duty which we have taken upon ourselves—the women and I—and we have looked even in the bureau drawers."

Upon the landing the old footman, who had not ventured to enter his master's apartments, was awaiting the detectives.

He had doubtless received his orders, for he politely inquired if they desired anything, and if, after such a fatiguing night, they would not find some cold meat and a glass of wine acceptable.

Father Absinthe's eyes sparkled. He probably thought that in this *quasi* royal abode they must have delicious things to eat and drink—such viands, indeed, as he had never tasted in his life.

But Lecoq brusquely refused, and left the Hôtel de Sairmeuse, reluctantly followed by his old companion.

The poor, disappointed young man was eager to be alone. For several hours he had been obliged to exert himself to the uttermost to conceal his rage and his despair.

May escaped! vanished! evaporated! The thought drove him almost mad.

What he had declared impossible had occurred.

In his confidence and pride, he had declared that he would answer for the head of the prisoner with his own life; and the prisoner had escaped him—had slipped from between his fingers!

When he was once more in the street, he paused before Father Absinthe, and, crossing his arms, demanded:

"Well! my old friend, what do you think of all this?"

That good man shook his head, and in a serene unconsciousness of his want of tact. responded:

"I think that Gevrol will chuckle with delight."

At the name of this, his most cruel enemy, Lecoq bounded from the ground like a wounded bull.

"Oh!" he exclaimed. "Gevrol has not won the battle yet. We have lost May; it is a great misfortune; but his accomplice remains in our hands. We hold this crafty man who has until now defeated all our carefully arranged plans. He is certainly shrewd and devoted to his friend; but we will see if his devotion will withstand the prospect of hard labor in the penitentiary. And that is what awaits him, if he is silent, and if he thus accepts the responsibility of aiding and abetting the prisoner's escape. Oh! I have no fears—Monsieur Segmuller will know how to draw the truth out of him."

He brandished his clinched fist with a threatening air; then, in calmer tones, he added:

"But let us go to the station-house where he was carried. I wish to question him a little."

CHAPTER XXXIX

It was now daylight, and nearly six o'clock; and when Father Absinthe and his companion reached the station-house, they found the superintendent seated at a small table, making out his report.

He did not move when they entered, failing to recognize them under their disguise.

But when they mentioned their names, the chief rose with evident *empressement*, and extended his hand.

"Upon my word!" said he, "I congratulate you on your capture last night."

Father Absinthe and Lecoq exchanged an anxious look.

"What capture?" they both asked in a breath.

"The individual whom you sent me last night so carefully bound.'

"Well?"

The superintendent burst into a hearty laugh.

"So you are ignorant of your good fortune. Ah! luck has favored you, and you will receive a very handsome reward."

"Pray tell us what we have captured?" demanded Father Absinthe, impatiently.

"A scoundrel of the deepest dye, an escaped convict, who has been missing for three months. You must have a description of him in your pocket—Joseph Couturier, in short."

On hearing these words, Lecoq became so frightfully pale that Father Absinthe, believing him to be about to fall, extended his arms.

Someone hastened to bring a chair, and he seated himself.

"Joseph Couturier," he faltered, evidently unconscious of what he was saying. "Joseph Couturier! an escaped convict!"

The superintendent certainly did not understand Lecoq's agitation, any better than he understood Father Absinthe's discomfited air.

"You have reason to be proud of your work; your success will make a sensation this morning. You have captured a famous prize. I can see Gevrol's nose now, when he hears the news. Only yesterday he was boasting that he alone was capable of securing this dangerous rascal."

What irony could be more bitter than these compliments, after such an irreparable failure. They fell crushingly upon Lecoq, like so many blows of a hammer, wounding him so cruelly that he rose, and summoning all his energy, he said.

"You must be mistaken. This man is not Couturier."

"I am not mistaken; you may be assured of that. In every respect he answers the description appended to the circular ordering his capture. Even the little finger of his left hand is lacking, as mentioned in the order."

"Ah! that is a proof indeed!" groaned Father Absinthe.

"It is, indeed. And I know another even more conclusive. Couturier is an old acquaintance of mine. I have had him in custody before; and he recognized *me* last night as I recognized him."

After this, further argument was impossible; so it was in an entirely different tone that Lecoq remarked:

"At least, my friend, you will allow me to address a few questions to your prisoner."

"Oh! as many as you like. But first, let us bar the door and place two of my men before it. This Couturier has a fondness for the open air, and he would not hesitate to dash out our brains if he saw a chance of escape."

After taking these precautions, the man was removed from the cage in which he had been confined.

He advanced smilingly, having already recovered that nonchalant manner common to old offenders who, when they are once in custody, seem to lose all feeling of anger against the police; like gamblers who, having lost all, shake hands with their adversary.

He at once recognized Lecoq.

"Ah! it is you who did the business for me last night. You can boast of having a solid fist! You fell upon me very unexpectedly; and the back of my neck is still the worse for your caresses."

"Then, if I were to ask a favor of you, you would not be disposed to grant it?"

"Oh, yes! all the same. I have no more malice in my composition than a chicken; and I rather like your face. What do you wish?"

"I should like some information concerning your companion of last evening."

The man's face darkened.

"I really am unable to give it to you," he replied.

"Why?"

"Because I do not know him. I never saw him until last evening."

"It is hard to believe that. One does not take the first-comer for an expedition like yours last evening. Before undertaking such a job with a man, one finds out something about him."

"I do not say that I have not been guilty of a stupid blunder. I could murder myself for it. There was nothing about the man to make me suspect that he was one of the secret service. He spread a net for me, and I jumped into it. It was made for me, of course; but it was not necessary for me to put my foot into it."

"You are mistaken, my man," said Lecoq. "The individual did not belong to the police force. I pledge you my word of honor, he did not."

For a moment Couturier surveyed Lecoq with a knowing air, as if he hoped to discover whether he were speaking the truth or attempting to deceive him.

"I believe you," he said, at last. "To prove it I will tell you how it all happened. I was dining alone last evening in a restaurant on the Rue Mouffetard, when that man came in and took a seat beside me. Naturally we began to talk; and I thought him a very good sort of a fellow. Apropos of, I know not what, he mentioned the fact that he had some clothing which he desired to sell; and I, glad to oblige him, took him to the house of a friend, who purchased them from him.

"It was doing him a service, was it not? Well, he offered me something to drink, and I returned the compliment, so that by midnight I began to see double.

"He chose his time to propose a plan, which would, he swore, enrich us both. It was to steal all the silver from a superb mansion.

"There would be no risk for me; he would take charge of the whole affair. I had only to help him over the wall, and keep watch.

"It was tempting—was it not? You would have thought so, had you been in my place. Still I hesitated.

"But the man insisted. He swore that he was acquainted with the habits of the house. That Monday evening was a grand gala night there, and that on these evenings the servants did not lock up the plate. After a little I consented."

A fleeting color tinged Lecoq's pale cheeks.

"Are you sure that the man told you that the Duc de Sairmeuse received every Monday evening?" he asked, eagerly.

"Certainly; how else could I have known it! He even mentioned the name you uttered just now, a name ending in —euse."

A strange, absolutely inadmissible thought had just flitted through Lecoq's mind.

"What if it were he?" he said to himself. "What if May and the Duc de Sairmeuse should be one and the same person?"

But he dismissed this idea, and despised himself for entertaining it, even for a moment.

He cursed his inclination to look upon the romantic and impossible side of events. Why was it surprising that a man of the world, such as he supposed May to be, should know the day chosen by the Duc de Sairmeuse to receive his friends?

He had nothing more to expect from Couturier. He thanked him, and after shaking hands with the superintendent, he departed, leaning on Father Absinthe's arm.

For he really had need of a support. His limbs trembled beneath the weight of his body; his head whirled, and he felt sick both in body and in mind.

He had failed miserably, disgracefully. He had flattered himself that he possessed a genius for his calling, and how easy it had been to outwit him.

May, to rid himself of him, Lecoq, had only been obliged to throw him a pretended accomplice, picked up by chance in a barroom, as a hunter, who finds himself too hard pressed by a bear, throws him his glove.

And, like a stupid beast, he had been deceived by this commonplace stratagem.

Father Absinthe was rendered uneasy by his colleague's evident dejection.

"Where are we going?" he inquired; "to the Palais de Justice, or to the prefecture?"

Lecoq shuddered on hearing this question, which brought him face to face with the horrible reality of his situation.

"To the prefecture!" he responded. "Why should I go there? To expose myself to Gevrol's insults, perhaps! I have not courage enough for that. Nor do I feel that I have strength to go to Monsieur Segmuller and say: 'Forgive me; you have judged me too favorably. I am a fool.'"

"What are we to do?"

"Ah! I do not know. Perhaps I shall embark for America—perhaps I shall throw myself into the river."

He had proceeded about one hundred feet, when he stopped short.

"No!" he exclaimed, with a furious stamp of the foot. "No, this affair shall not end where it is. I have sworn that I will have the solution of this enigma—and I will have it!"

For a moment he reflected; then, in a calmer voice, he added:

"There is one man who can save us, a man who will see what I have not been able to see, who will understand what I could not understand. Let us go and ask counsel of him; my course will depend upon his response—come!"

CHAPTER XL

After a day and a night like those through which they had just passed, one would have supposed that these two men must have felt an irresistible desire to sleep.

But Lecoq was upheld by wounded

vanity, intense disappointment, and a hope of revenge which was not yet extinguished.

As for Father Absinthe, he was not unlike those poor horses attached to a hackney coach, and which, having forgotten that there is such a thing as repose, are no longer conscious of fatigue, and travel on until they fall dead.

He felt that his limbs were failing him; but Lecoq said: "It is necessary," and so he walked on.

They went to Lecoq's humble lodgings, where they laid aside their disguise, and, after breakfast, started again.

It was to the Rue Saint-Lazare, a few steps from the prison, that the two men repaired. They entered one of the handsomest houses on the street, and inquired of the *concièrge:*

"Where is Monsieur Tabaret?"

"Ah! he is sick."

"Very sick?" inquired Lecoq, anxiously.

"It is hard to tell," replied the man; "it is his old trouble—gout."

And with an air of hypocritical commiseration, he added:

"Monsieur is not wise to lead the life he does. Women are all very well, but at his age——"

The two detectives exchanged a meaning glance, and as soon as their backs were turned they began to laugh.

They were still laughing when they rang the bell on the next floor.

The buxom-looking woman who came to open the door informed them that her master would receive them, although he was confined to his bed.

"But the doctor is with him now," she added. "Will the gentlemen wait until he has gone?"

The gentlemen replying in the affirmative, she conducted them into a handsome library, and invited them to take a seat.

This man whom Lecoq had come to consult was celebrated for his wonderful shrewdness, and his penetration exceeded the bounds of possibility.

He was an old employee of the Mont-de-Piété, where he held a position for forty-five years, just managing to exist upon the meager stipend he received.

Enriched suddenly by an unexpected bequest, he at once asked for a dismissal, and the next day he began to long for this very employment that he had so often anathematized.

He endeavored to divert his mind; he began to make a collection of old books; he piled up huge mountains of tattered and worm-eaten volumes in immense oaken chests. Vain attempts! He could not shake off his *ennui.*

He grew thin and yellow; his income of forty thousand francs was killing him, when a sudden inspiration came to his relief.

It came to him one evening after reading the memoirs of a celebrated detective, one of those men of subtle perception, soft as silk, supple as steel, whom justice sometimes sets upon the track of crime.

"And I also am a detective!" he exclaimed.

It was necessary for him to prove it.

With a feverish interest, which dated from that day, he perused every book he could find that had any connection with such subjects. Letters, memoirs, reports, pamphlets—everything.

He was pursuing his education. If a crime was committed he started out in quest of all the details, and worked up the case by himself.

But these theoretic investigations did not suffice long.

One evening, at dusk, he summoned all his resolution, and going on foot to the prefecture, humbly begged employment from the officials there.

He was not very favorably received; applicants are numerous. But he pleaded his cause so adroitly that he was charged with some trifling commissions. He performed them admirably. The difficult step had been taken.

He was intrusted with others; and he displayed a wonderful aptitude for his chosen work.

The affair of Madame B——, the rich banker's wife, made him famous.

Consulted at a moment when the police had abandoned all hope of solving the mystery, he proved by A plus B, by a mathematical deduction, so to speak, that the dear lady must have stolen from herself.

He had told the truth.

After that he was always called upon for counsel in obscure and difficult cases.

It would be difficult to tell the *status* he held at the prefecture. When a person is employed, salary, compensation of some kind is understood; but this strange man had never consented to receive a penny.

What he did he did for his own pleasure—for the gratification of a passion which had become his very life—for glory, for fame.

When the funds allowed him seemed to him insufficient, he plunged his hands into his own pockets; and the men who were working with him never left him without carrying with them substantial tokens of his munificence.

Of course, such a man had many enemies.

For no compensation, he worked as much and far better than two inspectors of police. In calling him "spoil-trade," they were not far from right.

The sound of his name alone almost threw Gevrol into convulsions. And still the jealous inspector was always alluding to an error of which this remarkable man had been guilty.

Inclined to obstinacy, like all enthusiastic men, Father Tabaret had once effected the conviction of an innocent man—a poor little tailor, who was accused of killing his wife.

This had the effect of cooling his ardor very perceptibly; and afterward he seldom visited the prefecture.

But in spite of that, he remained the oracle, like those great lawyers who, having become disgusted with practise at the bar, still win great and glorious triumphs in the quiet studies, and lend to others the weapons which they no longer desire to wield themselves.

When the authorities were undecided what course to pursue, they said: "Let us go and consult Tirauclair."

For this was the name by which he was known—a sobriquet derived from a phrase: "*Il faut que cela se tire au clair,*" which was ever upon his lips.

Perhaps this sobriquet aided him in the concealment of his occupation, which none of his personal friends had ever suspected.

His disturbed life when he was working up a case, the strange visitors he received, his frequent and prolonged absence from home, were imputed to a very unseasonable inclination to gallantry on his part.

His *concièrge* was deceived as well as his friends.

They laughed at his supposed infatuation; they called him an old libertine.

But people never once suspected that Tirauclair and Tabaret were one and the same person.

Lecoq was trying to gain hope and courage by reflecting upon the history of this eccentric man, when the housekeeper reappeared, announcing the departure of the physician.

At the same time she opened a door and said:

"This is Monsieur's room; these gentlemen can enter now."

CHAPTER XLI

On a large canopied bed, sweating and panting beneath his covers, lay the two-faced oracle, Tirauclair, of the prefecture—Tabaret, of the Rue Saint-Lazare.

It was impossible to believe that the owner of this face, in which stupidity seemed always disputing with perpetual astonishment, could possess superior talent, or even an average amount of intelligence.

With his retreating forehead, and his immense ears, his odiously *retroussê* nose, his tiny eyes and coarse, thick lips, M. Tabaret presented an excellent picture of an ignorant and stupid petty proprietor.

When he went into the streets the impudent *gamins* shouted after him; but his ugliness did not trouble him in the least and he seemed to take pleasure in increasing his appearance of stupidity, delighting himself with the reflection that "he is not really a genius who seems to be one."

At the sight of the two detectives, whom he knew very well, the eyes of the sick man sparkled.

"Good morning, Lecoq, my boy," said he. "Good morning, my old Absinthe. So you think enough of poor Papa Tirauclair down there to come and see him?"

"We need your counsel, Monsieur Tabaret."

"Ah, ha!"

"We have just been as completely outwitted as if we were two children."

"What! was your man so very cunning?"

Lecoq heaved a mighty sigh.

"So cunning," he replied, "that, if I were superstitious, I should say he was the very devil himself."

The face of the sick man wore a comical expression of envy.

"What! you have found a treasure like that, and you complain! Why, it is a magnificent opportunity—a chance to be proud of! You see, my boys, everything has degenerated in these days. The race of great criminals is dying out—only their counterfeit remains—a crowd of low offenders who are not worth the shoe-leather expended in pursuing them. It is enough to disgust a detective, upon my word. No more trouble, emotion, anxiety, and excitement. Now, when a crime is committed, the criminal is in jail the next day. One might take the omnibus and go to the culprit's house and arrest him. One always finds him—the more is the pity. But what has your man been doing?"

"He has killed three men."

"Oh! oh! oh!" said Father Tabaret, in three different tones.

This criminal was evidently superior to others of his species.

"And where did it happen?"

"In a saloon, near the *barrière*."

"Oh! yes, I recollect; a man named May. The murders were committed in the Widow Chupin's cabin. I saw it mentioned in the *Gazette des Tribunaux*, and Fanferlot l'Ecureuil, who comes to see me, told me that you were strangely puzzled about the prisoner's identity. So you are charged with investigating the affair? So much the better. Tell me all about it, and I will aid you with all my little power."

He suddenly checked himself and lowering his voice, said:

"But first do me the favor to rise; wait—when I shall make a sign to you, open that door there, on the left, very suddenly. Mariette, my housekeeper, who is curiosity itself, is there listening. I hear her hair rubbing against the lock—go!"

The young detective obeyed, and Mariette, caught in the act, hastened away, pursued by her master's sarcasms.

"You might have known that you could not succeed at that!" he shouted after her.

Though they were much nearer the door than Papa Tirauclair, neither Lecoq nor Father Absinthe had heard the slightest sound; and they looked at each other, wondering whether their host had been playing a little farce for their benefit, or whether his sense of hearing really possessed the marvelous acuteness which this incident would indicate.

"Now," said Tabaret, settling himself more comfortably upon his pillows—"now I will listen to you, my boy. Mariette will not come back again."

On his way to Father Tabaret's, Lecoq had busied himself in preparing his story; and it was in the clearest possible manner that he related all the details, all the incidents connected with this strange affair, from the moment in which Gevrol had forced open the door of the Poivrière, to the instant when May had leaped over the garden-wall at the Hôtel de Sairmeuse.

While Lecoq was telling his story, Father Tabaret was transformed.

His gout was entirely forgotten.

According to the different phases of the recital, he turned and twisted upon his bed, uttered little cries of delight or disappointment, or lay motionless, plunged in a sort of ecstatic beatitude, like an enthusiast in classical music, listening to some divine melody of the great Beethoven.

"If I had been there! If only I had been there!" he murmured now and then through his set teeth.

When Lecoq's story was ended, his host gave vent to his enthusiasm.

"It is beautiful! it is grand!" he exclaimed. "And with just that one sentence: 'It is the Prussians who are coming,' for a starting-point! Lecoq, my boy, I must say that you have conducted this affair like an angel!"

"Do you not mean to say like a fool?" demanded the discouraged detective.

"No, my friend, certainly not. You have rejoiced my old heart. I can die; I shall have a successor. I would like to embrace you in the name of logic. Ah! that Gevrol who betrayed you—for he did betray you, there is no doubt about it—that obtuse and obstinate general is not worthy to unloose the latchets of your shoes!"

"You overpower me, Monsieur Tabaret!" interrupted Lecoq, who was not yet wholly convinced that his host was not mocking him; "but, nevertheless, May has disappeared, and I have lost my reputation, before I had begun to make it."

"Do not be in such a hurry to reject my compliments," responded Father Tabaret with a horrible grimace. "I say that you have conducted this investigation very well; but it could have been done much better, very much better. You have a talent for this work, that is evident; but you lack experience; you become elated by a trifling advantage, or you are discouraged by a mere nothing; you fail, and yet you persist in holding fast to a fixed idea, as a moth flutters about a candle. Then, you are young. But never mind that, it is a fault you will outgrow only too soon. And now, to speak frankly, I must tell you that you have made a great many blunders."

Lecoq hung his head like a schoolboy receiving a reprimand from his teacher. Was he not a scholar, and was not this old man his master?

"I will now enumerate your mistakes," continued Papa Tabaret, "and I will show you where you, on at least three occasions, have allowed an opportunity for solving this mystery to escape you."

"But, Monsieur——"

"Chut! chut! my boy, let me talk awhile now. With what axiom did you start? With this: 'Always distrust appearances;

believe precisely the contrary of what appears true, or even probable.'"

"Yes, that is exactly what I said to myself."

"And it was a very wise conclusion. With that idea in your lantern to illumine your path, you ought to have gone straight to the truth. But you are young, as I said before; and the very first circumstance you find that seems at all probable, you forget entirely the rule that should govern your conduct. As soon as you meet a fact that seems *more* than probable, you swallow it as eagerly as a gudgeon swallows the bait."

This comparison could but pique the young detective.

"I have not been, it seems to me, as simple as that," he protested.

"Bah! What did you think, then, when you were told that Monsieur d'Escorval had broken his leg, in alighting from his carriage?"

"Believe! I believed what they told me, because——"

He paused, and Papa Tirauclair burst into a hearty fit of laughing.

"You believed it," he said, "because it was a very plausible story."

"What would you have believed had you been in my place?"

"Exactly the opposite of what they told me. I might have been mistaken; but it would be the logical conclusion of the course of reasoning I adopted at first."

This conclusion was so bold that Lecoq was disconcerted.

"What!" he exclaimed; "do you suppose that Monsieur d'Escorval's fall is only a fiction? that he has not broken his leg?"

Papa Tabaret's face suddenly assumed a serious expression.

"I do not *suppose* it," he replied; "I am sure of it."

CHAPTER XLII

Lecoq's confidence in the oracle he was consulting was very great; but even Papa Tirauclair might be mistaken, and what he had just said seemed to be such an enormity, so completely beyond the bounds of possibility, that the young man could not hide a gesture of incredulity.

"So, Monsieur Tabaret, you are ready to affirm that Monsieur d'Escorval is in as good health as Father Absinthe or myself; and that he has confined himself to his room for two months to give a semblance of truth to a falsehood?"

"I would be willing to swear it."

"But what could possibly have been his object?"

Tabaret lifted his hands to heaven, as if imploring forgiveness for the young man's stupidity.

"And it was in you—in you that *I* saw a successor, and a continuator of my method of induction; and now, you ask me such a question as that! Reflect a moment. Must I give you an example to aid you? Very well. Suppose yourself a judge. A crime is committed; you are charged with the duty of investigating it, and you visit the prisoner to question him. Very well. This prisoner has, up to that time, succeeded in concealing his identity—this was the truth in the present case, was it not? Very well. What would you do, if, at the very first glance, you recognize, under the disguise of the prisoner, your best friend, or your bitterest enemy? What would you do, I say?"

"I should say to myself that a magistrate who is obliged to hesitate between his duty and his inclinations, is placed in a very trying position, and I should endeavor to avoid it."

"I understand that; but would you reveal the true personality of this prisoner (your friend, or your enemy, as the case may be), if you alone knew it?"

It was such a delicate question; the answer was so difficult that Lecoq was silent, reflecting.

"I would reveal nothing whatever!" exclaimed Father Absinthe. "I would remain absolutely neutral. I should tell myself that others were trying to discover his identity; and they might do it if they could—but my conscience should be clear."

It was the cry of honesty; not the counsel of a casuist.

"I should also be silent," replied Lecoq, at last; "and it seems to me that, in keeping silence, I should not fail in the obligation of a magistrate."

Papa Tabaret rubbed his hands vigorously, as he always did when he was about to present some overwhelming argument.

"Such being the case," said he, "do me the favor to tell me what pretext you would invent in order to withdraw from the case without arousing suspicion?"

"I do not know; I can not say now. But if I were placed in such a position I should find some excuse—invent something——"

"And if you could find nothing better," interrupted Tabaret, "you would adopt Monsieur d'Escorval's expedient; you would pretend that you had broken some limb. Only, as you are a clever fellow, it would be your *arm* that you would sacrifice. It would be less inconvenient; and you would not be condemned to seclusion for several months."

"So, Monsieur Tabaret, you are convinced that Monsieur d'Escorval knows who May really is."

Father Tirauclair turned so suddenly in his bed that his forgotten gout drew from him a terrible groan.

"Can you doubt it?" he exclaimed. "Can you possibly doubt it? What proofs do you ask, then? What connection do you see between the fall of the judge and the prisoner's attempt at suicide?"

"I was not there, as you were; I know the story only as you have told it to me. I could not see it with my own eyes; but this is as I understand it—listen:

"Monsieur d'Escorval, his task at the Widow Chupin's house completed, comes to the prison to examine the assassin. The two men recognize each other. Had they been alone, mutual explanations might have ensued, and affairs taken quite a different turn.

"But they were not alone; a third party was present—Monsieur d'Escorval's clerk. So they could say nothing. The judge, in a troubled voice, asked a few commonplace questions; the prisoner, terribly agitated, replied as best he could.

"After leaving the cell, Monsieur d'Escorval said to himself: 'No, I can not decide in the case of a man whom I hate!'

"He was terribly perplexed. When you tried to speak to him, as he was leaving the prison, he harshly told you to wait until to-morrow; and a quarter of an hour later he pretended to fall."

"Then you think that Monsieur d'Escorval and this so-called May are enemies?" inquired Lecoq.

"Do not the facts demonstrate that beyond a doubt?" asked Tabaret. "If they were friends, the judge might have done the same exactly; but the prisoner would not have attempted to strangle himself.

"But, thanks to you, his life was saved; for he owes his life to you. During the night, confined in a strait-jacket, he was powerless to injure himself. Ah! how he must have suffered that night! What agony!

"So in the morning, when he was conducted to the cabinet of the judge for examination, it was with a sort of frenzy that he dashed into the dreaded presence of his enemy.

"He expected to find Monsieur d'Escorval there, ready to triumph over his misfortunes; and he intended to say:

"'Yes, it is I. There is a fatality in it. I have killed three men, and I am in your power. But, for the very reason that there is a mortal hatred between us, you owe it to yourself not to prolong my tortures! It would be infamous cowardice in you to do so!'

"But, instead of Monsieur d'Escorval, he sees Monsieur Segmuller. Then what happens?

"He is surprised, and his eye betrays the astonishment he feels when he realizes the generosity of his enemy, whom he had believed implacable.

"Then a smile mounts to his lips—a smile of hope, for he thinks, since Monsieur d'Escorval has not betrayed his secret, that he may be able to preserve it, and that he may, perhaps, emerge from this shadow of shame and of crime with his name and his honor still untarnished."

And with a sudden change of tone, and an ironical gesture, Papa Tabaret added:

"And that—is my explanation."

Old Father Absinthe had risen, frantic with delight.

"*Cristi!*" he exclaimed; "that is it! that is it!"

Lecoq's approbation was none the less evident, because it was mute.

He could appreciate this rapid and wonderful work of induction far better than his companion.

For a moment or two Papa Tabaret reclined upon his pillows enjoying the sweets of admiration, then he continued:

"Do you desire further proofs, my boy? Recollect the perseverance Monsieur d'Escorval displayed in sending Monsieur Segmuller for information. I admit that a man may have a passion for his profession; but not to such an extent as this. At that time you believed that his leg was broken. How is it that you felt no surprise that a judge, lying upon the rack, with his bones in fragments, should take so much interest in a miserable murderer? I have no broken bones, I have only the gout; but I know very well that when I am suffering half the world might be judging the other half, and the idea of sending Mariette for information would never occur to me. Ah! a moment's reflection would have enabled you to understand the reason of his solicitude, and would probably have given you the key to the whole mystery."

Lecoq, who was such a brilliant casuist in the Widow Chupin's hovel, who was so full of confidence in himself, and so earnest in expounding his theories to simple Father Absinthe—Lecoq hung his head abashed and did not utter a word.

But he felt neither anger nor impatience.

He had come to ask advice, and strange to say, he thought it quite right that it should be given him.

He had made mistakes, and when they were pointed out to him, he did not become angry—another marvel! —and he did not try to prove that he had been right when he had been wrong.

Meanwhile M. Tabaret had poured out a great glass of *tisane*, and drained it. He now resumed:

"I need not remind you of the mistake you made in not obliging Toinon Chupin to tell you all she knew about this affair while she was in your power. 'A bird in the hand'—you know the proverb."

"Be assured, Monsieur Tabaret, that this mistake has cost me enough to make me realize the danger of ever allowing the zeal of a well-disposed witness to cool."

"We will say no more about that, then. But I must tell you that three or four times, at least, it has been in your power to clear up this mystery."

He paused, awaiting some protestation from his disciple. None came.

"If he says this," thought the young detective, "it must indeed be so."

This discretion made a great impression on Papa Tabaret, and increased the esteem he had conceived for Lecoq.

"The first time that you were lacking in discretion was when you were trying to discover the owner of the diamond ear-ring found in the Poivrière."

"I made every effort to discover the last owner."

"You tried very hard, I do not deny that; but as for making every effort—that is saying too much. For example, when you heard that the Baroness de Watchau was dead, and that all her property had been sold, what did you do?"

"You know; I went immediately to the person who had charge of the sale."

"Very well! and afterward?"

"I examined the catalogue; and as, among the jewels mentioned there, I could find none that answered the description of these magnificent diamonds, I knew that the clew was lost entirely."

"There is precisely where you are mistaken!" exclaimed Papa Tirauclair, exultantly. "If a jewel of such great value is not mentioned in the catalogue of the sale the Baroness de Watchau could not have possessed it at the time of her death. And if she no longer possessed it she must have given it away, or sold it. And to whom? To one of her friends, very probably.

"For this reason, had I been in your place, I should have inquired the names of her intimate friends, which would have been a very easy task; and then, I should have tried to win the favor of all the *femmes de chambres* of these lady friends. This would have been only a pastime for a good-looking young fellow like you.

"Then," he continued, "I would have shown this ear-ring to each maid in succession until I found one who said: 'This diamond belongs to my mistress,' or one who was seized with a nervous trembling."

"And to think that this idea did not once occur to me!"

"Wait, wait. I am coming to the second mistake you made. What did you do when you obtained possession of the trunk which May pretended was his? You played directly into this cunning adversary's hand. How could you fail to see that this trunk was only an accessory to the comedy, that it could only have been deposited with Madame Milner by the accomplice, and that all its contents must have been purchased for the occasion."

"I knew this, of course, but even under these circumstances, what could I do?"

"What could you do, my boy? Well, I am only a poor old man, but *I* would have interviewed every clothier in Paris; and at last some one of them would have exclaimed: 'Those articles! Why, I sold them to an individual like this or that—who purchased them for one of his friends, whose measure he brought with him.'"

Angry with himself, Lecoq struck his clinched hand violently upon the table by his side.

"*Sacré bleu!*" he exclaimed, "that method was infallible and as simple as the day. Ah! never while I live shall I forgive myself for my stupidity!"

"Gently, gently!" interrupted the sick man; "you are going too far, my dear boy. Stupidity is not the proper word at all; you should say carelessness, thoughtlessness. You are young—what else could one expect? What is far less inexcusable is the manner in which you conducted the chase, after the prisoner was allowed to escape."

"Alas!" murmured the young man, now completely discouraged; "did I blunder in that?"

"Terribly, my son; and here is where I really blame you. What diabolical influence induced you to follow this May, step by step, like a common policeman?"

This time Lecoq was stupefied.

"Ought I to have allowed him to escape me?" he inquired.

"No; but if I had been by your side when, beneath the gallery of the Odéon, you so clearly divined the prisoner's intentions, I should have said to you: 'This fellow, friend Lecoq, will hasten to the house of Madame Milner to inform her of his escape. Let us run after him.' And when he had left the Hôtel de Mariembourg, I should have added: 'Now, let him go where he chooses; but attach yourself to Madame Milner; do not lose sight of her; cling to her as closely as her own shadow, for she will conduct you to the accomplice—that is to say—to the solution of the mystery."

"That is the truth; I see it now."

"But instead of that, what did you do? You ran to the hotel, you terrified the boy! When a fisherman has hold of the seine, and is ready to draw in the fish, he does not beat the drum to frighten them away!"

Papa Tabaret thus reviewed the entire course of instruction, remodelling it in accordance with his method of induction.

Lecoq had, at first, had a magnificent inspiration. In his first investigations he had displayed remarkable talent; and yet he had not succeeded. Why? Simply because he had neglected the axiom with which he started: "Always distrust what seems probable!"

But the young man listened with divided attention. A thousand projects were darting through his brain. Soon he could restrain himself no longer.

"You have saved me from despair, Monsieur," he interrupted. "I thought all was lost; but I see that my blunders can be repaired. What I neglected to do, I can do now; there is still time. Have I not the diamond ear-ring as well as divers effects of the prisoner still in my possession? Madame Milner still owns the Hôtel de Mariembourg, and I am going to watch it."

"And with what object, my boy?"

"For what object? Why, to find my prisoner, to be sure!"

Had he been less engrossed in his idea, Lecoq would have detected a slight smile in Tirauclair's thick lips.

"Ah, my son! is it possible that you do not suspect the real name of this pretended buffoon?"

Lecoq trembled and turned away his face. He did not wish Tabaret to see his eyes.

"No," he replied, "I do not suspect——"

"You are uttering a falsehood!" interrupted the sick man. "You know as well as I do, that May resides on the Rue de Grenelle-Saint-Germain, and that he is known as Monsieur le Duc de Sairmeuse."

On hearing these words, Father Absinthe laughed heartily.

"Ah! that is a good joke!" he exclaimed. "Ah, ha!"

Such was not Lecoq's opinion, however.

"Well, yes, Monsieur Tabaret," said he, "this idea did occur to me; but I drove it away."

"And why, if you please?"

"Because—because——"

"Because you would not believe the logical sequence of your premises; but I am consistent, and I say: 'It seems impossible that the assassin in the cabin of the Widow Chupin should be the Duc de Sairmeuse.' Hence, the murderer in the Chupin cabin, May, the pretended buffoon, is the Duc de Sairmeuse!"

CHAPTER XLIII

How this idea had entered Papa Tabaret's head, Lecoq could not comprehend.

A vague suspicion had, it is true, flitted through his own mind; but it was at a moment when his despair at seeing his prisoner elude his grasp, as well as certain words uttered by Couturier, would furnish an excuse for almost any supposition.

But Father Tirauclair calmly—in cold blood, so to speak—announced as an undeniable fact a suspicion which he, Lecoq, had not dared to entertain, for more than an instant, in his wildest excitement.

The sick man could not fail to notice the amazement of his visitor.

"You look as if you had suddenly fallen from the clouds," said he. "Do you suppose that I spoke at random like a parrot?"

"No, certainly not, Monsieur; but——"

"Hush! You are surprised because you know nothing of contemporaneous history. If you do not wish to remain all your life as a common detective, like your friend Gevrol, you must inform yourself on this subject."

"I must confess that I do not see the connection."

M. Tabaret deigned no response. Turning to Father Absinthe, and addressing him in the most affable tones, he said:

"Do me the favor, my old friend, to go to my library and bring me two large volumes entitled: 'General Biography of the Men of the Present Age.' They are in the bookcase on the right."

Father Absinthe hastened to obey; and as soon as he was in possession of the books, M. Tabaret began turning the pages with an eager hand, like a person seeking some word in a dictionary.

"Esbayron," he muttered, "Escars, Escayrac, Escher, Escodica—at last we have it—Escorval! Listen attentively, my boy, and you will be enlightened."

This injunction was entirely unnecessary. Never had the young detective's faculties been more keenly on the alert.

It was in an emphatic voice that the sick man read:

"'Escorval (Louis-Guillaume, Baron d'). —Diplomatist and politician, born in Montaignac, December 3, 1769, of an old family of lawyers. He was completing his studies in Paris on the breaking out of the Revolution. He embraced the cause with all the ardor of youth. But, soon disapproving the excesses committed in the name of Liberty, he sided with the Reactionists, counseled, perhaps, by Roederer, who was one of his relatives.

"'Commended to the favor of the first consul by Monsieur de Talleyrand, he entered upon his diplomatic career with a mission to Switzerland; and during the existence of the empire he was intrusted with many very important negotiations.

"'Devoted body and soul to the Emperor, he found himself gravely compromised by the Second Restoration.

"'At the time of the disturbances in Montaignac, he was arrested on the double charge of high treason and conspiracy. He was tried by a military commission, and condemned to death.

"'The sentence was not executed, however. He owed his life to the noble devotion and heroic energy of a priest, one of his friends, the Abbé Midon, *curé* of the little village of Sairmeuse.

"'The Baron d'Escoval had only one son, who entered upon the duties of magistrate at a very early age.'"

Lecoq was intensely disappointed.

"I understand," he remarked. "It is the biography of the father of our judge. Only I do not see that it teaches us anything."

An ironical smile curved Father Tirauclair's lips.

"It teaches us that Monsieur d'Escorval's father was condemned to death," he replied. "That is something, I assure you. A little patience, you will soon know all."

He had found a new leaf, and he continued his reading:

"'Sairmeuse (Anne-Marie-Victor de Tingry, Duc de).—A French general and politician, born at the Château de Sairmeuse, near Montaignac, January 17, 1758. The Sairmeuse family is one of the oldest and most illustrious in France. It must not be confounded with the ducal family De Sermeuse, whose name is written with an e.

"'Leaving France at the beginning of the Revolution, Anne de Sairmeuse distinguished himself by his brilliant exploits in the army of Condé. Some years later he offered his sword to Russia; and it is asserted by some of his biographers that he was fighting in the Russian ranks at the time of the disastrous retreat from Moscow.

"'Returning to France with the Bourbons he became quite famous by reason of the intensity of his ultra-royalist opinions. It is certain that he had the good fortune to regain the possession of his immense family estates; and the rank and dignities which he had gained in foreign lands were confirmed.

"'Appointed by the king to serve upon the military commission charged with bringing to justice and trying the conspirators of Montaignac, he displayed a severity and a zeal that resulted in the capture and conviction of all the parties implicated.'"

Lecoq sprang up with sparkling eyes.

"I see it clearly now," he exclaimed. "The father of the present Duc de Sairmeuse tried to have the father of the present Monsieur d'Escorval beheaded."

M. Tabaret was the picture of complacency.

"You see the assistance history gives," said he. "But I have not finished, my boy; the present Duc de Sairmeuse also has his article, that will be of interest to us. So listen:

"'Sairmeuse (Anne-Marie-Martial).—Son of the preceding, was born in London in 1791, received his early education in England, and completed it at the Court of Austria, which he has since visited on several confidential missions.

"'Heir of the opinions, the prejudices, and the animosities of his father, he placed at the service of his party a highly cultivated intellect, unusual penetration, and extraordinary abilities. A leader at the time when political passion was raging highest, he had the courage to assume the sole responsibility of the most extreme measures. Obliged to retire from office on account of general animadversion, he left behind him ill-will and hatred, which will be extinguished only with his life.'"

The sick man closed the book, and with assumed modesty, he asked:

"Ah, well! What do you think of my little method of induction?"

But Lecoq was too much engrossed with his own thoughts to respond.

"I think," he remarked, "if the Duc de Sairmeuse had disappeared for two months, the period of May's imprisonment, all Paris would have known it, and so——"

"You are dreaming!" interrupted Father Tabaret. "With his wife and his *valet de chambre* for accomplices, the duke could absent himself for a year if he wished, and all his servants would believe him in the hotel."

"I admit that," said Lecoq, at last; "but unfortunately, there is one circumstance which overturns this theory we have built up so laboriously."

"And what is that, if you please?"

"If the man who took part in the broil at the Poivrière had been the Duc de Sairmeuse, he would have disclosed his name; he would have declared that, having been attacked, he had only defended himself; and his name alone would have opened the prison doors for him. Instead of that, what did the prisoner do? He attempted to kill himself. Would a *grand seigneur*, like the Duc de Sairmeuse, to whom life must be a perpetual enchantment, have thought of committing suicide?"

A mocking whistle from Father Tabaret interrupted the speaker.

"You seem to have forgotten the last sentence in the paragraph: 'Monsieur Sairmeuse leaves behind him ill-will and hatred.' Do you know the price he might have been compelled to pay for his liberty? No; no more do I. To explain his presence at the Poivrière, and the presence of a woman, who was, perhaps, his wife, who knows what disgraceful secrets he would be obliged to betray? Between shame and suicide, he chose suicide. He wished to save his name and his honor intact."

Father Tirauclair spoke with such vehemence that even old Father Absinthe was deeply impressed; although, to tell the truth, he had understood but little of the conversation.

He was now delighted and confident.

As for Lecoq, he rose, very pale, his lips trembling a little—like a man who had just taken an invincible determination.

"You will excuse my hypocrisy, Father Tabaret," he said, in an agitated voice. "I had thought of all this, but I distrusted myself. I wished to hear you say it."

Then with an imperious gesture, he added:

"Now, I know what I have to do."

Father Tabaret lifted his hands toward heaven with every sign of intense dismay.

"Unhappy man!" he exclaimed; "do you think of going to arrest the Duc de Sairmeuse? Poor Lecoq! Free, this man is almost omnipotent, and you, an infinitesimal agent of police, will be broken like glass. Take care, my boy; do not attack the duke. I would not be responsible, even for your life."

The young detective shook his head.

"Oh, I do not deceive myself," said he. "I know that the duke is far beyond my reach. But he will be in my power again on the day I learn his secret. I do not fear danger; but I know, if I would succeed, I must conceal myself—I will conceal myself then. Yes, I will remain in shadow until the day when I can remove the veil from this mystery; then I will appear in my true character. And if May is really the Duc de Sairmeuse I shall have my revenge."

THE END

◆

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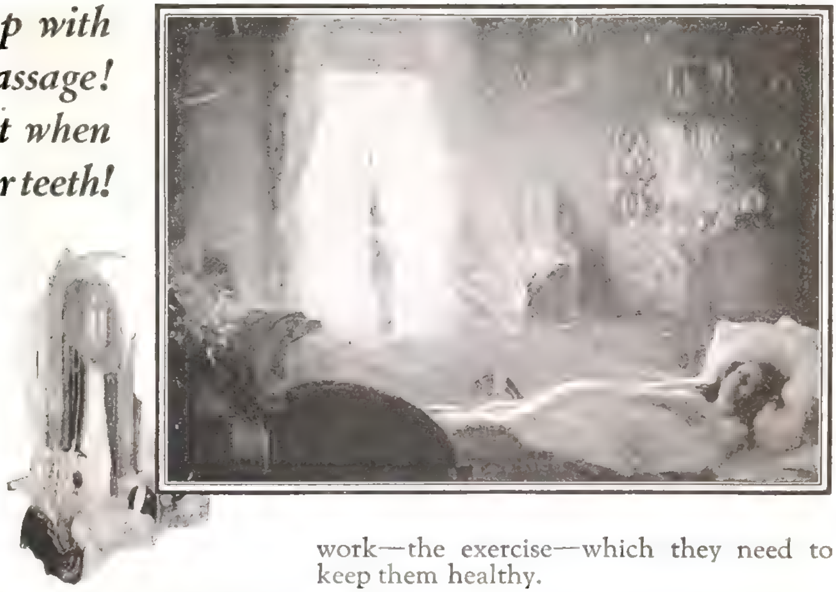

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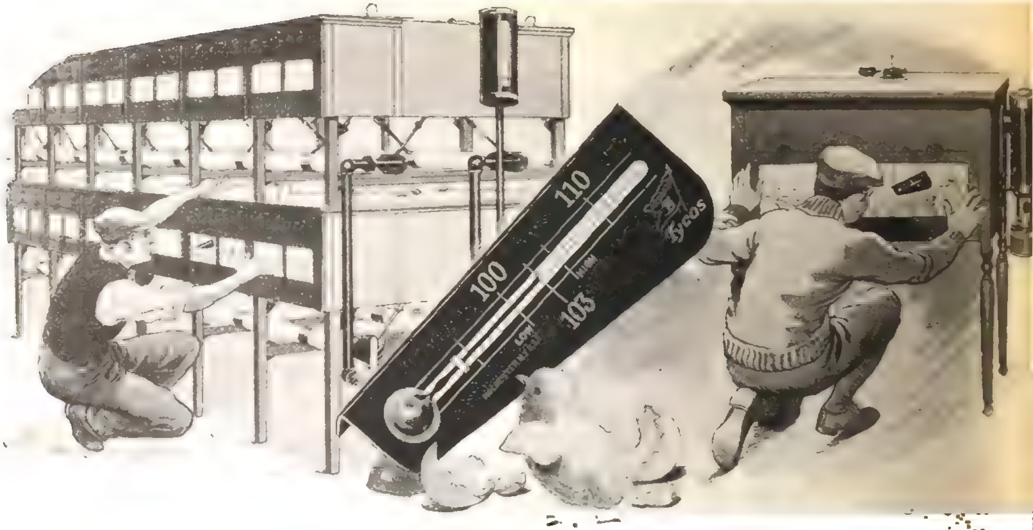

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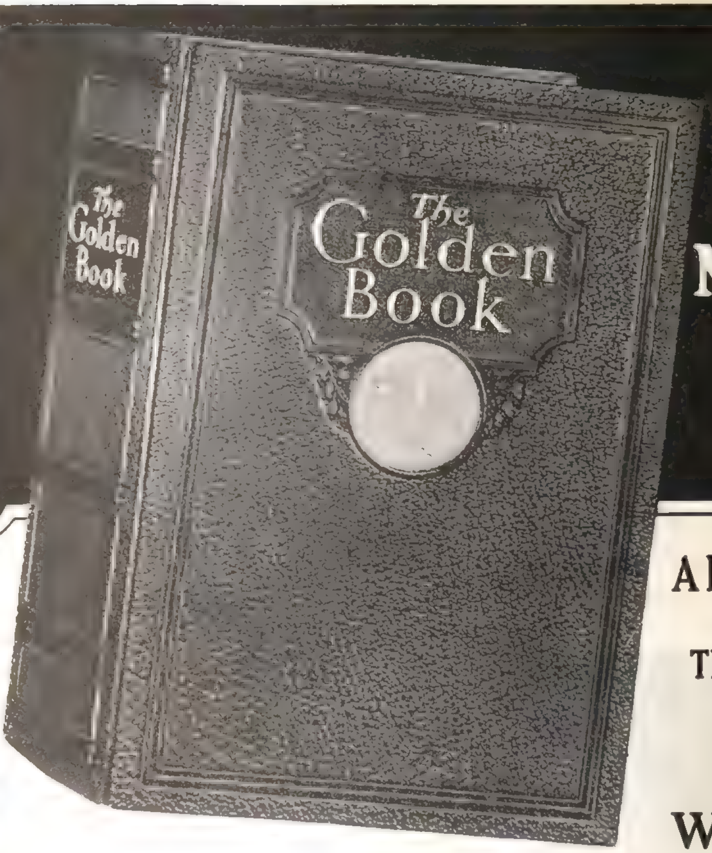

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Golden Ways To Golden Places

Vacations "Psychologically" Selected

SAID Samuel Johnson: "The use of travelling is to regulate imagination by reality."

It appears to be a fault of human beings, particularly Americans, that their imagination has not thus been regulated—until recent years when we have become great travellers. Large numbers of us have deserved not only Henry James' stinging rebuke: "He was worse than provincial, he was parochial," but we also deserved the narrow and bitter pictures of us drawn by Edgar Lee Masters in his Spoon River Anthology.

The reason, in the main, has been *a lack of understanding of play*. Our vacations have long been an object of ridicule by foreign commentators. They say we positively *work* at our vacations; we come back, not refreshed, but exhausted. There is a movement on foot to educate people to select their vacations as carefully, for value, as they select an automobile, a house, or clothes; and actually to make a psychological diagnosis of their vacation needs. There is no doubt that great numbers of us take vacations which are precisely the wrong kind. Someone who is nervously exhausted chooses to go to a crowded, bustling summer resort, when as a matter of fact what he or she greatly needs is, as Henry James puts it—

> . . . not much talk;—a great, sweet silence

This can be procured very easily, in the woods or on the sea. But perverseness and lack of thought result in just the kind of vacation which is no vacation at all. Conversely, the person leading an isolated life without many contacts needs a vacation where plenty of companionship, dancing, parties and rounds of gaiety are to be had. Almost literally, what is one man's meat is another man's poison, in considering vacations. There are people who should "rough it," and others who certainly should not. There are those who should go far off, and others who can be beautifully satisfied nearby. There are those who need the northern climate and those who need a southern climate; some who need high altitudes and others who should beware of them.

Johnson's dictum that "a man must carry knowledge with him if he would bring home knowledge" applies to vacationing. It sounds romantic to some people to "just start off without knowing where you're going," and let chance select your vacation; but the modern person knows better. He does not even trust himself to know what his vacation should be; he seeks counsel. He does not travel, neurotically seeking surcease for his tired spirit. As Seneca said,

> He who is everywhere is nowhere

and the great bard of Avon has himself described the hectic traveller:

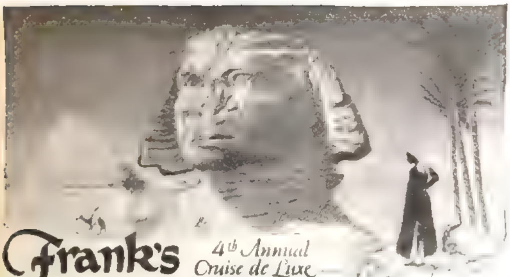
> He hath strange places crammed
> with observation, the which he vents
> In mangled forms.

To roam "from Covent Garden to Peru" sounds fascinating to the tyro in vacationing, but the experienced traveller wouldn't call it a vacation. A vacation, after all, is not desirable in order to have a kaleidoscopic panorama ceaselessly pass before your eyes, and wheels constantly turning beneath your restless, tortured body. A vacation is a balm for body, mind and spirit; a selection of atmosphere and place which will be stimulating changes from the usual. But it is both a defeat of the vacation idea and an injustice to any new environment visited, to keep turning the crank of travel as though it were a movie camera. The true flavor of change, the beauties of a place visited are not to be absorbed by rushing.

As we understand our minds and our bodies better we are improving our vacations. And fortunately there are now almost as many places to go for a vacation as there are medicines for doctors to prescribe! And doctors are more and more seeing that real, wisely selected vacations are more potent than drugs.

This year, why not study yourself in relation to your vacation? Do not consult *whim* only; consult your temperament, your bodily and mental—aye, even your spiritual needs; and then consult those who make a business of knowing all about vacation places and arrangements, so that you will not mar your trip with later regrets and annoyances. You will not then deserve the travel epitaph of Stevenson—

> O wearied feet, travelling ye know not whither!



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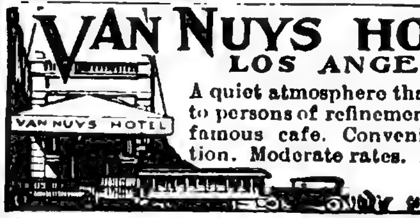

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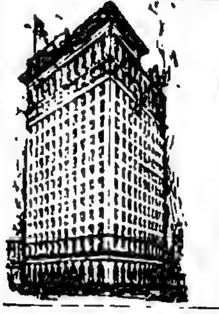

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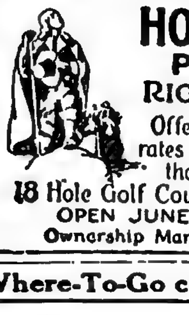

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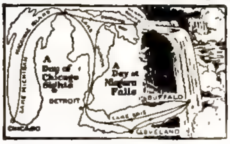

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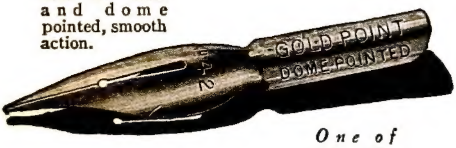

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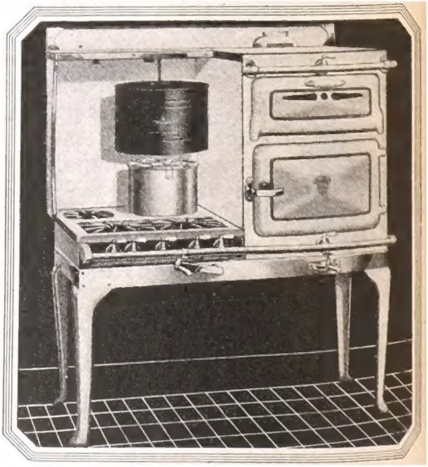

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